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SELECTIONS

FROM

SIR THOMAS MALORY'S

MORTE DARTHUR

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND GLOSSARY

BY

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PREFACE.

THE aim in these selections from *Le Morte Darthur* has been to present connected wholes rather than fragmentary and mutilated passages. Hence Books I and XVIII are printed with only minor omissions, and Books II, XIII, XVII, XXI, without abridgment. These six books contain some of the choicest portions of the *Morte Darthur*, and are really representative of its character. Of course there are other extended passages and even whole books that might well have been included. The chief regret of any lover of the *Morte Darthur* is at being obliged to make selections at all. Of the omitted portions perhaps Books VII and XII appeal most strongly to the general reader.

TEXT. — The text here offered follows letter for letter Caxton's edition of 1485 (as reprinted by Sommer in 1889), but with certain modifications made necessary by the plan of the Athenæum Press Series.

The following letters and characters have been represented by their modern equivalents. All expansions (except *and* for &) are indicated by italics:

ā[1] = a*n*, as in	sāge	= sa*n*ge.
ō = o*n*, "	somōs	= somo*n*s.
ē = e*n*, "	thēne	= the*n*ne.
ū = u*n*, "	Laūcelot	= Lau*n*celot.
ȝ = *gh*, "	myȝtely	= my*gh*tely.
I = J, "	Ihu	= Jhe*s*u.

[1] In a few cases ā = a*m*. Cf. cā = ca*m*, 18 9.

n̄ = n*n*, as in		thēne	= then*n*e.
ſ = s,	"	ſo	= so.
þ[1] = *th*,	"	þe	= *th*e.
		þt	= *th*at.
u = v,	"	loue	= love.
v = u,	"	vpon	= upon.

1. In a very few instances Sommer slightly amends Caxton's text by adding in italics letters that had been accidentally omitted. These italics have been reproduced.[2]

2. Caxton's punctuation[3] has been entirely disregarded, except in the few passages here reprinted in black letter. Capital letters have been regulated according to modern usage.

3. The division lines of the original paragraphs have been shifted so as to correspond more closely with the divisions in the narrative. In many cases, however, the paragraphs are so loosely constructed that they afford opportunity for much difference of opinion as to where a paragraph should begin or end.

4. Systematic reconstruction of the text has not been attempted, but some obvious errors have been corrected at the bottom of the page or discussed in the Notes. In every such case the original reading is also given.

The various readings of the later editions have been sparingly used. There is no evidence that the variants are based upon Malory's MS., and they are therefore of little more authority than the emendations of a modern editor. Moreover, they are for the most part very trivial,

[1] Commonly the old text has *th* printed in full, but þ also appears, and in a very few cases y for þ; e.g., yᵉ = *th*e, 23 5.

[2] Cf. gentilw*o*man, 108 28; eyth*e*r, 110 29; tw*o*, 143 33; Si*r*, 203 17.

[3] In all but a very few cases (where the period is used), Caxton's only marks of punctuation are ¶, used to indicate the beginning of paragraphs, and /, which does duty for comma, semicolon, colon, and period.

and afford slight help in the emendation of the text. Where they appear to be of value they have been cited. A really critical text of the *Morte Darthur* can be produced only by the aid of critical editions of the French romances. Comparison with scattered MSS. will not suffice. I have therefore thought it better to defer this work for the present rather than to leave it half done.

NOTES. — The Notes are designed to stimulate further research, and hence make frequent reference to books that should be within the reach of every student of Arthurian romance. As far as possible, I have endeavored to let one part of Malory interpret another, but I have also sought to find parallels in other Middle English literature. The Notes are not primarily linguistic, for the especial value of the *Morte Darthur* to us is that it is a noble piece of literature; yet they take account of unusual forms and constructions, and make frequent reference to Baldwin's *Inflections and Syntax of the Morte d'Arthur*,[1] to Kellner, etc. The phonology of the forms in Malory is so fully treated in Hermann Römstedt's Preisschrift *Die englische Schriftsprache bei Caxton*, Göttingen, 1891, that the student may be referred, once for all, to his discussion.

It may be proper to add that, with the exception of a few cases where specific credit is given, the Notes owe nothing to other editions of the *Morte Darthur*.

GLOSSARY. — The Glossary is based upon that in Sommer's edition, with additions or modifications, and an entirely independent set of references. The list of words is not intended to be exhaustive, but to include in the main only those that may be unfamiliar to the modern reader.

In conclusion it is a pleasure to thank Dr. Sommer and

[1] For a review of Baldwin's book, see the *Anglia*, v, Beiblatt, 323, 324. Corrections of Baldwin's list of strong verbs are made by Hempl in *Mod. Lang. Notes*, ix, 479–481, and by Baldwin himself, *ibid.*, x, 92–94.

Mr. Alfred Nutt for full permission to use the exact reprint of Caxton's edition of 1485. The conclusions of Dr. Sommer with regard to the sources I have in the main adopted, but I have been obliged to differ from his views in some points, particularly on the source of Book XXI. He is, moreover, not responsible for the form in which the text appears, for the Introduction, the Notes, or the Indexes.

Professor Kittredge of Harvard University contributes to the Introduction a short paper presenting new views on Sir Thomas Malory and his family, and to the Notes the comments signed "K." He has also read the entire book with much care, and made many helpful suggestions, for which I offer my sincere thanks.

My indebtedness to the investigations of the leading students of Arthurian romance I have endeavored to indicate in each case. I may remark, however, that in citing references to speculations on various questions connected with the romances, I am by no means ready to adopt without reserve the theories proposed. I have merely desired by making such references to call the attention of the reader to problems which he may work out for himself.

W. E. M.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN.,
May 5, 1897.

The reprinting of these Selections has afforded opportunity for making some minor corrections and for adding a few notes, which will be found on pages 324, 325. These notes chiefly call attention to some of the more important Arthurian literature that has appeared since 1897, and they make no pretense to completeness.

FEBRUARY 1, 1901.

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INTRODUCTION.

I.

The 15th century has had its full measure of condemnation as an unproductive period in English literary annals. Its barrenness is often contrasted unfavorably with the comparative richness of the century that preceded it, and particularly with the marvellous fecundity of the age of Elizabeth. Taken as a whole, the literary output of the 15th century must be acknowledged to be small in quantity and mediocre in quality. Yet, singularly enough, the 15th century produced one writer who shares with Chaucer the distinction of being read to-day by the general public. Sir Thomas Malory is, by popular consent at least, the greatest master of prose before the Revival of Learning.

The popular verdict, which has marked the *Morte Darthur* as worthy of the attention of the modern reader, while allowing all other early English prose — with the possible exception of the pseudo-Mandeville's *Travels* — to remain the undisturbed possession of scholars, may not be the surest test of the merit of the book as a piece of original composition. Some other names rank high in any survey of 15th-century literature, such as Fortescue and Fabyan and Capgrave and Pecocke. To take a single instance, Fortescue's *Treatise on the Difference between Absolute and Limited Monarchy* was, in its way, more original than the *Morte Darthur*, and was probably quite beyond the powers of Malory. Yet the nature of the topics that Fortescue dis-

cussed must have made his readers few even in his own day. Malory, on the other hand, could appeal at the outset to a widespread interest in his subject, and he knew how to awaken interest where it had not existed.

The 15th century was doubtless not an ideal time for a writer or a student. The utter neglect of English letters under Henry V, the selfishness and greed of the turbulent nobles who crowded the court of Henry VI and took advantage of his helplessness to make gains while they could, the wasting of England under the armies of York and of Lancaster, fighting for — men hardly knew what, took away much of the inspiration for original literary production.

Yet, as Emerson somewhere says, "every age has a thousand sides and signs and tendencies"; and one who lives in the age itself cannot always tell whither it is drifting. In the 15th century the feudal system was tottering to its fall. The forms still survived, and the pomp and glitter of feudal life were present at every turn. But the times were evil, and they seemed to contain the promise of evil. In such an age, men who saw the troubled state of their own time, but who were not skilled as prophets, may well have dreamed of the olden days when the institutions which were rapidly going to decay had been vigorous with a new life. It is not strange, therefore, that when Malory cast about for a subject he turned away from the intrigues and petty quarrels of court factions to the deeds of an ideal king and an ideal court in a far-away age.

We know indeed very little about the influences that shaped a writer in the turbulent 15th century. Some of them may have been more favorable than we commonly think. We may freely admit that the poetry, except that produced in the North, could hardly be worse. Hobbling, uninspired doggerel most of it is, as inane as it is formless. But the prose, taken as a whole, is surely better than any that

England had produced since the Norman Conquest. There are modern readers who even prefer the simple, natural style of Malory and his contemporaries to the tortuous indirectness of much of the Elizabethan and early 17th-century prose. Malory opened new paths for the prose writer, and showed how men to whom the gift of song was denied might still write a rich and beautiful prose. Possibly his age was the most unfavorable in which a writer's lot could be cast, but those who hold that opinion are bound to give all the more credit to Malory for rising above the dead level of his time.

It is perhaps worth while to note that England was not the only country in the 15th century where literature was in a depressed state. France, which had for centuries been the wellspring whence other nations drew literary inspiration, was now reduced to comparative unproductiveness. She could point in Malory's time to Villon, Christine de Pisan, Charles d'Orléans, and, somewhat later, to Philippe de Comines and a few others, but she was no longer the central figure in European letters.

Germany was split into little rival states and cities, and had no unified national life. The towns were the prey of robber barons, and the barons were the prey of one another. The development of manufactures and the extension of commerce had, to some extent, stimulated literature, or what passed for such. Some homely pieces like *Till Eulenspiegel* and Brant's *Narrenschiff* (1494) have a rough life and humor that contrast refreshingly with the dullness and solemn platitudes of the vast wastes of didactic verse which meet the student of the period. Yet no literary masterpiece was produced in Germany in the century before the Reformation.

The only country of Western Europe that has reason to boast of her literary production in the 15th century is Italy.

The sudden influx of the scholars of Constantinople and the generous patronage of men of letters by the Medici and rival princes made Italy a paradise for writers, and established her as the training school of the rest of Europe. For a time Italy was the intellectual light of the world, and for two or three generations she won greater recognition than any of the states that aspired to high place in learning or literature.

As for the remaining countries of Europe in the 15th century, their literature, with a few marked exceptions,[1] presents nothing striking. The state of literature in England, though surely bad enough, was not so decidedly worse than that of the rest of Europe as one might at first imagine. The soil was preparing for the great outburst of the following century.

Malory, however, belongs to the older order. Scarcely a ripple of the great Renaissance movement had touched England when he began to write. He was himself entirely uninfluenced by it. He lived wholly in the Middle Ages, and breathed their very spirit into his great book of romances. Yet there must have been signs enough, even in Malory's time, that a new spirit was rising, and that the days of the old order were numbered. Tradesmen were acquiring political power and social recognition. The towns were rapidly growing in wealth and population and influence. The people were gaining more than the privileged classes. Each new turn of events that brought the king out of harmony with his great nobles threw him into the hands of the people, and they did not fail to profit by the opportunity. The new common soldiers were a match for the knights and gentlemen. War abroad and civil strife at home had reduced the number of the nobles and made still easier the progress

[1] One of the most popular books of the century was the Netherlandish version of *Reinke de Vos*.

of the social revolution. In a generation or two more, chivalry was the theme for a jest, and its glory had departed forever.

II.[1]

In any attempt to identify the author of the *Morte Darthur* with an historical Sir Thomas Malory, one must not look for demonstration. Probably no direct evidence on the subject exists. Public records and business papers of the 14th and 15th centuries may be expected to supply information about estates and offices and military service, but they are not likely to mention literary works.[2] A high degree of probability may, however, be arrived at. If, amongst the various Malorys of the 15th century, but one can be found who satisfies all the conditions of the problem, we may reasonably claim for him the authorship of this famous work, though no direct evidence of his connection with it be procurable.

What the required conditions are may be seen from three places in the *Morte Darthur* which mention Malory:

(1) Caxton's Preface, in which he says he has printed "after a copye vnto me delyuerd, whyche copye Syr Thomas Malorye dyd take oute of certeyn bookes of frensshe and reduced it in to Englysshe" (Sommer, p. 3).

(2) The concluding words of the last book: "I praye you all Ientyl men and Ientyl wymmen that redeth this book of Arthur and his knyghtes . . . | praye for me whyle I am on lyue that god sende me good delyueraunce | & whan I am deed I praye you all praye for my soule | for this book was ended the ix yere of the reygne of kyng edward the fourth | by syr Thomas Maleore knyght as Ihesu helpe hym for hys

[1] This section on Sir Thomas Malory and his family is contributed by Professor George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard University.

[2] The reader will remember that the public records which furnish us with so much information about Chaucer say not a word about his poetry.

grete myght | as he is the seruaunt of Ihesu bothe day and nyght | " (Sommer, p. 861). These are obviously not the words of Caxton, as Dr. Sommer takes them to be, but the words of Malory himself.

(3) Caxton's colophon, which says that the book "was reduced in to englysshe by syr Thomas Malory knyght as afore is sayd[1] | and by me deuyded in to xxi bookes chapytred and enprynted | and fynysshed in thabbey westmestre the last day of Iuly the yere of our lord | M | CCCC | lxxxv | " (Sommer, p. 861).

From these passages it appears that any Sir Thomas Malory advanced as the author of the *Morte Darthur* must fulfill the following conditions: (1) He must have been a knight;[2] (2) he must have been alive in the ninth year of Edward IV, which extended from Mar. 4, 1469, to Mar. 3, 1470 (both included); (3) he must have been old enough in 9 Edward IV to make it possible that he should have written this work. Further, Caxton does not say that he received the "copy" directly from the author, and his language may be held to indicate that Malory was dead when the book was printed. In this case he must have died before the last day of July, 1485, and we have a fourth condition to be complied with.

Up to the present time[3] but one Thomas Malory has been discovered who fulfills these three imperative conditions, and this person satisfies also the fourth condition, which, as we have seen, is not entirely imperative. We may,

[1] That is, in Caxton's Preface.

[2] "Sir *priest*" is out of the question, though some have absurdly suggested it (see the reference in Sommer, ii, 2, n. 1).

[3] This chapter is in part a reprint of an article entitled "Who was Sir Thomas Malory?" published in 1897 in the Harvard *Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature*, iv, 85–105. The reader is referred to that article for the details of the evidence as well as for a discussion of the baseless theory that Malory was a Welshman. The conjectural

therefore, accept him as the author of whom we are in search and insert his biography in our literary histories, at least until a better candidate offers. That such a candidate is likely to appear the present writer is not inclined to believe, for obviously, the number of knights named Thomas Malory and living at any single time must, of necessity, be small ; and, in the attempt to apply as rigid a test as possible to this identification, the pedigree and alliances of the several Malory (Malore) families have been carefully scrutinized.

This Sir Thomas Malory[1] was (1) certainly a knight. (2) He survived the ninth year of Edward IV, dying Mar. 14, 1470 (10 Edward IV). This fits the closing passage of the *Morte Darthur*. (3) He was not under fifty-seven years of age when he died, and he may have been seventy or above. (4) The *Morte Darthur* was not printed until some fifteen years after his death.

The birth, circumstances, and education of this Sir Thomas Malory appear, so far as we can discover them, to fit well with his authorship of this work. He belonged to that class to whom the Arthurian stories directly appealed: he was a gentleman of an ancient house and a soldier.[2]

identification discussed in the present chapter was made public by the writer Mar. 15, 1894, at a meeting held at Columbia College in honor of Friedrich Diez (cf. *Mod. Lang. Notes*, April, 1894, ix, 253). It was put on record by the writer in a brief article on Malory published in 1894 in vol. v of *Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia* (p. 498). In July, 1896, Mr. T. W. Williams, who had, very naturally, not seen the brief article in *Johnson's Cyclopædia*, suggested (*Athenæum*, No. 3585) that the author of the *Morte* might be a "Thomas Malorie, miles" whom he had found mentioned in a document of the eighth year of Edward IV, but concerning whom he had no information except the single fact furnished by the document itself. Mr. Williams's Thomas Malory and the writer's are probably one and the same person.

[1] The name is variously spelled, but was always trisyllabic.

[2] Cf. Caxton's Preface: "Many noble and dyuers gentylmen of thys royame of England camen and demaunded me many and oftymes wher-

His ancestors had been lords of Draughton in Northamptonshire as early, apparently, as 1267–68, and certainly earlier than 1285; and the Malores had been persons of consequence in that county and in Leicestershire from the time of Henry II or Stephen. Sir Peter Malore, justice of the common pleas (1292–1309) and one of the commission to try Sir William Wallace, was a brother of Sir Stephen Malore, the great-grandfather of our Sir Thomas, — that Sir Stephen whose marriage with Margaret Revell brought the Newbold estates[1] into the family. Thomas's father, John Malory, was sheriff of Leicestershire and Warwickshire, Escheator, Knight of the Shire for Warwick in the Parliament of 1413, and held other offices of trust. It is not to be doubted, then, that Sir Thomas received a gentleman's education according to the ideas of the 15th century, which are not to be confounded with those of an earlier, illiterate period. That he should learn to read and write French, as well as to speak it, was a matter of course.

Sir John Malory seems to have died in 12 Henry VI (1433 or 1434), and Sir Thomas succeeded to the ancestral estates. We have, however, some information about Sir Thomas in his father's lifetime: when a young man he served in France, in the military retinue of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, — a fact to which I shall soon revert. In the twenty-third year of Henry VI (1445) we find him a knight and sitting in Parliament for Warwickshire. Some years later he appears to have made himself conspicuous on the Lancastrian side in the War of the Roses, for in 1468 "Thomas Malorie, miles," is excluded, along with "Humphry Nevyll, miles," and several others, from the operation of a pardon issued by Edward IV. We know

fore that I haue not do made & enprynte the noble hystorye of the saynt greal and of the moost renomed crysten kyng . . . kyng Arthur."

[1] In Warwickshire.

nothing of the matter except this bare fact. Whether or not Malory subsequently obtained a special pardon cannot now be determined. If he did not we must suppose that he was relieved by the general amnesty of 1469, since, on his death in 1470, there seems to have been no question as to the inheritance of his estate. Malory died, as has been already noted, Mar. 14, 1470, and when Dugdale wrote his *Warwickshire* (about 1656) lay "buryed under a marble in the Chappell of St. Francis at the Gray Friars, near Newgate in the Suburbs of London." He left a widow, Elizabeth Malory, who lived until 1480, and a grandson, Nicholas, about four years of age. This Nicholas was alive in 1511. He died without male heirs.

The most interesting of these biographical fragments is the association of Sir Thomas Malory with Richard of Warwick. Dugdale states the fact in the following words: "*Thomas;* who, in K. *H.* 5. time, was of the retinue of *Ric. Beauchamp* E. Warr. at the siege of Caleys, and served there with one lance and two archers; receiving for his lance and 1. archer xx. *li. per an.* and their dyet; and for the other archer, x. marks and no dyet." I can find no siege of Calais in Henry V's time. Perhaps the agreement was merely to serve *at Calais.* In that case the likeliest date for Malory's covenant is perhaps 1415, when Warwick indented "to serve the King as Captain of Calais, until *Febr.* 3. *An.* 1416 (4 *Hen.* 5). And to have with him in the time of Truce or Peace, for the safeguard thereof, Thirty Men at Arms, himself and three Knights accounted as part of that number; Thirty Archers on Horsback, Two hundred Foot Soldiers, and Two hundred Archers, all of his own retinue. . . . And in time of War, he to have One hundred and forty Men on Horsbak," etc.

In our uncertainty with regard to the year of this service we can draw no solid inference as to the date of Malory's

birth. We have already seen that he was probably of age and over in 1433–34 (see p. xvi, above): if he served with Beauchamp in 1416, he was doubtless born as early as 1400, but not much earlier. This would make him seventy years old at the time of his death.

The service of Malory with Richard of Warwick is, however, peculiarly significant in view of the well-known character of the earl. No better school for the future author of the *Morte Darthur* can be imagined than a personal acquaintance with that Englishman whom all Europe recognized as embodying the knightly ideal of the age. The Emperor Sigismund, we are informed on excellent authority, said to Henry V "that no prince Cristen for wisdom, norture, and manhode, hadde such another knyght as he had of therle Warrewyk; addyng therto that if al curtesye were lost, yet myght hit be founde ageyn in hym; and so ever after by the emperours auctorite he was called the Fadre of Curteisy."[1]

The history of Warwick's life, as set down by John Rous, chantry priest and antiquary, and almost a contemporary of the great earl, reads like a *roman d'aventure*. One exploit in particular might almost have been taken out of the *Morte Darthur* itself.[2] "Erle Richard," we are told, ". . . heryng of a greet gaderyng in Fraunce, inasmoche as he was capteyn of Caleys he hied him thidre hastely, and was there worthely received; and when that he herd that the gaderyng in Fraunce was appoynted to come to Caleys, he cast in his mynde to do sume newe poynt of chevalry; wheruppon," under the several names of "the grene knyght," "Chevaler Vert," and "Chevaler Attendant," he sent three challenges

[1] John Rous, *Life of Richard Earl of Warwick*, as printed from MS. Cotton. Julius E. IV, by Strutt, *Horda Angel-cynnan*, 1775–76, ii, 125, 126. Rous died Jan. 1492; Beauchamp, May 31, 1439.

[2] For similar incidents in romance, see Ward, *Catalogue of Romances*, i, 733 ff., with which cf. Malory's *Morte Darthur*, Bk. vii, chs. xxviii, xxix, Sommer, i, 257 ff.

to the French king's court. "And anone other 3 Frenche knyghtes received them, and graunted their felowes to mete at day and place assigned." On the first day, "the xii day of Christmasse, in a lawnde called the Park Hedge of Gynes," Earl Richard unhorsed the first of the French knights. Next day he came to the field in another armor and defeated the second French knight, "and so with the victory, and hymself unknown rode to his pavilion agayn, and sent to this blank knyght Sir Hugh Lawney, a good courser." On the third day the earl "came in face opyn . . . and said like as he hadde his owne persone performed the two dayes afore, so with Goddes grace he wolde the third, then ran he to the Chevaler name[d] Sir Colard Fymes, and every stroke he bare hym bakwards to his hors bakke; and then the Frenchmen said he was bounde to the sadyll, wherfor he alighted down from his horse, and forthwith stept up into his sadyll ageyn, and so with worshipe rode to his pavilion, and sent to Sir Colard a good courser, and fested all the people; . . . and rode to Calys with great worshipe" (Strutt, *Horda*, ii, 124, 125).

This romantic adventure cannot be dated with any certainty. The *days* are settled by the text of Rous: they are January 6, 7, and 8 (Twelfth-Day and the two days following), but the *year* is not easily fixed. By a process of elimination we may arrive at the date 1416 or 1417, either of which may be right. One likes to imagine Thomas Malory as serving in Warwick's retinue on this occasion, and I know of nothing to forbid our indulging so agreeable a fancy.

It may, I think, be safely asserted that we have before us a Sir Thomas Malory who, so far as one can see, fulfills all the conditions required of a claimant for the honor of having written the *Morte Darthur*. There is absolutely no contestant, and until such a contestant appears, it is not unreasonable to insist on the claims of this Sir Thomas.

III.

On the 31st of July, 1485, Malory's *Morte Darthur* was issued from the press of William Caxton at Westminster. At the very time of its appearance England was in a turmoil over a threatened change of rulers. Three weeks later, on the 22d of August, Richard III fell on Bosworth Field and was succeeded by Henry of Lancaster. The settlement of the crown and the long peace that ensued were doubtless of no small importance in giving opportunity for the growth of the reading habit and for the great development of literature in the following century.

The year 1485 was a busy one for Caxton. He had already been seven years at Westminster, and had printed there not less than forty-eight books, some of them very extensive. He had published as early as 1478 such books as Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and Lydgate's *Temple of Glas.* In 1481 appeared his edition of *The History of Godfrey of Boulogne;* in 1483, Gower's *Confessio Amantis* and *The Golden Legend* (Caxton's own translation); and in 1484, Chaucer's *Troylus and Cresside.* Other books of considerable size and importance also kept his press active during the same period. For the year 1485 we have four books, the first of which is not dated: *The Life of Saint Winifred*, translated by Caxton; Malory's *Morte Darthur* (July 31); *The Life of Charles the Grete*, translated by Caxton, and published December 1; *The Knight Paris and the Fair Vienne*, translated by Caxton, and published December 19. Caxton finished his translation of *The Life of Charles the Grete* on the 18th of June, six weeks before he had completed the printing of the *Morte Darthur.* The translating and the printing must therefore have been for a considerable part of the time going on together. As in the preceding years, so in 1485, Caxton aimed to publish chiefly

entertaining literature. Even some of the religious works in the list are quite as amusing as they are instructive. Romances and poems doubtless sold best, and, as they most interested him, he published them in preference to more solid works.

Caxton's own words in two of his Prefaces show clearly what pleasure he took in his own work: "Now lete us thenne remembre what hystoryes ben wreton of Cristen men, of whom ther be many wreton. But in especial, as for the best and worthyest, I fynde fyrst the gloryous, most excellent in his tyme, and fyrst founder of the Round Table, Kyng Arthur, kyng of the Brytons, that tyme regnyng in this royamme, of whos retenue were many noble kynges, prynces, lordes, and knyghtes, of which the noblest were knyghtes of the Round Table, of whos actes and historyes there be large volumes, and bookes grete plenty and many. O blessed Lord, when I remembre the grete and many volumes of Seynt Graal, Ghalehot, & Launcelotte de Lake, Gawayn, Perceval, Lyonel, and Tristram, and many other, of whom were over longe to reherce, and also to me unknowen! But thystorye of the sayd Arthur is so gloryous and shynyng, that he is stalled in the fyrst place of the moost noble, beste and worthyest of the Cristen men."[1]

"Thenne for as moche I late had fynysshed in enprynte the book of the noble & vyctorious kyng Arthur, fyrst of the thre moost noble & worthy of crysten kynges, and also tofore had reduced into englysshe the noble hystorye & lyf of Godefroy of boloyn kyng of Iherusalem, last of the said iij worthy, Somme persones of noble estate and degree haue desyred me to reduce thystorye and lyf of the noble and crysten prynce Charles the grete, kyng of fraunce & emperour of Rome, the second of the thre worthy, to thende

[1] Preface to *Godeffroy of Boloyne* (A.D. 1481), p. 2 (E. E. T. S., Extra Series lxiv).

that thystoryes, actes, & lyues may be had in our maternal tongue, lyke as they be in latyn or in frensshe." [1]

The *Morte Darthur* is the fiftieth book in the list of Caxton's publications at Westminster, and is the most precious of all when measured by the price it has commanded at book sales.[2] It is also one of the largest of his undertakings, for of the more than eighteen thousand pages which he printed, the *Morte Darthur* contains 861. Like all the other books that issued from Caxton's press, this received his editorial supervision. He supplied the Preface and the Table of Contents, divided the narrative into books, probably revised to some extent the orthography, and, not impossibly, tried to amend the copy where it was imperfect. Yet to what extent Caxton really changed Malory's text, whether the author and the printer ever met, whether Malory entirely finished certain parts of his work, whether he had imperfect French manuscripts, or whether Caxton cut out what seemed superfluous, or whether a part of Malory's translation may have been lost in the fifteen years that elapsed between the conclusion of the translation and the publishing,—these and scores of questions we must meet with a confession of our ignorance.

[1] *Charles the Grete*, A.D. 1485, p. 2 (E. E. T. S.).

[2] Some inaccuracy has crept into the accounts of the recent sales of the unique copy of the *Morte Darthur*. For instance, in the *Dict. of Nat. Biog.*, ix, 389, we read: "The highest price paid for a Caxton is £1950. This sum was given by Mr. Bernard Quaritch, in behalf of a Chicago merchant, at Sotheby's sale rooms, on 6 May, 1885, for the unique copy of Malory's 'King Arthur,' in the Osterley Park Library."

The price was £1950 in addition to the agent's commission. The book was not bought for a Chicago merchant, but by Mr. Norton Q. Pope of Brooklyn for his wife's library. The Pope collection, containing the *Morte Darthur*, was purchased in 1896 by Messrs. Dodd, Mead, & Co. of New York, and by them sold to Mr. Robert Hoe of that city. The particulars as to the price have not been made public.

The printing was tolerably well done for the 15th century, and, if we consider the possibility that the printers had here and there to follow bad copy, the general accuracy of the text is surprising. There is little probability that Malory saw the book in print.[1] If he did he must have left the details of the printing almost wholly to Caxton.

In the six remaining years of Caxton's life he printed seventeen books, but he did not issue a second edition of the *Morte Darthur*.

The list of editions[2] of the *Morte Darthur* since Caxton is as follows:

Black Letter.	Roman Type.
1. Caxton . . . . 1485, folio.	1. Hazelwood, 1816. 3 vols. 12mo.
2. W. de Worde . 1498, "	2. Walker's British Classics, 1816. 2 vols. 12mo.
3. W. de Worde . 1529, "	3. R. Southey, 1817. 2 vols. 8vo.
4. W. Copland . . 1557, "	4. *a*. Th. Wright, 1856. 3 vols. 8vo.
	b. ———, 1866. 3 vols. 2d ed.
5. Th. East . about 1585, "	5. *a*. Sir E. Strachey, 1868. Globe ed.[3]
	b. ———, 1891. Globe ed.
6. " " . " 1585, 4to.	6. H. Oskar Sommer, 1889, Text, vol. i, folio.
	———, 1890. Introd., vol. ii, folio.
	———, 1891, Studies on the Sources, vol. iii, folio.
7. W. Stansby . . 1634,	

[1] If the identification suggested on p. xv, above, is correct, Malory had been dead fifteen years when his book was published.

[2] My list follows Sommer's, with a few additions.

For the details concerning the various editions and their relation to one another, the reader is referred to Sommer's edition, ii, 2–25, and Strachey's Introd., pp. xxxi–xxxvii.

[3] Strachey's is the most popular as well as the best of the modernized editions. The favorable reception given to it by the public is shown

The following editions are modernized or abridged or annotated or otherwise adapted to special classes of readers :

The Story of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. Compiled and arranged by J[ames] T[homas] K[nowles]. Being an abridgment of "Sir T. Malory's Collection of Legends of King Arthur." With illustrations by G. H. Thomas. London, 1862. 8°. Reprinted by F. Warne & Co., 1895.

La Morte Darthur. The History of King Arthur. Compiled by T. Mallory. Abridged and revised by E. Conybeare. London, 1868. 8°.

La Mort d'Arthur. Abridged from the work of Sir Thomas Malory. The old prose stories whence the "Idylls of the King" have been taken by Alfred Tennyson. . . . Edited with an Introduction by B. M. Ranking. London, 1871. 8°.

The Boy's King Arthur, being Sir T. Malory's History of the Round Table. Edited with an Introduction by S. Lanier. Illustrated by A. Kappes. London, 1880. 8°.

Malory's History of King Arthur and the Quest of the Holy Grail [from the Morte d'Arthur]. Edited, with General Introduction to the "Camelot Series," by Ernest Rhys. London, 1886. 12mo. [The editor omits seven books relating to Sir Launcelot and Sir Tristram, and further modernizes and abridges the remainder.]

King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. A modernized version of the Morte Darthur, by Charles Morris. Philadelphia, 1891. 3 vols. 12mo.

Malory's Book of Marvellous Adventures, and other Books of the Morte d'Arthur. Edited by Ernest Rhys. London, 1892. 12mo (Scott Library).

Malory's History of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. London and New York, 1893. 12mo (vol. xlix of Lubbock's "Hundred Best Books").

Le Morte Darthur of Sir T. Malory, with Introduction by Professor J. Rhŷs and illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley. London, 1893, 1894. 2 vols. 4°. [The text is modernized, but is complete.]

by the frequency with which it has been reprinted : "First Edition printed March, 1868; Reprinted with slight alterations August, 1868; Reprinted (Index added) 1869, 1871, 1876, 1879, 1882, 1884, 1886, 1889 (Introduction rewritten), 1891." Globe ed., p. iv.

The Court of King Arthur. Stories from the Land of the Round Table, by Wm. Henry Frost. New York, 1896. 12mo. [A dilution of the Arthur stories for children.]

Malory's Le Morte d'Arthur. Selections, edited with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary[1] by A. T. Martin. London and New York, 1897 [Macmillan's English Classics].

Malory's Morte Darthur,[1] edited by Israel Gollancz. London and New York, 1897 [The Temple Classics].

IV.

Malory's purpose in the *Morte Darthur* is sufficiently evident to one who runs through the Table of Contents. He evidently tried to bring together, as compactly as he could without sacrificing the beauty of the originals, those Arthurian stories which had best pleased him. The title is indeed misleading, and its insufficiency is felt by Caxton, who presents an excuse for it in his colophon to the book: "Thus endeth thys noble and Ioyous book entytled le morte Darthur / Notwythstandyng it treateth of the byrth / lyf / and actes of the sayd kyng Arthur / of his noble knyghtes of the rounde table / theyr meruayllous enquestes and aduentures / thachyeuyng of the sangreal / & in thende the dolorous deth & departyng out of thys world of them al."

The aim of the author, then, was to furnish for English readers a compendium of the Arthurian stories, and to give in a rough chronological order the history of the life and times of Arthur, together with the chief exploits of his most famous knights. Some critics, in their enthusiasm for Malory's work, have fancied that the *Morte Darthur* deserves to be called an epic in prose. We may grant without hesitation that Malory has a vein of poetry, and that his feeling for style is exquisite. We may find some-

[1] These have appeared too late to be used at all in the preparation of the present volume.

what of the epic breadth of treatment in parts of the story. But the book as a whole lacks the unity and the continuity of an epic; and we hardly gain in clearness of critical estimate by claiming for Malory what he would probably have been the first to disavow. If one wishes to hold that Malory wrote an epic in spite of himself, or chooses to dignify by the name of epic what is more exactly described as a collection of charming stories rather loosely tied together, there is no serious ground for a quarrel.

How Malory would have succeeded if he had tried to connect the parts of his book more closely, and had subordinated the episodes to one great central conception, we can hardly venture to say. What success he would have had with verse is also an idle question; but there is reason to fear that if he had attempted to versify the *Morte Darthur*, he would have added one more to the list of now forgotten books, of which the 15th century produced such an appalling number.

Malory's apparently simple task was far more difficult than we sometimes think. If he had worked upon originals that agreed with one another or that had been brought together according to a consistent plan, he could have proceeded mechanically to reduce their size by mere excision and then to translate what was left. But the French romances were not the work of a single author, and consequently they could not show unity of conception in delineation of character or agreement as to the relative importance of the various knights of the Round Table. The romances were produced in different periods and under different influences. Furthermore, the original romances, when once written, were so freely handled by copyists who omitted and added material at will that the final versions which lay before Malory presented contradictions not to be entirely overcome except by rewriting the whole according to a clearly conceived plan.

It is not surprising, therefore, that here and there in the *Morte Darthur* a knight who has been suitably buried should reappear somewhat later as though the experience had done him no harm. Malory's success in avoiding the pitfalls that lay in his path must be evident even to the casual reader; but it can be fully realized only by one who compares the *Morte Darthur* with its sources.

Malory's purpose in writing his great romance was somewhat different from that of most of his predecessors who had attempted to tell Arthurian stories in English. For the most part, the earlier writers had contented themselves with translating or adapting a single French Arthurian romance or episode. From the beginning of the 13th century this Arthurian literature had been steadily growing, until in the course of two centuries and a half it included large tracts of Arthurian story. That it was of very unequal merit and of varying degrees of originality is exactly what we might expect. We cannot easily characterize in general terms productions so diverse in character as Laȝamon's *Brut*, the *Merlin* in verse, the *Merlin* in prose, the *Tristram* in verse, the exquisite *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, and the notable poems on the death of Arthur. This list is, of course, not complete; but, even when it is supplemented by all of the minor pieces, it is far from including the immense volume of Arthurian romance. Moreover, none of the pieces in prose or verse, nor all of them together, gave a connected view of the legends as a whole. Each romancer or translator presented an episode or group of episodes without caring much whether the separate stories could be harmonized. Then, too, the English versions were made at a time when the language was rapidly changing, and when dialectic differences threw real obstacles in the path of a reader. The fact that the versions were rare and scattered, and that the difficulty of communication presented a serious problem

in the 15th century and greatly hindered acquaintance with books in a remote district, must also be taken into account in our endeavor to estimate what may have influenced Malory in his undertaking. Furthermore, the Arthurian literature in French was far too extensive to allow a reader, unless very favorably situated, to get acquainted with any considerable part of it. The MSS. cost much money and were out of the reach of any but the favored few. Yet the Arthurian stories had been for generations an important factor in the education of a gentleman ; while, on the other hand, the earlier general familiarity of English gentlemen with French was daily becoming rarer, and a large number of those readers who would most appreciate the old stories could not read the original French versions. Malory had, then, many special incentives to encourage him in his work, and he could not well have had a fairer field in which to try his powers.

Whatever may have influenced Malory, he produced a book which cannot safely be neglected by the student of mediæval life and manners, to say nothing of the reader who is interested in the *Morte Darthur* on purely literary grounds. One can hardly understand the spirit of the Middle Ages without giving much attention to the romances, and one can find no romance in English to compare with the *Morte Darthur*. Even though the life there depicted is neither English nor French, and though the narrative has little or no basis in reality, the picture which the romance presents has just enough resemblance to the real society to be highly suggestive. Of course the picture needs interpretation and modification, yet it presents in a vivid light the ideals of what we somewhat vaguely call chivalry, and is steeped in the spirit of the great feudal society. This spirit it was, we may well believe, that made the book popular in its own time, and this will doubtless win for it favor in centuries to come.

V.

We cannot properly estimate the originality of Malory's work without studying the materials that he used, and we ought therefore, if we had the space, to make a survey of the various forms of Arthurian literature[1] existing at the time when Malory wrote, and also to consider the various theories concerning the origin of the romances. Yet the field thus opened is so vast, and the opinions on matters of detail are so divergent, that I can here do no more than indicate briefly what some of the problems are.

A glance at Caxton's Table of Contents to the *Morte Darthur* suggests that the book is a composite of several different romances. A careful reading of the book itself proves that there is no vital connection between the stories about Merlin and Balin and Tristram and Launcelot. A slight study of the older French literature enables us to see that the *Morte Darthur* is but a small part of a vast cycle of Arthurian romances. These romances have a common tie in that they all introduce Arthur and the Round Table; but many of them have so slight a connection that they require but little investigation to prove their independent origin.

We cannot here consider the source and development of the various branches of Arthurian romance represented in the *Morte Darthur*, and we must therefore leave untouched the origin of the Launcelot and Tristram stories, as well as the questions connected with the legend of the Grail. The primary question, and the one which has most occupied the students of Arthurian romance, relates to the legends connected with Arthur himself.

[1] The specific sources of the books chosen for these selections are pointed out in the brief introductions prefixed to the Notes on each book. Hence only such general remarks as apply to the work as a whole can find a place here.

If in the investigation of the romances we consider chronology rather than geography, we greatly simplify the problem. We can establish with tolerable certainty, except in a few cases, the time at which the leading features of the legends appear in literature. We know in general the *literary* source of a great part of the materials used in the romances. Moreover, the nucleus of the Arthurian stories is admitted to be Celtic. This is a fact of central importance. The sources of much of the later material incorporated with the older legends are, of course, to be sought in many widely separated regions. The accretions from classical and biblical legends, from Oriental tales, from confused recollections of historical events, from floating superstitions, and countless other sources, are immense. Above all, the chivalric setting of the romances, with the ever-recurring descriptions of feasts and love-making and tournaments and battles, affords the romancer endless opportunity to copy the life about him, and to use his imagination freely in supplying details. The most difficult questions do not appear in the general study of this material, but rather in the attempt to determine, in detail, when, where, and by whom the French romances were put together, and, in particular, what is their relation to the Celtic sources.

The progress of Celtic philology in the last twenty-five years has been rapid, and many conclusions once thought to be established have been abandoned. The entire mass of early material has been undergoing a critical sifting at the hands of Paris, Lot, Rhŷs, Phillimore, Zimmer, Foerster, Baist, and others. Their conclusions are, however, not entirely harmonious, particularly as regards the insular or the continental origin of portions of the Arthurian legend.

Two Celtic theories are in the field : the one finds the origin of the Arthurian cycle in Great Britain, where the

hero of the legends is said to have lived; the other theory urges the claims of Brittany. The foremost advocate of the insular origin is M. Gaston Paris, who presents his views as follows: The Romans who occupied Great Britain never succeeded in completely assimilating the Celtic inhabitants. Hence, after the departure of the Roman legions, the Celts again asserted their supremacy. When in the course of the 5th century the Germanic invaders began to win a foothold in Britain, the Celts made a stubborn resistance. This period was the heroic age of the insular Britons, and it produced among them a national epic which absorbed early mythological and other elements, and, after undergoing constant modification, continued for centuries later. Moreover, a portion of the British population fled from the invading Saxons and crossed the Channel to Armorica, which was at that time almost uninhabited, and there founded a new Britain, where they preserved their language and customs.[1] After a long and obstinate struggle a peace of about fifty years ensued. Then strife in England began anew, and at length resulted in the establishment of a permanent boundary between the Britons and the English. The history of the conflict is very obscure. The Old English Chronicle is brief, and the British account of the matter, as given by Gildas,[2] relates only to the first part of the struggle. In the *Historia Britonum* of Nennius we find for the first time the hero Arthur named as victor over the Saxons in twelve battles. In the centuries that followed, Celtic Britain passed into deep obscurity, but its poetic activity remained. The Normans, on becoming acquainted with the Britons, were impressed by the number and the skill of the Welsh singers, by the excellence of their music,

[1] The evidence for an extensive early migration is questioned by some critics.

[2] Gildas makes no mention of Arthur.

and the abundance of their genealogical traditions. Already, among the Anglo-Saxons, in spite of the national antipathy, the Welsh singers had sung their *lais* for the entertainment of Anglo-Saxon hearers. But after the Norman Conquest these wandering singers found a still heartier welcome among the new masters of England, and soon made the themes of their songs familiar on both sides of the Channel. French writers rapidly caught up the material, and thus made possible the indefinite expansion of the original stock. Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Regum Britanniae* used some of this old material and added to it much of his own invention. His work was translated by Wace (1155) and several others, and was thus incorporated into the growing French literature. Such, in brief, is the theory of M. Gaston Paris.[1]

It is important to emphasize the fact that he derives most of the *matière de Bretagne* from England and not from Armorica. The latter region, he admits, was doubtless acquainted with most of this material, but appears not to have been called upon to contribute from its store of legends till after the tales from across the Channel had become popular. This result was, moreover, a direct outcome of the establishment of the Normans in England.[2]

On the other hand, recognized students of Celtic literature, like Rhŷs and Zimmer and Foerster, strongly urge the claims of Armorica (Brittany). They object that there is

[1] I have followed in the main the exposition which M. Paris makes of his views in *La Litt. française au Moyen Âge*, ch. iv; *Hist. litt. de la France*, xxx, 1–19; *Romania*, x, 466–468; xii, 373.

[2] The theory of G. Paris is supported by F. Lot in the *Romania* for 1895–96 (Études sur la Provenance du Cycle Arthurien). J. Loth in the *Revue Celtique*, xiii, 480 seq., takes issue with the sweeping criticisms of Zimmer, and holds that more stress must be laid upon the Welsh elements. In general agreement with M. Paris is M. d'Arbois de Jubainville in *La Litt. Celtique*, i, 42, 43.

no evidence proving that the Welsh singers before the Norman Conquest used to entertain the Anglo-Saxons, or even the Normans, "at a time early enough for the purpose of M. Paris's argument." They urge that the *matière de Bretagne*, as it appears in the romances, is a product of Armorica rather than of Great Britain, and they make much of the conquest by the Normans in the 10th century of the eastern part of Brittany, — a conquest which led to close relations between Norman and Armorican families. They insist upon the absence of evidence to show that the Welsh before the 12th century regarded Arthur as a romantic hero. They point out that the most characteristic feature of the romances — the Round Table — is not found in the early Welsh literature, but was inserted by Wace into his translation of Geoffrey. They maintain that the legend in Geoffrey (xii, 2), which tells of Arthur's being taken to Avalon to be healed of his wounds, is essentially Armorican rather than Welsh. These and other propositions are maintained with a vigor of argument and a mass of learning quite equal to what has yet appeared in favor of the theory of M. Gaston Paris.[1] One may go too far in admitting that the case for Brittany is entirely made out, but the advocates of the Welsh theory can hardly hope successfully to deny that many of the most important elements in the romances are Armorican rather than Welsh.[2]

[1] They admit, of course, without hesitation, that in urging "that the full development of the Arthurian legend was the work of a comparatively late period, no such remark is meant to apply to the materials of it. They must have always been there from time immemorial, wherever there was a Celt who spoke a Brythonic language, whether in Great Britain or in the Lesser Britain on the other side of the Channel." Rhŷs, *Studies*, p. 6.

[2] The statement of the case against M. Paris may be found in Rhŷs's *Studies*, pp. 374–376; in his Introd. to Malory's *Morte Darthur*, pp. xiv–xvi; in Zimmer's review of the *Hist. litt. de la France*, xxx, printed in *Göttingsche Gelehrte Anzeigen* for 1890, pp. 488–528, 785–832; in

On the most important matter there is no controversy. The Celts on both sides of the Channel had traditions concerning Arthur, and hence neither Armorican nor Welshman can lay exclusive claim to the material at the time it began to be used by the romancers. Many traditions must have possessed common traits, for intercourse was frequent between Armorica and Celtic England. Some of these traditions would doubtless in time be partly forgotten on one side of the Channel, while preserved and fostered on the other side. The great outlines would be alike, but many important differences would be inevitable. If we assume that the traditions concerning Arthur have any historical basis, we must, of course, fix the home of the original Arthur in Great Britain.[1] Furthermore, on purely

Zimmer's articles in *Zeitschrift für franz. Sprache und Lit.*, xii, 230 seq. (Bretonische Elemente in der Arthursage des Gottfried von Monmouth); in xiii, 1 seq. (Beiträge zur Namenforschung in den altfranz. Arthurepen); and in his *Nennius Vindicatus*, Berlin, 1893. (Reviewed by Thurneysen in Zacher's *Zeitschrift für deutsche Philologie*, pp. xxviii, 80 seq. Cf. also Pütz in *Zeitschrift für franz. Sprache und Lit.*, xiv, 161 seq. (Zur Gesch. der Entwicklung der Artursage); Foerster, Introd. to *Erec und Enide*, Halle, 1890.

[1] There is now little objection made to the historical existence of a British leader named Arthur, but care is taken to limit his exploits to the conflicts of the Britons with the Saxons and other invaders at the end of the 5th and the beginning of the 6th century. Cf. Zimmer, *Nennius Vindicatus*, p. 285; Rhŷs, Address before Mythological Section of Internat. Folk-Lore Cong., 1891, p. 158; Rhŷs, *Celtic Britain*, pp. 234–237; Rhŷs, *Studies*, ch. i (Arthur, Historical and Mythical); Rhŷs, Preface to Malory's *Morte Darthur*, pp. xxxv, xxxvi; Nutt, *Problems of Heroic Legend* (Internat. Folk-Lore Cong., 1891), p. 119; Skene, *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, i, 226; Pütz, *Zeitschrift für franz. Sprache und Lit.*, xiv, 187-192; Thurneysen, *Engl. Stud.*, xxii, 163–179 (Wann sind die Germanen nach England gekommen?), etc.

Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, i, 138, makes the suggestive remark: "It is not unlikely that the conquest of Gaul by an Emperor who set forth from Britain may be the kernel of truth round which much of the mythical history of Arthur has gathered."

a priori grounds we may urge that the Armorican Britons would be unlikely to lay the scene of Arthur's exploits in Great Britain unless the traditions really originated there. On the other hand, the later development of the legends may perhaps have proceeded more vigorously in Brittany than in Great Britain itself, and hence have furnished the French romancers with an abundance of material at their very doors.

We are not, then, driven to maintain that all the material in the form it assumes in the romances necessarily came in the 12th and 13th centuries from insular to continental Britain, though there is nothing improbable in the supposition that some legends floated across the Channel after Arthurian stories began to be in demand.

Just why Arthur and the Round Table furnished an especially engaging theme after the middle of the 12th century we cannot undertake here to inquire, but the immediate occasion was undoubtedly the publication of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Historia Regum Britanniae* (1132–35) and Wace's translation of the same into French verse under the title of *Li Romans de Brut* (1155). This became the most popular of several French versions of Geoffrey's book. When the story had been thus introduced to the French public, the endless possibilities of the theme were quickly perceived. A great number of writers began to produce Arthurian romances; at first, for the most part, in verse,[1] and then, as the reading habit grew, in a multitude of prose versions. Along with the original Arthurian romances came to be early associated a group of other romances not properly connected with Arthur at all.

These prose romances afford an inviting field for critical

[1] Some critics are now disposed to date the prose versions in some cases earlier than the verse romances. This, however, can hardly be proved for the great majority of the prose versions.

investigation, since the authors, the dates, and the relations of the prose versions to the poetical versions, as well as the relations of the prose versions to one another, are largely undetermined.[1] An early version was regarded as the rightful possession of any later copyist, who, as likely as not, was himself an author. Hence the romances are a patchwork of the most singular and complex character. The romance of *Merlin*, to take a single instance, is in the main alike in all the versions up to the coronation of Arthur. After this point it is continued by at least a half-dozen different writers, some of whom produced versions wholly unlike any of the others. One of these continuations, which now exists in but a single French MS.,[2] furnished Malory a part of the material for the *Morte Darthur*. But even the most popular continuation, which has come down to us in a great number of MSS., is by no means free from interpolations and omissions. The general run of the story in the various MSS. is much the same, but the minor differences are countless. The variation in the spelling of proper names and in the lists of numerals can be accounted for by mere carelessness on the part of the scribe, but extensive omissions and additions indicate the would-be author as well as the copyist.

A detailed account of the French Arthurian romances must be sought elsewhere.[3] We have to notice, in a word,

[1] Cf. the remarks of G. Paris, *Hist. litt. de la France*, xxx, 2.

[2] The Huth MS. in London.

[3] See in general G. Paris, *La Litt. française au Moyen Âge*, ch. iv, and his account of the verse romances in *Hist. litt. de la France*, xxx, 1–270; Paulin Paris, *Les Romans de la Table Ronde*, 5 vols., Paris, 1868–77 (gives detailed analysis of *Le Saint Graal*, *Merlin*, *Lancelot du Lac*, and discussion of the sources); Dunlop's *Hist. of Prose Fiction*, 2 vols., London, 1888 (revised by Henry Wilson); H. L. D. Ward, *Catal. of Romances in the Dept. of MSS. in the British Museum*, i, London, 1883. Maccallum, *Tennyson's Idylls and Arthurian Story from the XVIth*

those which Malory used. These are (1) the *Merlin*, already mentioned, (2) *Lancelot*, (3) *Tristan*, (4) *The Quest of the Holy Grail*. Besides these we must assume, I think, the existence of French versions for those English poems (or at least for one of them) which parallel closely some of the material in the *Morte Darthur*. The *Lancelot*, like the *Merlin*, brings in a vast mass of material drawn from the most varied sources. The *Tristan* is very loosely connected with the Arthurian cycle, and appears to have been swept into it because of the convenience of making renewed use of characters already famous for their association with Arthur. The story of the quest of the Grail is nothing but a subordinate part of the great cycle of the legends of the Holy Grail. In this cycle is a mass of legendary material with which the story of Arthur has properly nothing to do; but the literary possibilities involved in supposing the holy vessel to be lost and to be sought for by knights of the Round Table were too alluring to be resisted. Hence, when the situation was clearly conceived by the romancers, they followed it out in all its consequences, and thus produced one of the most striking romances of the Arthurian cycle. The most brilliant of the writers who treated the Grail legends was Chrétien de Troyes, whose *Perceval* or *Conte del Graal* — a fragment of 10,601 verses, doubtless based upon an Anglo-Norman original — was continued by various writers until it included more than sixty thousand verses. The prose versions are also of enormous extent.

We must not allow ourselves to enter further upon the

Century, London, 1894. For other references, see Sommer, iii, 1–8; *Romania*, *Zeitschrift für franz. Sprache und Lit.*, etc. I have given some further references in the brief introductions prefixed to the different books of our selections.

The most recent popular account is found in Saintsbury, *The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory*, ch. iii (The Matter of Britain), New York, 1897.

discussion of the French romances or their sources, but must turn to other questions.[1]

VI.

After this brief study of the original materials of which the *Morte Darthur* is composed, we may well glance at the history of the book since its first publication and note the influence it has exerted upon later literature. There is some difficulty in tracing the influence of a great book like Malory's, for the suggestions that come from it may be so indirect that they cannot be followed. Yet the wonderful thing about the *Morte Darthur* is that, so far as we can follow it, we find it has been a perennial inspiration to poets, and that it has furnished the material, and even a part of the diction, of more than one exquisite poem. No other English book has called into being such a library of poetry as has the *Morte Darthur*. The bulk of this poetry is work of the 19th century, but traces of Malory's influence are not lacking in earlier centuries.

[1] Sommer's account of the sources, omitting all detail, runs as follows: Bks. i, ii, iii, iv are based upon some form of the Merlin story, which we can follow in various French MSS. Bk. v is a prose version of the English poem *La Morte Arthure* of Huchown (ed. Brock, E. E. T. S.), with slight additions from other sources. Bk. vi is based upon the French *Lancelot*. Bk. vii has not yet been traced to its source. Bks. viii, ix, x represent the French romance of *Tristan*, with the exception that chs. xxi–xxviii of Bk. x, telling of the adventures of Alysanader le Orphelyn and of the Great Tournament of Surluse, are taken from the French *Prophecies of Merlin*. Bks. xi–xvii are in the main from the *Lancelot*, though some chapters are doubtful. Bks. xiii–xvii follow the story of the quest of the Grail, included in the *Lancelot*. Bks. xviii–xxi present a more difficult problem than is afforded by the other books. I therefore refer the reader to the discussion of the sources in the introductions to Bks. xviii and xxi of these selections, pp. 293–295, 305–310. The reservations which Sommer himself makes at various points may be found in his third volume, *Studies on the Sources*.

What sort of reception was given to Malory's book in his own century we do not precisely know, since we have no data concerning the size of the edition printed by Caxton and no contemporary allusion to it. Yet the fact that a second edition of so large a work was published within thirteen years may be taken as evidence of public favor. The continued popularity of the *Morte Darthur* throughout the 16th century is proved by the publication of four editions, and by the complaint of that sturdy old moralist Roger Ascham that people were reading the *Morte Darthur* when they might be better employed.[1]

When we consider with what infatuation aspiring scholars and the reading public in general greeted the newly dis-

[1] Ascham's remarks have been often quoted, but they are too important to be passed over with a mere reference. After severely condemning the books and the morals of Italy, he goes on to say: "In our forefathers tyme, whan Papistrie, as a standyng poole, couered and ouerflowed all England, fewe bookes were read in our tong, sauyng certaine bookes Cheualrie, as they sayd, for pastime and pleasure, which, as some say, were made in Monasteries, by idle Monkes, or wanton Chanons: as one for example, *Morte Arthure:* the whole pleasure of which booke standeth in two speciall poyntes, in open mans slaughter, and bold bawdrye: In which booke those be counted the noblest Knightes that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest aduoulter[i]es by sutlest shiftes: as Sir *Launcelot* with the wife of king *Arthure* his master: Syr *Tristram* with the wife of king Marke his vncle: Syr *Lamerocke* with the wife of king *Lote*, that was his owne aunte. This is good stuffe, for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at. Yet I know, when Gods Bible was banished the Court, and *Morte Arthure* receiued into the Princes chamber. What toyes, the dayly reading of such a booke, may worke in the will of a yong ientleman or a yong mayde, that liueth welthily and idelie, wise men can iudge, and honest men do pitie. And yet ten *Morte Arthures* do not the tenth part so much harme, as one of these bookes, made in *Italie* and translated in England." *The Scolemaster* (1570), p. 80 (Arber's reprint). Ascham had used some of the same phrases, yet without naming the *Morte Darthur*, in the preface to his *Toxophilus*, 1545 (Arber's reprint), p. 19.

covered Latin and Greek classics in the period of the Revival of Learning, we may well be surprised that the *Morte Darthur* won favor while most of the other literature of the Middle Ages was being rapidly forgotten. In the early part of the century the versions of *Artus de la Bretagne* and of *Huon of Bourdeaux* by Lord Berners divided with Malory's book what interest was left for mediæval literature, but they gradually lost their hold on the reading public, and seem to have been almost destitute of influence upon the later development of the literature. Malory indeed so far eclipsed his rivals that his is almost the only one of the early English Arthurian romances known even by name to the average modern reader.

Malory's popularity in the great transitional period of the 16th century is certainly remarkable, but the influence of his book was not strong enough to allure many English poets to enthusiastic original work in the Arthurian cycle.[1] Most of the Arthurian literature of the 16th century is poor in quality and not remarkable for quantity. The single drama[2] on Arthur is hardly readable, and most of the other forms of literature touch the Arthurian cycle only incidentally. Writers seem to have felt that the old machinery of tournaments, and knights rescuing ladies, the killing of dragons, and the fulfillment of fantastic vows was worn out.[3] Satire

[1] For Malory's influence on Hawes's *Pastime of Pleasure*, see Courthope's *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, i, 380; Sommer, ii, 15; and Warton's *Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, ed. Hazlitt, iii, 169–188.

[2] Thomas Hughes's *Misfortunes of Arthur* (1587). This owes little or nothing to Malory. Printed in *Dodsley's Old Plays*, ed. Hazlitt, iv, 249–343. Hathway's play on *The Life and Death of Arthur King of England* is mentioned in Henslow's *Diary*, Apr. 11, 12, 1598, but is not otherwise known.

[3] It is at least possible that the *Morte Darthur* suggested some of the characters that played a part in the festivities at Kenilworth in 1575, only five years after Ascham's complaint (cf. p. xxix, above) that

and parody had begun to make the old conceptions ridiculous.[1] The writers who represented the popular taste turned for themes to Spain and to Italy, to Greece and to Rome, and to less hackneyed subjects suggested by real or legendary national history. Attention was also drawn more and more to the absorbing questions of the Reformation. Little wonder is it, then, that the *Morte Darthur* and other romances were, as living forces in literature,[2] simply crowded out.

The great apparent exception is Spenser's *Faerie Queene.*

the book was too much read. In *The Princelye Pleasures at the Courte at Kenelworth . . . in the Yeare 1575*, Lond., 1576 (Reprinted, Lond., 1821), we find (pp. 2, 3) verses recited by the "Ladie of the Lake," who had lived in the Lake "since the time of great King Arthure's reigne." On pp. 8–10 we learn that the Lady had been compelled to remain in the Lake by "Sir Bruse, sauns pittié, in revenge of his cosen Merlyne, the Prophet, whom for his inordinate lust she had inclosed in a Rocke." No such relationship is hinted at in the *Morte Darthur*, and no exploit exactly like this is assigned to Breuse saunce pyte, who is, nevertheless, frequently mentioned. Breuse is credited with several villainous performances in the *Morte Darthur*, such as following a lady to slay her (p. 397, Sommer's ed.) and killing a lady's brother and keeping her at his own will (*ibid.*, p. 407). He may, therefore, have seemed to be a suitable character to be pressed into such service as was desired at the festivities. Literal reproduction of the Arthurian legends was not desired, for novelty was the chief aim in the whole entertainment; but the romantic motives and the names were as likely to have been suggested by the *Morte Darthur* as by any Arthurian literature that has come down to us.

[1] A marked instance of the spirit in which the old romances were regarded is seen in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle* (1610), which was evidently suggested by *Don Quixote* (1605). Rabelais's burlesque of the extravagances of chivalry appeared as early as 1532.

[2] Robert Chester's *King Arthur*, printed in *The Annals of great Brittaine*, London, 1611 (ed. Grosart), pp. 34–80, shows considerable acquaintance with Malory's book, particularly in the address To the courteous Reader, p. 35, and in the first division of the poem.

This does indeed borrow motives in great abundance from mediæval chivalry and from Arthurian romance, but it contains only a few passages that suggest an acquaintance with Malory. We must believe that the *Morte Darthur* gave some inspiration to the poet, yet we find that the larger portion of the Arthurian material is drawn from Holinshed and from Hardyng.[1] The *Faerie Queene* was born out of due time, and although it is the noblest poetic achievement of the 16th century, it is, so far as external structure goes, in the strictest sense artificial, a literary *tour de force*.

The 17th and 18th centuries were, as a whole, out of sympathy with the spirit of Arthurian romance. A single edition of the *Morte Darthur* (1634) supplied the demand of the reading public up to the year 1816. We cannot say positively that the book was disliked, but we may be sure that it was little read. Neither Cavaliers nor Puritans knew much about the Middle Ages, and they cared less. Here and there an antiquary or a poet delved into the literature of the pre-Reformation period, but the attention of the public, and even of men of letters, was given to other matters. The men who wrote society verse and scribbled indecent plays for the delight of Charles the Second's court had no interest in Arthur or Launcelot or Galahad. Milton[2] did indeed think of writing an Arthurian epic, and Dryden actually wrote an Arthurian opera, but they stood well-nigh alone. The epic was produced by the well-intentioned but long-winded Dr. Richard Blackmore, whose *Prince Arthur*, published in 1695, actually ran through

[1] For a list of references to the passages in the *Faerie Queene*, where the Arthurian story principally appears, see Littledale's *Essays on Tennyson's Idylls of the King* (London, 1893), p. 17. Spenser's chief sources for the poem as a whole were, of course, Ariosto and Tasso.

[2] For the passages in Milton's Latin poems in which he refers to Arthur, see *Mansus*, ll. 78–84, *Epitaphium Damonis*, ll. 162–168.

several editions.[1] No more convincing proof is needed of the difference in spirit between the age that produced Malory and the age that produced Blackmore. The sweet simplicity of the *Morte Darthur* is replaced by an ambitious combination of hobbling verse and moralizing twaddle. The prosing doctor was an estimable man, but he should have kept his hands off an Arthurian epic.

We cannot regard Blackmore's attempt and his tolerable vogue in his own day as evidence of Malory's popularity in the 17th and 18th centuries. There was no modernized edition of the *Morte Darthur*, and the prose of the 15th century, simple as it is in Malory's pages, doubtless presented just enough difficulty to repel readers who brought a languid interest to an old and partly forgotten book. The writers of the older period were too childishly simple to suit a hard-headed, matter-of-fact age such as the early 18th century. Naturally enough, then, the prevailing opinion concerning the older literature was that it was the product of a barbarous time and not worthy the attention of readers.

The gradual change in taste which marked the close of the 18th, and the beginning of the 19th, century, placed the Middle Ages in a truer light, and even led to an overestimate of the value of their artistic and ethical ideals. But along with the extravagances of Romanticism, there was a quick appreciation of the essential beauty of the Age of Chivalry, and a desire to adapt what was best in it to the needs of modern life. Yet Malory appears to have had comparatively little to do with the development of the Romantic movement in the latter part of the 18th century. Several of the poems of unknown age in Percy's *Reliques* (1765), such as *King Arthur's Death*, *The Legend of King Arthur*, *King Ryence's Challenge*, and *Sir Lancelot du Lake*,

[1] The original poem, in ten books, was followed in 1697 by *King Arthur*, in twelve books.

make considerable use of the *Morte Darthur;* but others, such as *The Boy and the Mantle*, *The Horn of King Arthur*, *The Grene Knight*, *Carle of Carlile*, and *The Marriage of Sir Gawaine*, are based upon material not found at all in Malory. Both Percy and Warton had a tolerable acquaintance with the *Morte Darthur* and its relation to other literature, but there is little evidence that many other 18th-century scholars troubled themselves with the book at first hand.

The revival of interest in Malory during our own century is in marked contrast with the neglect of him in the 17th and early 18th centuries, and appears in many quarters. The publication of Southey's edition of Malory is a fact of great significance in the literary history of the last three generations. Southey wrote the introduction, but left the text of Malory to shift for itself, — somewhat to the disadvantage of the text. Yet the importance of his edition is not to be measured by its accuracy or philological value. Its significance lies in the fact that it appeared just at the time when the rediscovery of the Middle Ages had prepared young poets to read it and to be filled with its spirit. The impulse which it gave to the writing of poems based directly upon it or upon material connected with the Arthurian cycle has lasted down to our own day.

I shall not undertake in this rapid sketch to mention,[1] much less to discuss, all the Arthurian poems that have appeared in our century. The proper treatment of the theme would require more detail than is possible here. A few of the best-known names may serve to indicate how deeply the Arthurian story has appealed to the poetic sense of our own time.

[1] An interesting evidence of the change of poetic temper is afforded by Bishop Heber's *Morte Arthur*, an unfinished piece full of romantic motives. Heber was familiar with Malory's book, but made slight use of it in his poem

The English poet whose work is most popular in our generation is Tennyson. The popular verdict would doubtless not hesitate to name as his most characteristic achievement *The Idylls of the King*. This group of poems is the most extensive in mass and the most attractive in theme of all his works. Other poems of his have more depth and equal beauty, but they have not appealed so strongly to that innate fondness for a story which characterizes the general reader.

Of *The Idylls of the King* all but one are based upon Malory's *Morte Darthur*.[1] The material is in some of the pieces treated very freely: *The Last Tournament*, for example, is an expansion of a few hints suggested by Malory, but in many poems the borrowing extends to words and phrases, transferred with a slight change of order to the new setting. Tennyson does indeed transform the spirit of some of Malory's stories so that familiar acquaintances appear new and strange, but he retains enough of his original to indicate where he went for his inspiration.

Not to be compared with Tennyson's *Idylls* in simplicity and beauty and spiritual power is Bulwer's *King Arthur* (1848). This has originality and epigrammatic smartness, and now and then some poetic power, but it lacks almost wholly a sympathetic feeling for the old romances, and serves mainly as a vehicle for the author's opinions on life and society. The author tells us that he conceived it "when he was in college; that is, between 1822 and 1825," but he did

[1] The relation of the *Idylls* to their sources is discussed in Littledale's *Essays on Tennyson's Idylls of the King*, London, 1893; in Maccallum's *Tennyson's Idylls of the King and Arthurian Story from the XVIth Century*, New York, 1894; and in Jones's *Growth of the Idylls of the King*, Philadelphia, 1895. The Idyll of *Enid and Geraint* (now printed as two Idylls by making a separate poem of *The Marriage of Geraint*) is based upon the *Mabinogion*, a collection of ancient Welsh tales, published and translated by Lady Charlotte Guest, 3 vols., London, 1849.

not carry his design into execution till a quarter of a century later. He also tells us in his Preface to what extent he used Malory: "I have but borrowed the names.[1] . . . Preferring to invent for myself an entirely original story, I have taken from Sir Thomas Malory's compilation little more than the general adoption of chivalrous usages and manners, and those agencies for the marvellous which the chivalrous romance naturally affords, the fairy genius and the enchanter."

In Matthew Arnold's *Tristram and Iseult* (1852) we are brought once more into the realm of genuine poetry as opposed to versified rhetoric. This is the only poem in which Arnold attempts an Arthurian subject. He deals very freely with his material and only occasionally shows his acquaintance with Malory by an allusion pointing to the *Morte Darthur*.[2] The central motive, the death of Tristram, does not appear in Malory's Tristram fragment at all.

The one English poet of the 19th century who might have given us a well-rounded Arthurian epic wrote only four short poems based on Arthurian material. William Morris as a young man was attracted by the Arthurian story, and, if Tennyson had not early occupied the field, might have been led to produce a long Arthurian poem. A less consummate master of technique than Tennyson, Morris had nevertheless an ease of movement and a power of conception hardly equalled by the older poet. The *Idylls* are exquisite, but they lack the vigor and the onward sweep of a great epic. We could well spare some of the tales in *The Earthly Para-*

[1] Wordsworth did essentially the same thing in his short poem entitled *The Egyptian Maid; or the Romance of the Water Lily* (*1830*), of which he himself says in a prefatory note, that the names and persons are "borrowed from *The History of the Renowned Prince Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table;* for the rest the Author is responsible."

[2] It is even to be feared that Dunlop's *Hist. of Fiction* was Arnold's primary authority, and that his acquaintance with Malory, at least in 1852, was at second hand. See Arnold's own note at the end of the poem.

dise for an Arthurian poem worthy to stand beside *Sigurd the Volsung*. In none of his Arthurian poems does Morris display his especial power as a narrator, but he could assuredly have achieved as great success in telling the tales of the Round Table as in his versions of the stories of ancient Greece.

The four short Arthurian poems which Morris wrote are contained in the volume which he published in 1858 under the title *The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems*. The other Arthurian poems are *King Arthur's Tomb*, *Sir Galahad, a Christmas Mystery*, and *The Chapel in Lyoness*. None of these holds closely to Malory's story, though each shows at least a trace of his material. In *The Defence of Guenevere*, which some critics rank as the choicest of Morris's poems, the general story may have been suggested by the *Morte Darthur*, though other versions of the Launcelot story would have answered the purpose. Some of the leading features of this poem, such as Guenevere's monologue and the part played by Gauwaine, are not found at all in the *Morte Darthur*. There is a suggestion now and then of Tennyson's early lyric manner, but there is a current of genuine poetry in these lines hardly surpassed by Tennyson himself.

King Arthur's Tomb describes the last meeting of Launcelot and Guenevere, but with a very free handling of the theme. The poet may have borrowed a hint from Malory's twenty-first book, but apart from a possible allusion or two he made no further use of Malory's material.

Sir Galahad refers casually to Palomydes and the questing beast;[1] to the ship,[2]

> . . . where
> The spindles of King Solomon are laid
> And the sword that no man draweth without sin
> But if he be most pure.

[1] Cf. *Morte Darthur*, p. 35.
[2] Cf. *ibid.*, pp. 132, 133.

But the entire situation and the language of the soliloquy are unlike anything found in the *Morte Darthur*.

The Chapel in Lyoness has Sir Ozana le cure Hardy as its central figure, and introduces also Sir Bors and Sir Galahad. In the *Morte Darthur* Sir Ozana plays no leading part, but he is merely mentioned along with other knights.

Six years after the appearance of Morris's volume, that strange mystic Robert Stephen Hawker published[1] a poem on *The Quest of the Sangraal, Chant the First*. This naturally reflects more or less of Malory's version, but the poem as a whole is essentially a 19th-century creation and presents a conception far removed from that of the *Morte Darthur*. Hawker's poem preceded Tennyson's *Holy Grail* by six years, and doubtless influenced to some extent the laureate's work. Yet Tennyson's poem, though not altogether mediæval, is so saturated with the spirit of the mediæval conception that without seeming incongruity it borrows whole passages from Malory with little or no verbal change.

The Arthurian story has attracted still another of the notable poets of our century. Swinburne has written two poems based upon material connected with the cycle of Arthurian romances. The first of these, *Tristram of Lyonesse* (1882), is an elaborate retelling of the Tristram story, with here and there a touch that might have been suggested by Malory, but with a free use of other material, much of the detail of which is the creation of the poet's imagination. Nothing is more characteristic of its author than this somewhat overripe production. Yet in this poem the reader, even though he may not feel all of the poet's delight in mere richness of phrase and in the taste of forbidden fruit, must recognize a genuine work of art, the most remarkable version of the Tristram story that has thus far been produced.

[1] Written in 1863, printed (privately) at Exeter, 1864. Only the first Chant was published.

Tennyson's *Last Tournament* is entirely different in temper and purpose, and includes but a fragment of the story. Arnold's *Tristram and Iseult* confines itself to the closing scenes of Tristram's life, and presents a conception unlike that of Tennyson or of Swinburne.

Swinburne's most recent work, *The Tale of Balen* (1896), follows closely the second book of *Le Morte Darthur*, and yet breathes a spirit of high poetry. Swinburne is far truer to his original than Tennyson is in his *Balin and Balan*, and, in the opinion of many readers, will seem no less effectively than the laureate to have mastered the lost art of the old romancers, the art of telling a story objectively but with the closest sympathy. In tender grace and simplicity nothing that Swinburne has written surpasses *The Tale of Balen*. On the other hand, nothing better demonstrates the essentially poetic character of Malory's *Morte Darthur* than the fact that it can be turned with little change into the form of noble poetry.[1]

As we glance back through the literature we have examined we find that nearly every side of the Arthurian story has been treated, in outline at least, by 19th-century poets. We may admit that much of this poetry lacks the strenuous character of literature that deals with living problems rather than with the half-forgotten legends of a romantic age. Yet we cannot always be working on problems. We want at times to live in an ideal world, and to be soothed rather than stimulated. And this, I take it, is the essential office of the Arthurian poetry of our century. Other aims may be

[1] Nothing so important as the pieces we have noticed has appeared in recent years. Yet the most effective attempt to adapt to the stage the story of Arthur is J. Comyns Carr's *King Arthur* (1895). The scenes are all suggested by Malory's *Morte Darthur*. Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry have played the parts of Arthur and Guinevere.

realized in some of the poems, but the primary purpose of the best of them is not didactic.

How much of this mass of poetry is in one way or another due to Malory we have already seen. So often, indeed, is the original hint or the actual source to be found in the *Morte Darthur* that we may at least raise the question whether the actual preservation of the Arthurian story as a living force in modern English literature is not largely due to Malory. The Arthurian ballads in Percy's *Reliques* have been almost destitute of literary influence. The vast Arthurian literature of the Middle Ages was, till recently, buried in unpublished MSS., and the recollection of it had utterly perished from the minds of the people. Popular traditions about Arthur have lingered with singular tenacity in remote districts, yet these traditions have not had sufficient vitality or power of attraction to bring the poets to utilize them in verse. The transmission of the Arthurian story is literary rather than popular. The legends cannot grow except by intentional deviation from the inherited forms. And these forms will doubtless continue to be most familiar in the shape which Malory gave them in *Le Morte Darthur*.

VII.

We have seen that *Le Morte Darthur* has held a remarkable place among the notable books of the last four hundred years. We have yet to consider how it is to be ranked as a piece of literature, and whether its importance is more than merely historical. Criticisms of various sorts have been passed upon the book, some ignorant and captious, some unmeasured in enthusiasm. Those readers who dislike it call it a dry, inartistic compilation, based upon ill-chosen originals; those who admire it call it a prose epic, the best romance in the language, a model of style, and one of the

treasures of English literature. Evidently one who bases an opinion of the *Morte Darthur* on what is written about it is very much at the mercy of the critics.

We may clear the ground at the outset by freely admitting that Malory's part is, in the main, that of a translator and adapter of French originals,[1] which he abridged and otherwise shaped to his purpose. Our estimate of his originality is made somewhat more difficult by the fact that we do not know what MSS. he had before him, and whether they were mutilated or complete. Sommer has made a laborious investigation of Malory's relation to his sources, and shown how largely he is dependent upon them. But even yet we have to face the possibility that gleanings in other MSS. still undiscovered would prove that some details now confidently claimed as Malory's invention are really due to his original.[2]

As was remarked in an earlier section, Malory's task looks to a modern reader much easier than it really was. The enormous mass of the Arthurian romances, doubtless greater in Malory's time than in our own, made anything like a comprehensive survey almost impossible. All the books were in MS., many of them difficult of access, if not inaccessible ; they differed widely in the versions they presented, and were in many cases incomplete. A mere general acquaintance with the Arthurian cycle would have required years of time, and the mere translation of as large a book as

[1] If we could count Bk. vii as Malory's own composition, his originality would have to be rated much higher than it commonly is. No source has yet been found.

[2] This, as is well known, is the result of the searching study of Chaucer within the last twenty-five years. This, too, was my own experience in studying the French sources of the Middle-English prose romance of *Merlin*. In two cases, in particular, I had decided that the translator had inserted a considerable amount of matter of his own, but somewhat later I found in other MSS. the original of the supposed additions.

the *Morte Darthur*, even had there been no attempt to give it literary form, must have involved an expenditure of long-continued effort. That Malory now and then went wrong in his choice is not to be wondered at; but it is gratuitous to assume that he deliberately rejected a good version for a bad one, and that he would not have taken the best if he could have got it.[1]

If we are tempted to think slightly of his work on the ground that it is a mere translation, we must remember that translation such as Malory's is exceedingly rare. Any one who imagines vigorous, idiomatic translation to be easy has evidently never attempted it. Malory is the peer of the greatest of the Elizabethan translators, and he enjoys the distinction of being yet read. How immeasurably he surpasses the modern scholars who now and then attempt a version of a piece of Old French may be seen by any one who will take the trouble to make the comparison. Real

[1] A word on the *Tristram* fragment may not be out of place. Malory is sometimes blamed for not finishing his version of the *Tristram*. The story is developed through four books (viii, ix, x, xii), but it is not concluded in Bk. xii, and yet is not again taken up. There is indeed an artistic incompleteness in the unfinished work, but we cannot be sure that Malory is to blame. He may not have had a complete copy of the French *Tristan* at hand; he may have worked at the story as long as his original held out and then turned temporarily to another part of the work till he should be able to get the missing original. Caxton, as we know, divided the *Morte Darthur* into books and chapters. He may have received the whole complete from Malory's hands, and for some reason have thrown out a portion of the Tristram story. Furthermore, we do not know in what chronological order Malory translated the various parts. He may have left the Tristram story till the last, and death may have overtaken him in the midst of his work. The entire lack of biographical detail makes easy an endless range of conjecture. In short, the same excuses that we may make for Chaucer for failing to complete the *Canterbury Tales*, or for Spenser for failing to complete the *Faerie Queene*, or for Macaulay for failing to complete the *History of England*, may possibly be made for Malory.

translation, that is, a transfer, not only of sense, but of spirit,[1] is quite as difficult as original composition. We may count on the fingers of one hand the English translators of prose before the year 1500 who deserve to be mentioned beside Malory. We naturally think first of Chaucer and Wyclif, the pseudo-Mandeville and Caxton, and of nameless writers like the translator of the prose *Merlin*. Single passages doubtless occur in the work of all of these men worthy to be placed beside that of Malory. It is when taken in the mass that Malory's superiority is evident.

But Malory was more than a mere translator: he realized that there was something to omit.[2] Nearly all the other reproducers of French romances had slavishly followed every turn of the original. This is the method of the prose *Merlin*, of Herry Lonelich's metrical *Merlin* and *Holy Grail*, and of scores of other works. If the original were Holy Scripture there could hardly be more anxiety to preserve the *ipsissima verba*.

Omission is, in some cases, rather delicate work, too delicate even for Malory. And here, in the opinion of some critics, he mangles his material so badly as to make the original story at times almost unintelligible. Here and there Malory did bungle somewhat, if he really tried to reproduce one story and, in spite of himself, succeeded in telling quite another. This charge may be made to some extent against his treatment of the French prose *Merlin*. Yet there is in Malory's condensed version a lightness and rapidity of movement painfully lacking in part of the original, picturesque and interesting though much of that is.

[1] It must not be forgotten that the praise bestowed upon the English Bible as a piece of unequalled musical prose, is bestowed upon a translation.

[2] Sommer shows (iii, 6) that Malory's originals were about ten times as long as his condensed version.

The real question is this: What ought Malory to have done with the material at his disposal? The answers will vary according to individual preference. The chief fault found with the *Morte Darthur* as an artistic work is that its artistic purpose is too timid. It lacks complete unity, and does not move with a steady, undeviating sweep from beginning to end.[1] The episodes are too frequent and too long, and, though interesting, they have too little to do with the main current of the narrative. It is urged that Malory might have joined the whole more closely. Instead of making abrupt transitions from one part to another, and actually beginning some books as though they were entirely independent, he might have produced a great Arthurian epic conceived as a whole, with due subordination of parts and a central motive sufficient to carry the story to a natural conclusion. In other words, Malory ought to have done either more or less than he did: he ought to have used the French versions as crude material to be wrought into a new artistic creation, or else he ought to have proceeded more cautiously and have reproduced as exactly as possible the original stories.

It is, however, by no means certain that the separate parts

[1] The story of Balin and Balan (Bk. ii) does not grow out of the book that precedes it. The story of Tristram calls for a violent transition, and it is at best but a fragment. The tale of Beaumayns (Bk. vii) is exceedingly attractive, yet it might be omitted without any one's suspecting the loss. And so on throughout the book.

Nothing, indeed, can well be more unlike the modern novel with its carefully interwoven plot, its well-grounded motives, its subtle analysis of character, than the *Morte Darthur*, with its simple story, its artless movement from one thing to another without any very sufficient reason, and its transparent characters, who, in any given situation, may always be expected to act in a particular fashion. Moreover, the story here and there drags a little. A reader must have a well-developed appetite for unimportant detail who can take in the entire description of a mediæval battle without wincing.

would have been greatly improved by being made over into something new. The episodes are exquisite, and they have perhaps as much right to exist thus as have the separate poems in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* and *The Legend of Good Women*, or in Longfellow's *Tales of a Wayside Inn*. Doubtless a little more oiling of the machinery would have been possible, and, to modern notions, desirable ; but there is at least a question whether a book constructed according to 19th-century ideals would have suited Malory's time better than the one he actually produced.

If we turn from the *Morte Darthur* to the French originals we see where the real difficulty lay. The primary defect of the French romances is a loosely constructed plot — or none at all — and an insufficiency of motive. All the characters are somewhat superficially conceived, and they do such strange and unnecessary things that orderly progression in the narrative is impossible. The unexpected constantly happens. If, then, Malory was to follow his original with any fidelity, he could not avoid faults of construction inherent in the French romances. In the embarrassment of choice he decided to reduce to convenient proportions the romances most suitable for his purpose, and to translate his story instead of attempting to create it. The contradictions in his work are in part those of his originals, made somewhat more glaring here and there from the fact that he attempted to combine into one book material scattered through several independent romances. The original stories were not made to be fitted together. The surprising fact is that they are combined in the *Morte Darthur* as well as they are.

If, then, the *Morte Darthur* falls short of the highest artistic excellence, in that it lacks unity, coherence, and proportion, it is nevertheless written in a style of singular charm and beauty, not indeed free from technical defects,

but remarkable for freshness and vigor and the power of engaging attention. This last quality I have more than once tested by reading passages aloud to hearers who had no previous acquaintance with early English literature, and invariably finding that Malory won an interested hearing where other mediæval writers were languidly received.

The technical defects in Malory's composition, judged by modern standards, are indeed obvious enough. His paragraphs are formless and are constructed on no discoverable principle, — even of length. Some of them hold closely to a single topic, but they are as likely as not to wander in several directions at once. Malory is, of course, in this matter no greater sinner than other early writers. Paragraph construction is a modern art, and Malory is hardly to be blamed for failing to do what nobody else thought of. Moreover, narrative is not so easy to divide into paragraphs as writing of another sort. Possibly, too, Caxton or his printers made the divisions, which are surely as mechanical as if they had been made by accident.

Malory's sentences are not entirely above criticism. Some are as halting and clumsy and disjointed as though they had followed every turn of expression in the original and had never been revised. Indeed, the fact that Caxton divided the work into books and chapters and passed the whole through the press as an editor makes it unlikely that Malory ever saw the printed pages. But Malory or somebody is apparently unable to decide exactly when a sentence should end. He ignores "regularity, uniformity, precision, balance." He runs on through half a page, introducing new clauses with *and* and bolstering them up with more clauses beginning with *for*.[1] Modern punctuation helps the matter somewhat, but not altogether.

[1] Yet we cannot hold Malory responsible for all his *ands* and *fors*. A glance at his originals reveals *car* and *et* in abundance.

Syntax, in the sense of subordination of parts, is scarcely known ; parataxis is the characteristic form. Now and then he writes a sentence that is a mere chaos of cross-purposes, defying all analysis. Like the early writers in the Old English Chronicle and the authors of the Icelandic sagas, he changes the construction[1] without warning, and turns from indirect discourse to direct and back again within the limits of a single sentence. Like careless writers of our own time, he introduces dependent clauses with *that*, and before he gets to the end of his sentence repeats[2] the word so as to make sure that the reader is following him. He is careless of his arrangement, of his emphasis, of his concords. His pronouns choose their antecedents by a process of natural selection.[3] In short, he is now and then guilty of well-nigh all the sins that the grammarian bids us shun.

[1] The abrupt change from indirect discourse to direct is too common to require illustration. The following are good instances of Malory's broken constructions: "'Sir,' sayd the knyght, 'hit befelle after the passion of our Lord Jhesu Crist xxxij yere, that Joseph of Armathye, the gentyl knyghte the whiche took doune oure Lord of the hooly crosse, att that tyme he departed from Jherusalem with a grete party of his kynred with hym.'" 99 11.

"And this Galahad, the holy knyghte, the whiche foughte with the two knyghtes, the two knyghtes sygnefyen the two dedely synnes whiche were holy in this knyghte Melyas, and they myghte not withstande yow, for ye are withoute dedely synne." 106 23.

"Soo with this gentylwoman Sir Launcelot was a moneth and more. Yf ye wold aske how he lyved, he that fedde the peple of Israel with manna in deserte, soo was he fedde." 145 20.

"And at the date of this letter was wryten but two houres and an half afore my dethe, wryten with myn owne hand, and soo subscrybed with parte of my hertes blood." 216 12.

"And that nyght he made a dole, and al they that wold come had as moche flesshe, fysshe, wyn, and aale, and every man and woman had xij pens, come who wold." 229 20.

[2] This sort of repetition is common in the oldest English.

[3] The following passage is a fair specimen of what I mean: "So on a nyghte he [Launcelot] wente to playe hym by the water syde, for he

In all this Malory deserves no special reprobation. He shares the faults of the writers of his time. What makes his work notable is that notwithstanding these defects his style instantly impresses its charm upon the reader. Its very carelessness lends an added grace and beauty. It has an air of perfect breeding and courtly distinction and yet the elastic ease of polished conversation. Even the sentences that abound in faults of construction are as clear as a mountain brook. The musical quality of the phrases, which nevertheless generally avoid the rhythm of verse,[1] is marvellous. Malory's style has the simplicity of genius; it is always perfectly adapted to its object, and so is perfectly natural. It never strives for effect; it has no forced antitheses, no mere smartness of phrase, no tricks of alliteration and euphuistic affectation. In other words, it is an honest style, the transparent medium through which we see the writer's thought.

In nothing does Malory's excellence so plainly appear as in the color and freshness of his diction. He proved that

was somewhat wery of the shyp. And thenne he lystned and herd an hors come, and one rydynge upon hym. And whanne he cam nygh he semed a knyghte. And soo he lete hym passe, and wente there as the shyp was, and there he alyghte, and toke the sadel and the brydel and putte the hors from hym, and wente into the ship. And thenne Launcelot dressid unto hym and said, 'Ye be welcome.' And he ansuerd and salewed hym ageyne, and asked hym, 'What is your name?'" 145 25.

[1] Malory's choice of diction seems, however, to have been half unconscious; otherwise he would perhaps hardly have left such jingles as the following:

"alle the estates were longe or day in the chirche for to praye." 22 2.

"but at the last Egglame fledde, and els he had ben dede." 46 5.

"he bete abak alle the knyghtes withoute. And thenne they within cam oute and chaced hem alle aboute." 122 2.

"Soo upon a daye he hunted in a woode of his whiche lasted unto the see, and at the laste he loste his houndes and his knyghtes." 129 20.

"Ryghte soo the mayde made her redy." 182 30.

the homely phrase of the street or the camp or the hunting-field might be the most picturesque[1] instrument of literary expression.

As might be expected from the fact that in his pages the expression is closely fitted to the thought, the proportion of native English words is unusually large.[2] Yet Malory is no

[1] His picturesqueness of phrase might be illustrated without end. The specimens I cite are not more remarkable than scores of others:

"Thenne they amended their harneys and ryghted theire sheldes, and tooke newe sperys and sette hem on theire thyes, and stode stylle as hit had ben a plompe of wood." I, 16.

"Thenne they hurtled to gyders as two wilde bulles rosshynge and lasshyng with their sheldes and swerdes, that somtyme they felle bothe over theyr noses." VI, 8.

"Whan Sir Launcelot sawe this, as he hoved in a lytil leved woode, thenne he sayd unto Syre Lavayn, 'See, yonder is a company of good knyghtes, and they hold them to gyders as bores that were chauffed with dogges.' 'That is trouthe,' said Syre Lavayne." 172 28.

"Thenne said Sir Lyonel, that was ware and wyse: 'My lord Syr Launcelot, I wyll gyve this counceylle, lete us kepe oure stronge walled townes untyl they have hongre *and* cold and blowe on their nayles, and thenne lete us fresshely sette upon hym and shrede hem doune as shepe in a felde.'" XX, 19.

"And they departed, but there was never so harde an herted man but he wold have wepte to see the dolour that they made, for there was laementacyon as they had be stungen wyth sperys, and many tymes they swouned." 232 14.

[2] Marsh (*Origin and History of the Eng. Lan.*, pp. 483, 488) comments upon the small percentage of French words in Malory. In Bk. xxi, ch. v, he finds but four per cent. This he admits to be smaller than Malory's general average; but he adds: "It would be difficult to find any author of later date than the middle of the 14th century whose vocabulary is so Teutonic as his." In a note (p. 483) he remarks: "The number of French words in Caxton's translations is large. In the second edition of the Game of the Chesse — believed to be the first book he printed in England — they are nearly three times as numerous, proportionately, as in the Morte d'Arthur printed by him, but translated by Malorye; and yet Malorye whose general diction is perhaps more purely Anglo-Saxon than that of any English writer, except the

purist. He borrows French words without hesitation when he can make his expression more effective. Hence he very successfully avoids any appearance of bookishness. He is as natural as if he were talking to his friends. Nothing indicates the self-consciousness of a man who has decided to create a masterpiece — if he can. He acts like a plain man who has a plain task, — to reduce a set of French romances to portable form, and to suppress his own personality as much as possible.

Yet Malory is no mere machine through which the French romances pass in order to become English. He is keenly alive to the beauty of the scenes he describes, and his words vibrate with the emotion he feels. He is perhaps at his best in passages that describe something high and holy. When the Grail sweeps through Arthur's hall amid cracking and crying of thunder, and every knight looks in dumb surprise at his fellow, when Launcelot bows before the altar where the Grail is kept and feels his body shot through with fire, when the dead Launcelot rests in the solemn choir of Joyous Gard and the lament breaks from the lips of his brother Ector, the expression rises to a poetic beauty not

Wycliffite translators, for at least a century before his age — adopted from his original many words which appear for the first time in English in his pages."

I have analyzed the diction of several chapters with the following results:

Bk. xvi,	ch. xi,	per cent of French,	9+.
" "	" xii,	" "	10+.
" "	" xv,	" "	8+.
" "	" xvi,	" "	7—.
" xviii,	" xix,	" "	10+.
" "	" xx,	" "	12+.
" "	" xxv,	" "	13+.

All proper names were excluded from the count. Each word was counted whenever it occurred. All words found in the language before 1100 A.D. were classed as native words.

surpassed in early English prose. In pathos Malory's exquisite tact never fails him. He chooses the simplest words, and suppresses all rhetoric and all impertinent reflections. His story of Balin and Balan, of Elaine, of the death of Arthur, and of the wasting away of Guenever and Launcelot is told so artlessly that we forget the writer and have no thought except for the mournful tale.

The charm of mediæval naïveté Malory shares with other writers of the pre-Renaissance period. What is remarkable in his work is an individuality that can be felt, but hardly expressed in words. There is a personal note in the *Morte Darthur*, evident enough to the attentive reader, notwithstanding the fact that the writer never obtrudes his personality upon us. For this very reason Malory's style is forever lost to us. Our age is steeped in a different spirit. We think in different forms. Our childhood has gone, and we can never bring back the childlike grace that belongs to a departed age.

Yet Malory shows no signs of decaying popularity. No more enthusiastic praise has been given in any century to the *Morte Darthur* than in our own. The book has outlived a half-dozen literary fashions, and bids fair to survive as many more. As marking the high-water level of 15th-century prose, as containing the source of some of the recognized classics in our literature, as being filled with the life and spirit of a deeply interesting age, and pervaded with the more enduring qualities of our common humanity, the *Morte Darthur* can hardly fail to claim in years to come its circle of admiring readers. Students of literature will read it for its historic importance; the poets will continue to find in it the themes of verse; and the general reader who goes to literature for rest and entertainment will not refuse to the *Morte Darthur* a place among the books of perennial interest. If all this be true, it must be admitted that the

Morte Darthur holds a unique place. Exactly what is its relative rank among the great books of English prose, we need not be greatly concerned to know. Malory's *Morte Darthur* is assuredly one of the golden links that unite our age to his. If its beauty is lost upon a modern reader, there is little use in trying to force his admiration: if its beauty is felt, there is no need of further argument.

Caxton's Preface.[1]

THENNE to procede forth in thys sayd book, whyche I dyrecte unto alle noble prynces, lordes and ladyes, gentylmen or gentylwymmen, that desyre to rede or here redde of the noble and joyous hystorye of the grete conquerour and excellent kyng, Kyng Arthur, somtyme kyng of thys noble royalme, thenne callyd Brytaygne; I Wyllyam Caxton, symple persone, present thys book folowyng, whyche I have enprysed tenprynte; and treateth of the noble actes, feates of armes of chyvalrye, prowesse, hardynesse, humanyte, love, curtosye, and veray gentylnesse, wyth many wonderful hystoryes and adventures. And for to understonde bryefly the contente of thys volume, I have devyded it in to xxj bookes, and every book chapytred, as here after shal by Goddes grace folowe. The fyrst book shal treate how Utherpendragon gate the noble conquerour kyng Arthur, and conteyneth xxviij chappytres. The second book treateth of Balyn the noble knyght, and conteyneth xix chapytres. The thyrd book treateth of the maryage of kyng Arthur to quene Guenever, wyth other maters, and conteyneth fyftene chappytres. The fourth book, how Merlyn was assotted, and of warre maad to kyng Arthur, and conteyneth xxix chappytres. The fyfthe book treateth of the conqueste of Lucius themperour, and conteyneth xij chappytres. The syxthe book treateth of Syr Launcelot and Syr Lyonel, and mervayllous adventures, and conteyneth xviij chapytres. The seventh book treateth of a noble knyght called Syr Gareth, and named by Syr Kaye

[1] The concluding paragraph.

Beaumayns, and conteyneth xxxvj chapytres. The eyght book treateth of the byrthe of Syr Trystram the noble knyght, and of hys actes, and conteyneth xlj chapytres. The ix book treateth of a knyght named by Syr Kaye le Cote male taylle, and also of Syr Trystram, and conteyneth xliiij chapytres. The x book treateth of Syr Trystram, and other mervayllous adventures, and conteyneth lxxxviij chappytres. The xj book treateth of Syr Launcelot and Syr Galahad, and conteyneth xiiij chappytres. The xij book treateth of Syr Launcelot and his madnesse, and conteyneth xiiij chappytres. The xiij book treateth how Galahad came fyrst to kyng Arthurs courte, and the quest how the Sangreall was begonne, and conteyneth xx chapytres. The xiiij boook treateth of the queste of the Sangreal, and conteyneth x chapytres. The xv book treateth of Syr Launcelot, and conteyneth vj chapytres. The xvj book treateth of Syr Bors and Syr Lyonel his brother, and conteyneth xvij chapytres. The xvij book treateth of the Sangreal, and conteyneth xxiij chapytres. The xviij book treateth of Syr Launcelot and the quene, and conteyneth xxv chapytres. The xix book treateth of quene Guenever and Launcelot, and conteyneth xiij chapytres. The xx book treateth of the pyetous deth of Arthur, and conteyneth xxij chapytres. The xxj book treateth of his last departyng, and how Syr Launcelot came to revenge his dethe, and conteyneth xiij chapytres. The somme is xxj bookes, whyche conteyne the somme of v hondred and vij chapytres, as more playnly shal folowe herafter.

The table or rubrysshe of the contente of chapytres shortly of the fyrst book of kyng Arthur.

Fyrst how Utherpendragon sente for the duke of Cornewayl and Igrayne his wyf, and of their departyng sodeynly ageyn. Ca. primo. [p. 15].

How Utherpendragon made warre on the duke of Cornewayl, and how by the moyane of Merlyn he laye by the duchesse and gate Arthur. Capitulo ij.

Of the byrthe of kyng Arthur, and of his nouryture, and of the deth of kyng Utherpendragon, and how Arthur was chosen kyng, and of wondres and mervaylles of a swerde taken out of a stone by the sayd Arthur. Capitulo iij, iiij, and v.

How kyng Arthur pulled oute the swerde dyvers tymes. vj.

How kyng Arthur was crowned, and how he made offycers. vij.

How kyng Arthur helde in Wales at a Pentecost a grete feest, and what kynges and lordes came to his feste. viij.

Of the fyrst warre that kyng Arthur had, and how he wanne the felde. Capitulo ix.

How[1] Merlyn counceylled kyng Arthur to sende for kyng Ban and kyng Bors, and of theyr counceyl taken for the warre. x.

Of a grete tornoye made by kynge Arthur and the ij kynges Ban and Bors, and how they wente over the see. Capitulo xj.

How xj kynges gadred a grete hoost ayenst kyng Arthur. xij.

[1] Chapters X to XVI inclusive, and part of Chapter XVII, are omitted from the selections.

Of a dreme of the kyng wyth the hondred knyghtes. xiij.
How the xj kynges wyth theyr hoost fought ayenst Arthur and his hoost, and many grete feates of the warre. Capitulo xiiij.
Yet of the same batayll. Capitulo xv.
Yet more of the said batayl, and how it was ended by Merlyn. xvij.
How kyng Arthur, kyng Ban, and kyng Bors rescowed kyng Leodegraunce, and other incydentes. xviij.
How kyng Arthur rode to Garlyon, and of his dreme, and how he sawe the questyng beest. Capitulo xix.
How kyng Pellynore took Arthurs hors and folowed the questyng beest, and how Merlyn mette wyth Arthur. xx.
How Ulfyus apeched quene Igrayne, Arthurs moder, of treason, and how a knyght came and desyred to have the deth of hys mayster revengyd. Capitulo xxj.
How Gryflet was made knyght and justed with a kny*ght*. xxij.
How xij knyghtes came from Rome and axed truage for thys londe of Arthur, and how Arthur faught wyth a knyght. xxiij.
How Merlyn saved Arthurs lyf, and threwe an enchauntement upon kyng Pellynore, and made hym to slepe. xxiiij.
How Arthur by the meane of Merlyn gate Excalybur hys swerde of the Lady of the Lake. Capitulo xxv.
How tydynges cam to Arthur that kyng Ryons had overcome xj kynges, and how he desyred Arthurs berde to purfyl his mantel. Capitulo xxvij.
How al the chyldren were sente fore that were borne on May Day, and how Mordred was saved. xxviij.

The second book.

Of a damoysel whyche came gyrde wyth a swerde, for to fynde a man of suche vertue to drawe it oute of the scabard. Ca. primo.
How Balen, arayed lyke a poure knyght, pulled out the swerde, whyche afterward was cause of his deth. Capitulo ij.
How the Lady of the Lake demaunded the knyghtes heed that had wonne the swerde, or the maydens hede. iij.
How Merlyn tolde thadventure of this damoysel. Capitulo iiij.
How Balyn was pursyewed by Syr Launceor, knyght of Irelonde, and how he justed and slewe hym. v.
How a damoysel, whiche was love to Launceor, slewe hyr self for love, and how Balyn mette wyth his brother Balan. vj.
How a dwarfe reprevyd Balyn for the deth of Launceor, and how kyng Marke of Cornewayl founde them, and maad a tombe over them. Capitulo vij.
How Merlyn prophecyed that two the best knyghtes of the world shold fyght there, whyche were Syr Launcelot and Syr Trystram. Capitulo viij.
How Balyn and his broder, by the counceyl of Merlyn, toke kyng Ryons and brought hym to kyng Arthur. ix.
How kyng Arthur had a bataylle ayenst Nero and kyng Loth of Orkeney, and how kyng Loth was deceyved by Merlyn, and how xij kynges were slayne. Capitulo x.
Of the entyerement of xij kynges, and of the prophecye of Merlyn how Balyn shold gyve the dolorous stroke. xj.
How a sorouful knyght cam tofore Arthur, and how Balyn fet hym, and how that knyght was slayn by a knyght invysyble. xij.

How Balyn and the damoysel mette wyth a knyght whych was in lyke wyse slayn, and how the damoysel bledde for the custom of a castel. Capitulo . xiij.

Ho[w] Balyn mette wyth that knyght named Garlon at a feest, and there he slewe hym to have his blood to hele therwith the sone of his hoost. Capitulo xiiij.

How Balyn fought wyth kyng Pelham, and how his swerde brake, and how he gate a spere wherewyth he smote the dolorous stroke. Capitulo xv.

How Balyn was delyverd by Merlyn, and savyd a knyght that wold have slayn hym self for love. Capitulo xvj.

How that knyght slewe his love and a knyght lyeng by hyr, and after how he slewe hym self wyth his owne swerde, and how Balyn rode toward a castel where he lost his lyf. Capitulo xvij.

How Balyn mette wyth his brother Balen, and how eche of theym slewe other unknowen, tyl they were wounded to deth. xviij.

How Merlyn buryed hem bothe in one to*m*be, and of Balyns swerd. Capitulo xix.

Here folowen the chapytres of the xiij book.

How at the Vygyle of the feste of Pentecoste entred in to the halle before kyng Arthur a damoysel, and desyred Syr Launcelot for to come and dubbe a knyght, and how he wente wyth hyr. Capitulo primo.

How the letters were founde wryton in the Syege Peryllous, and of the mervayllous adventure of the swerde in a stone. ij.

How Syr Gawayn assayed to drawe oute the swerde, and how an olde man brought in Galahad. Capitulo iij.

How the olde man broght Galahad to the Syege Peryllous, and sette hym therin, and how al the knyghtes mervaylled. iiij.

How kyng Arthur shewed the stone hovyng on the water to Galahad, and how he drewe oute the swerde. v.
How kyng Arthur had al the knyghtes to gyder for to juste in the medowe besyde Wynchester or they departed. vj.
How the quene desyred to see Galahad; and after al the knyghtes were replenysshed wyth the holy Sangreal, and how all they avowed the enqueste of the same. Capitulo vij.
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[1] Read *Evelake.*

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[1] The first seven Chapters and part of Chapter VIII are omitted from the selections.

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THE NOBLE AND IOYOUS BOOK ENTYTLED

LE MORTE DARTHUR

NOTWYTHSTONDYNG IT TREATETH OF THE BYRTH / LYF / AND ACTES OF THE SAYD KYNG ARTHUR / OF HIS NOBLE KNYGHTES OF THE ROUNDE TABLE / THEYR MERUAYLLOUS ENQUESTES AND ADUENTURES / THACHYEUYNG OF THE SANGREAL / & IN THENDE THE DOLOROUS DETH & DEPARTYNG OUT OF THYS WORLD OF THEM AL / WHICHE BOOK WAS REDUCED IN TO ENGLYSSHE BY

SYR THOMAS MALORY KNYGHT

Capitulum primum.

Hit befel in the dayes of Uther-pendragon, when he was kynge of all Englond, and so regned, that there was a myghty duke in Cornewaill that helde warre ageynst hym long tyme, and the duke was called the duke of Tyntagil. And so by meanes kynge Uther send for this duk, chargyng hym to brynge his wyf with hym, for she was called a fair lady, and a passynge wyse, and her name was called Igrayne. So whan the duke and his wyf were comyn unto the kynge, by the meanes of grete lordes they were accorded bothe. The kynge lyked and loved this lady wel, and he made them grete chere out of mesure, and desyred to have lyen by her. But she was a passyng good woman, and wold not assente unto the kynge. And thenne she told the duke her husband and said, "I suppose that we were sente for that I shold be dishonoured. Wherfor, husband, I counceille yow that we departe from hens sodenly that we maye ryde all nyghte unto oure owne castell." And in lyke wyse as she saide so they departed, that neyther the kynge nor none of his counceill were ware of their departyng. Also soone as kyng Uther knewe of theire departyng soo sodenly, he was wonderly wrothe. Thenne he called to hym his pryvy counceille, and told them of the sodeyne departyng of the duke and his wyf. Thenne they avysed the kynge to send for the duke and his wyf by a grete charge: "And yf he wille not come at your somons, thenne may ye do your best; thenne have ye cause to make myghty werre upon hym." Soo that was done, and the messagers hadde their ansuers. And that was

thys, shortly, that neyther he nor his wyf wold not come at hym.

Thenne was the kyng wonderly wroth. And thenne the kyng sente hym playne word ageyne, and badde hym be redy and stuffe hym and garnysshe hym, for within xl dayes he wold fetche hym oute of the byggest castell that he hath. Whanne the duke hadde thys warnynge, anone he wente and furnysshed and garnysshed two stronge castels of his, of the whiche the one hyght Tyntagil and the other castel hyght Terrabyl. So his wyf dame Igrayne he putte in the castell of Tyntagil. And hym self he putte in the castel of Terrabyl, the whiche had many yssues and posternes oute. Thenne in alle haste came Uther with a grete hoost, and leyd a syege aboute the castel of Terrabil. And ther he pyght many pavelyons, and there was grete warre made on bothe partyes, and moche peple slayne. Thenne for pure angre and for grete love of fayr Irayne the kyng Uther felle seke. So came to the kynge Uther Syre Ulfius, a noble knyght, and asked the kynge why he was seke. "I shall telle the," said the kynge. "I am seke for angre and for love of fayre Igrayne, that I may not be hool." "Wel, my lord," said Syre Ulfius, "I shal seke Merlyn, and he shalle do yow remedy that youre herte shalbe pleasyd." So Ulfius departed, and by adventure he mette Merlyn in a beggars aray, and ther Merlyn asked Ulfius whome he soughte; and he said he had lytyl ado to telle hym. "Well," saide Merlyn, "I knowe whome thou sekest, for thou sekest Merlyn; therfore seke no ferther, for I am he, and yf kynge Uther wille wel rewarde me, and be sworne unto me to fulfille my desyre, that shall be his honour and profite more than myn, for I shalle cause hym to have alle his desyre." "Alle this wyll I undertake," said Ulfius, "that ther shalle be nothyng resonable but thow

shalt have thy desyre." "Well," said Merlyn, "he shall have his entente and desyre. And therfore," saide Merlyn, "ryde on your wey, for I wille not be long behynde."

Capitulum Secundum.

THENNE Ulfius was glad, and rode on more than a paas tyll that he came to kynge Utherpendragon, and told hym he had met with Merlyn. "Where is he?" said the kyng. "Sir," said Ulfius, "he wille not dwelle long." Ther with al Ulfius was ware where Merlyn stood at the porche of the pavelions dore. And thenne Merlyn was bounde to come to the kynge. Whan kyng Uther sawe hym he said he was welcome. "Syr," said Merlyn, "I knowe al your hert every dele: so ye wil be sworn unto me, as ye be a true kynge enoynted, to fulfille my desyre, ye shal have your desyre." Thenne the kyng was sworne upon the iiij Evvangelistes. "Syre," said Merlyn, "this is my desyre: the first nyght that ye shal lye by Igrayne ye shal gete a child on her, and whan that is borne that it shall be delyverd to me for to nourisshe there as I wille have it; for it shal be your worship and the childis availle, as mykel as the child is worth." "I wylle wel," said the kynge, "as thow wilt have it." "Now make you redy," said Merlyn; "this nyght ye shalle lye with Igrayne in the castel of Tyntigayll, and ye shalle be lyke the duke her husband. Ulfyus shal be lyke Syre Brastias, a knyghte of the dukes. And I will be lyke a knyghte that hyghte Syr Jordanus, a knyghte of the dukes. But wayte ye make not many questions with her nor her men, but saye ye are diseased, and soo hye yow to bedde; and ryse not on the morne tyll I come to yow, for the castel of Tyntygaill is but x myle hens." Soo this was done as they devysed.

But the duke of Tyntigail aspyed hou the kyng rode fro the syege of Tarabil, and therfor that nyghte he yssued oute of the castel at a posterne for to have distressid the kynges hooste. And so thorowe his owne yssue the duke hym self was slayne or ever the kynge cam at the castel of Tyntigail. So after the deth of the duke kyng Uther lay with Igrayne more than thre houres after his deth, and begat on her that nyg*gh*[t][1] Arthur. And on day cam Merlyn ca*m* to the kyng and bad hym make hym redy; and so he kist the lady Igrayne and departed in all hast. But whan the lady herd telle of the duke her husba*n*d, and by all record he was dede or ever kynge Uther came to her, thenne she merveilled who that myghte be that laye with her in lykenes of her lord; so she mourned pryvely and held hir pees. Thenne alle the barons by one assent prayd the kynge of accord betwixe the lady Igrayne and hym. The kynge gaf hem leve, for fayne wold he have ben accorded with her. Soo the kyng put alle the trust in Ulfyus to entrete bitwene them; so, by the entrete, at the last the kyng and she met to gyder. "Now wille we doo well," said Ulfyus; "our kyng is a lusty knyghte and wyveles, and my lady Igrayne is a passynge fair lady; it were grete joye unto us all and hit myghte please the kynge to make her his quene." Unto that they all well accordyd and meved it to the kynge. And anone, lyke a lusty knyghte, he assentid therto with good wille, and so in alle haste they were maryed in a mornynge with grete myrthe and joye.

And kynge Lott of Lowthean and of Orkenay thenne wedded Margawse that was Gaweyns moder. And kynge Nentres of the land of Garlot wedded Elayne. Al this was done at the request of kynge Uther. And the thyrd syster, Morgan le Fey,[2] was put to scole in a nonnery.

[1] Read *nyght*.

[2] Caxton's text has *lefey*.

And ther she lerned so moche that she was a grete clerke of nygromancye. And after she was wedded to kynge Uryens of the lond of Gore, that was Syre Ewayns le Blaunche Maynys fader.

Capitulum tercium.

THENNE quene Igrayne waxid dayly gretter and gretter. So it befel after within half a yere, as kyng Uther lay by his quene, he asked hir by the feith she ou*gh*t to hym, whos was the child within her body. Then*n*e she sore abasshed to yeve ansuer. "Desmaye you not," said the kyng, "but telle me the trouthe, and I shall love you the better, by the feythe of my body." "Syre," saide she, "I shalle telle you the trouthe. The same nyghte *tha*t my lord was dede, the houre of his deth, as his kny*gh*tes record, ther came in to my castel of Tyntigaill a man lyke my lord in speche and in countenaunce, and two knyghtes with hym in lykenes of his two knyghtes Barcias and Jordans, and soo I went unto bed with hym as I ou*gh*t to do with my lord; and the same nyght, as I shal answer unto God, this child was begoten upon me." "That is trouthe," saide the kynge, "as ye say, for it was I my self that cam in the lykenesse, and therfor desmay you not, for I am fader to the child." And ther he told her alle the cause, how it was by Merlyns counceil. Thenne the quene made grete joye whan she knewe who was the fader of her child. Sone come Merlyn unto the kyng and said: "Syr ye must purvey yow for the nourisshyng of your child." "As thou wolt," said the kyng, "be it." "Wel," said Merlyn, "I knowe a lord of yours in this land that is a passyng true man and a feithful, and he shal have the nourysshyng of your child, and his name is Sir Ector, and he is a lord of fair lyvelode in many partyes in

Englond and Walys; and this lord, Sir Ector, lete hym be sent for, for to come and speke with you, and desyre hym your self, as he loveth you, that he will put his owne child to nourisshynge to another woman, and that his wyf nourisshe yours. And whan the child is borne lete it be delyverd to me at yonder pryvy posterne uncrystned." So like as Merlyn devysed it was done. And whan Syre Ector was come he made fyaunce to the kyng for to nourisshe the child lyke as the kynge desyred, and there the kyng graunted Syr Ector grete rewardys. Thenne when the lady was delyverd, the kynge commaunded ij knyghtes and ij ladyes to take the child bound in a cloth of gold, "and that ye delyver hym to what poure man ye mete at the posterne yate of the castel." So the child was delyverd unto Merlyn, and so he bare it forth unto Syre Ector, and made an holy man to crysten hym, and named hym Arthur; and so Sir Ectors wyf nourysshed hym with her owne pappe.

Thenne within two yeres kyng Uther felle seke of a grete maladye. And in the meane whyle hys enemyes usurpped upon hym, and dyd a grete bataylle upon his men, and slewe many of his peple. "Sir," said Merlyn, "ye may not lye so as ye doo, for ye must to the feld, though ye ryde on an hors lyttar; for ye shall never have the better of your enemyes but yf your persone be there, and thenne shall ye have the vyctory." So it was done as Merlyn had devysed, and they caryed the kynge forth in an hors lyttar with a grete hooste towarde his enemyes. And at Saynt Albons ther mette with the kynge a grete hoost of the North. And that day Syre Ulfyus and Sir Bracias dyd grete dedes of armes, and kyng Uthers men overcome the Northeryn bataylle, and slewe many peple, and putt the remenaunt to flight. And thenne the kyng retorned unto London, and made grete joye of his vyctory.

And thenne he fyll passynge sore seke, so that thre dayes and thre nyghtes he was specheles; wherfore alle the barons made grete sorow, and asked Merlyn what counceill were best. "There nys none other remedye," said Merlyn, "but God wil have his wille. But loke ye al, barons, be bifore kynge Uther to morne, and God and I shalle make hym to speke." So on the morne alle the barons with Merlyn came to fore the kyng. Thenne Merlyn said aloud unto kyng Uther: "Syre, shall your sone Arthur be kyng after your dayes of this realme with all the appertenaunce?" Thenne Utherpendragon torned hym and said in herynge of them alle, "I gyve hym Gods blissing and myne, and byd hym pray for my soule, and righteuously and worshipfully that he clayme *the* croune upon forfeture of my blessyng." And therwith he yelde up the ghost. And thenne was he enterid as longed to a kyng. Wherfor the quene, fayre Igrayne, made grete sorowe, and alle the barons.

Thenne stood the reame in grete jeopardy long whyle, for every lord that was myghty of men maade hym stronge, and many wende to have ben kyng. Thenne Merlyn wente to the archebisshop of Caunterbury, and counceilled hym for to sende for alle the lordes of the reame, and alle the gentilmen of armes, that they shold to London come by Cristmas upon payne of cursynge. And for this cause, *that* Jhesu, that was borne on that nyghte, that he wold of his grete mercy shewe some myracle, as he was come to be kynge of mankynde, for to shewe somme myracle who shold be rightwys kynge of this reame. So the archebisshop by the advys of Merlyn send for alle the lordes and gentilmen of armes, that they shold come by Crystmasse even unto London. And many of hem made hem clene of her lyf, that her prayer myghte be the more acceptable unto God. Soo in the

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grettest chirch of London (whether it were Powlis or not the Frensshe booke maketh no mencyon) alle the estates were longe or day in the chirche for to praye. And whan matyns and the first masse was done, there was sene in the chircheyard ayenst the hyghe aulter a grete stone four square, lyke unto a marbel stone. And in myddes therof was lyke an anvylde of stele a foot on hyghe, and theryn stack a fayre swerd naked by the poynt, and letters there were wryten in gold aboute the swerd that saiden thus: "Who so pulleth oute this swerd of this stone and anvyld is rightwys kynge borne of all Enlond." Thenne the peple merveilled, and told it to the archebisshop. "I commande," said tharchebisshop, "that ye kepe yow within your chirche, and pray unto God still that no man touche the swerd tyll the hyghe masse be all done." So whan all masses were done all the lordes wente to beholde the stone and the swerd. And whan they sawe the scripture, som assayed, suche as wold have ben kyng. But none myght stere the swerd nor meve hit. "He is not here," said the archebisshop, "that shall encheve the swerd, but doubte not God will make hym knowen. But this is my counceill," said the archebisshop, "that we lete purvey x knyghtes, men of good fame, and they to kepe this swerd." So it was ordeyned,[1] and thenne ther was made a crye, that every man shold assay that wold, for to wynne the swerd. And upon Newe Yeersday the barons lete maake a justes and a tournement, that alle knyghtes that wold juste or tourneye there myght playe; and all this was ordeyned for to kepe the lordes to gyders and the comyns, for the archebisshop trusted that God wold make hym knowe that shold wynne the swerd. So upon Newe Yeresday whan the servyce was done the barons rode unto the feld, some to juste, and

[1] Caxton's text has *ordeydeyned*.

som to torney, and so it happed that Syre Ector, that had grete lyvelode aboute London, rode unto the justes, and with hym rode Syr Kaynus his sone and yong Arthur that was hys nourisshed broder; and Syr Kay was made kny*gh*t at Al-halowmas afore. So as they rode to *th*e justes ward Sir Kay lost his swerd, for he had lefte it at his faders lodgyng, and so he prayd yong Arthur for to ryde for his swerd. "I wyll wel," said Arthur, and rode fast after *th*e swerd; and whan he cam home the lady and al were out to see the joustyng. Thenne was Arthur wroth and saide to hym self, "I will ryde to the chircheyard and take the swerd with me that stycketh in the stone, for my broder Sir Kay shal not be without a swerd this day." So whan he cam to the chircheyard Sir Arthur ali*gh*t and tayed his hors to the style, and so he wente to the tent, and found no kny*gh*tes there, for they were atte justyng; and so he handled the swerd by the handels, and li*gh*tly and fiersly pulled it out of the stone, and took his hors and rode his way untyll he came to his broder Sir Kay, and delyverd hym the swerd. And as sone as Sir Kay saw the swerd he wist wel it was the swerd of the stone, and so he rode to his fader Syr Ector and said, "Sire, loo here is the swerd of the stone, wherfor I must be kyng of thys land." When Syre Ector beheld the swerd he retorned ageyne and cam to the chirche; and there they ali*gh*te al thre and wente in to the chirche. And anon he made Sir Kay swere upon a book how he came to that swerd. "Syr," said Sir Kay, "by my broder Arthur, for he brought it to me." "How gate ye this swerd?" said Sir Ector to Arthur. "Sir, I will telle you: when I cam home for my broders swerd, I fond no body at home to delyver me his swerd. And so I thought my broder Syr Kay shold not be swerdles, and so I cam hyder egerly and pulled it out of the stone withoute ony

payn." "Found ye ony kny*gh*tes about this swerd?" seid Sir Ector. "Nay," said Arthur. "Now," said Sir Ector to Arthur, "I understa*n*de ye must be kynge of this land." "Wherfore I," sayd Arthur, "and for what cause?" "Sire," saide Ector, "for God wille have hit soo; for ther shold never man have drawen oute this swerde but he that shal be rightwys kyng of this land. Now lete me see whether ye can putte the swerd ther as it was, and pulle hit oute ageyne." "That is no maystry," said Arthur, and soo he put it in the stone. Wherwith alle Sir Ector assayed to pulle oute the swerd and faylled.

Capitulum sextum.[1]

"Now assay," said Syre Ector unto Syre Kay. And anon he pulled at the swerd with alle his myghte, but it wold not be. "Now shal ye assay," said Syre Ector to Arthur. "I wyll wel," said Arthur, and pulled it out easily. And therwith alle Syre Ector knelyd doune to the erthe, and Syre Kay. "Allas," said Arthur, "myne own dere fader and broder, why knele ye to me?" "Nay, nay, my lord Arthur, it is not so. I was never your fader nor of your blood, but I wote wel ye are of an hygher blood than I wende ye were." And thenne Syre Ector told hym all how he was bitaken hym for to nourisshe hym, and by whoos commandement, and by Merlyns delyvera*u*nce. Thenne Arthur made grete doole whan he understood that Syre Ector was not his fader. "Sir," said Ector unto Arthur, "woll ye be my good and gracious lord when ye are kyng?" "Els were I to

[1] By a mistake in counting, this chapter is numbered in the original text sixth instead of fourth. The error is continued throughout the first book. In the table of contents, Chapter III is made to include Chapters IV and V.

blame," said Arthur, "for ye are the man in the world that I am most be holdyng to, and my good lady and moder your wyf, that as wel as her owne hath fostred me and kepte. And yf ever hit be Goddes will that I be kynge, as ye say, ye shall desyre of me what I may doo, and I shalle not faille yow: God forbede I shold faille yow." "Sir," said Sire Ector, "I will aske no more of yow but that ye wille make my sone your foster broder Syre Kay senceall of alle your landes." "That shalle be done," said Arthur, "and more, by the feith of my body, that never man shalle have that office but he whyle he and I lyve."

There with all they wente unto the archebisshop, and told hym how the swerd was encheved, and by whome. And on Twelfth Day alle the barons cam thyder, and to assay to take the swerd who that wold assay. But there afore hem alle ther myghte none take it out but Arthur, wherfor ther were many lordes wroth, and saide it was grete shame unto them all and the reame to be over governyd with a boye of no hyghe blood borne. And so they fell oute at that tyme that it was put of tyll Candelmas. And thenne alle the barons shold mete there ageyne, but alwey the x knyghtes were ordeyned to watche the swerd day and nyght. And so they sette a pavelione over the stone and the swerd, and fyve alwayes watched. Soo at Candalmasse many moo grete lordes came thyder for to have wonne the swerde, but there myghte none prevaille. And right as Arthur dyd at Cristmasse he dyd at Candelmasse, and pulled oute the swerde easely, wherof the barons were sore agreved, and put it of in delay till the hyghe feste of Eester. And as Arthur sped afore, so dyd he at Eester; yet there were some of the grete lordes had indignacion that Arthur shold be kynge, and put it of in a delay tyll the feest of

Pentecoste. Thenne the archebisshop of Caunterbury by Merlyns provydence lete purveye thenne of the best knyghtes that they myghte gete, and suche knyghtes as Utherpendragon loved best and moost trusted in his dayes. And suche knyghtes were put aboute Arthur as Syr Bawdewyn of Bretayn, Syre Kaynes, Syre Ulfyus, Syre Barsias. All these with many other were alweyes about Arthur day and nyghte till the feste of Pentecost.

Capitulum septimum.

And at the feste of Pentecost alle maner of men assayed to pulle at the swerde that wold assay, but none myghte prevaille but Arthur, and pulled it oute afore all the lordes and comyns that were there; wherfore alle the comyns cryed at ones: "We wille have Arthur unto our kyng; we wille put hym nomore in delay, for we alle see that it is Goddes wille that he shalle be our kynge, and who that holdeth ageynst it we wille slee hym." And therwith all they knelyd at ones, both ryche and poure, and cryed Arthur mercy, by cause they had delayed hym soo longe. And Arthur foryaf hem, and took the swerd bitwene both his handes, and offred it upon the aulter where the archebisshop was, and so was he made knyghte of the best man that was there. And so anon was the coronacyon made, and ther was he sworne unto his lordes and the comyns for to be a true kyng, to stand with true justyce fro thens forth the dayes of this lyf. Also thenne he made alle lordes that helde of the croune to come in, and to do servyce as they oughte to doo. And many complayntes were made unto Sir Arthur of grete wronges that were done syn the dethe of kyng Uther, of many londes that were bereved lordes, knyghtes, ladyes, and gentilmen. Wherfor kynge Arthur maade the londes to be yeven ageyne to them that oughte hem.

Whanne this was done that the kyng had stablisshed alle the countreyes aboute London, thenne he lete make Syr Kay sencial of Englond, and Sir Baudewyn of Bretayne was made constable, and Sir Ulfyus was made chamberlayn. And Sire Brastias was maade wardeyn to wayte upon the Northe fro Trent forwardes, for it was *tha*t tyme *th*e most party the kynges enemyes. But within fewe yeres after Arthur wan alle the North, Scotland, and alle that were under their obeissaunce. Also Walys, a parte of it, helde ayenst Arthur, but he overcam hem al as he dyd the remenaunt thurgh the noble prowesse of hym self and his knyghtes of the Round Table.

Capitulum octavum.

THENNE the kyng remeved in to Walys, and lete crye a grete feste, that it shold be holdyn at Pentecost after the incoronacion of hym at the cyte of Carlyon. Unto the fest come kyng Lott of Lowthean and of Orkeney with fyve C kny*gh*tes with hym. Also ther come to the feste kynge Uryens of Gore with four C kny*gh*tes with hym. Also ther come to that feeste kyng Nayntres of Garloth with seven C knyghtes with hym. Also ther came to the feest the kynge of Scotland with sixe honderd knyghtes with hym, and he was but a yong man. Also ther came to the feste a kyng that was called the kyng with the honderd knyghtes, but he and his men were passyng wel bisene at al poyntes. Also ther cam the kyng of Cardos with fyve honderd knyghtes. And kyng Arthur was glad of their comynge, for he wende that al the kynges and knyghtes had come for grete love and to have done hym worship at his feste, wherfor the kyng made grete joye, and sente the kynges and knyghtes grete presentes. But the kynges wold none receyve, but rebuked the messagers shamefully, and said

they had no joye to receyve no yeftes of a berdles boye that was come of lowe blood, and sente hym word they wold none of his yeftes, but that they were come to gyve hym yeftes with hard swerdys betwixt the neck and the sholders. And therfore they came thyder, so they told to the messagers playnly, for it was grete shame to all them to see suche a boye to have a rule of soo noble a reaume as this land was. With this ansuer the messagers departed, and told to kyng Arthur this ansuer. Wherfor, by the advys of his barons, he took hym to a strong towre with v C good men with hym. And all the kynges afore said in a maner leyd a syege tofore hym, but kyng Arthur was well vytailled.

And within xv dayes ther came Merlyn amonge hem in to the cyte of Carlyon. Thenne all the kynges were passyng gladde of Merlyn, and asked hym, "For what cause is that boye Arthur made your kynge?" "Syres," said Merlyn, "I shalle telle yow the cause; for he is kynge Utherpendragons sone borne in wedlok, goten on Igrayne, the dukes wyf of Tyntigail." "Thenne is he a bastard," they said al. "Nay," said Merlyn, "after the deth of the duke more than thre houres was Arthur begoten, and xiij dayes after kyng Uther wedded Igrayne; and therfor I preve hym he is no bastard. And who saith nay, he shal be kyng, and overcome alle his enemyes. And or he deye he shalle be long kynge of all Englond, and have under his obeyssaunce Walys, Yrland, and Scotland, and moo reames than I will now reherce." Some of the kynges had merveyl of Merlyns wordes, and demed well that it shold be as he said. And som of hem lough hym to scorne, as kyng Lot, and mo other called hym a wytche. But thenne were they accorded with Merlyn that kynge Arthur shold come oute and speke with the kynges, and to come sauf and to goo sauf, suche suraunce ther was

made. So Merlyn went unto kynge Arthur and told hym how he had done, and badde hym, "Fere not, but come oute boldly and speke with hem, and spare hem not, but ansuere them as their kynge and chyvetayn, for ye shal overcome hem all whether they wille or nylle."

Capitulum ix.

THENNE kynge Arthur came oute of his tour, and had under his gowne a jesseraunte of double maylle, and ther wente with hym the archebisshop of Caunterbury, and Syr Baudewyn of Bretayne, and Syr Kay, and Syre Brastias; these were the men of moost worship that were with hym. And whan they were mette there was no mekenes, but stoute wordes on bothe sydes; but alweyes kynge Arthur ansuerd them and said, he wold make them to bowe and he lyved. Wherfore they departed with wrath, and kynge Arthur badde kepe hem wel, and they bad the kynge kepe hym wel. Soo the kynge retorned hym to the toure ageyne, and armed hym and alle his kny*gh*tes. "What will ye do?" said Merlyn to the kynges; "ye were better for to stynte, for ye shalle not here prevaille though ye were x so many." "Be we wel avysed to be aferd of a dreme reder?" said kyng Lot.

With that Merlyn vanysshed aweye, and came to kynge Arthur, and bad hym set on hem fiersly; and in the mene whyle there were thre honderd good men of the best that were with the kynges that wente streyghte unto kynge Arthur, and that comforted hym gretely. "Syr," said Merlyn to Arthur, "fyghte not with the swerde ye had by myracle, til that ye see ye go unto the wers; thenne drawe it out and do your best." So forth with alle kynge Arthur sette upon hem in their lodgyng. And Syre Bawdewyn, Syre Kay, and Syr Brastias slewe on the right hand and on the lyfte hand that it was merveylle; and

alweyes kynge Arthur on horsback leyd on with a swerd and dyd merveillous dedes of armes, that many of the kynges had grete joye of his dedes and hardynesse. Thenne kynge Lot brake out on the bak syde, and the kyng with the honderd knyghtes, and kyng Carados, and sette on Arthur fiersly behynde hym. With that Syre Arthur torned with his knyghtes, and smote behynd and before, and ever Sir Arthur was in the formest prees tyl his hors was slayne undernethe hym. And therwith kynge Lot smote doune kyng Arthur. With that his four knyghtes receyved hym and set hym an horsback. Then*ne* he drewe his swerd Excalibur, but it was so bryght in his enemyes eyen that it gaf light lyke xxx torchys. And therwith he put hem on bak, and slewe moche peple. And thenne the comyns of Carlyon aroos with clubbis and stavys, and slewe many knyghtes; but alle the kynges helde them to gyders with her knyghtes that were lefte on lyve, and so fled and departed. And Merlyn come unto Arthur, and counceilled hym to folowe hem no furthur.

Capitulum xvij.

Thenne Merlyn took his leve of Arthur and of the ij kynges, for to go and see his mayster Bleyse that dwelde in Northumberland, and so he departed and cam to his maister, that was passyng glad of his comynge. And there he tolde how Arthur and the two kynges had sped at the grete batayll, and how it was ended, and told the names of every kyng and knyght of worship that was there. And soo Bleyse wrote the bataill word by word as Merlyn told hym, how it began, and by whome, and in lyke wyse how it was endyd, and who had the werre. All the batails that were done in Arthurs dayes Merlyn dyd his maister Bleyse do wryte. Also, he did do wryte all the batails that every worthy knyght dyd of Arthurs courte.

After this Merlyn departed from his mayster and came to kynge Arthur, that was in the castel of Bedegrayne, that was one of the castels that stondyn in the forest of Sherewood. And Merlyn was so disguysed that kynge Arthur knewe hym not, for he was al be furred in black shepe skynnes, and a grete payre of bootes, and a bowe and arowes, in a russet gowne, and broughte wild gyse in his hand, and it was on the morne after Candelmas Day, but kyng Arthur knewe hym not. "Syre," said Merlyn unto the kynge, "wil ye gyve me a yefte?" "Wherfor," said kyng Arthur, "shold I gyve the a yefte, chorle?" "Sir," said Merlyn, "ye were better to gyve me a yefte that is not in your hand than to lese grete rychesse, for here, in the same place there the grete bataill was, is grete tresour hyd in the erthe." "Who told the so, chorle?" said Arthur. "Merlyn told me so," said he. Thenne Ulfyus and Brastias knew hym wel ynough, and smyled. "Syre," said these two knyghtes, "it is Merlyn that so speketh unto yow." Thenne kyng Arthur was gretely abasshed and had merveyll of Merlyn, and so had kynge Ban and kynge Bors, and soo they had grete dysport at hym.

Soo in the meane whyle there cam a damoysel that was an erlys doughter, his name was Sanam, and her name was Lyonors, a passynge fair damoysel, and so she cam thyder for to do homage as other lordes dyd after the grete bataill. And kyng Arthur sette his love gretely upon her and so dyd she upon hym, and the kyng had adoo with her, and gat on her a child, his name was Borre, that was after a good knyghte and of the Table Round. Thenne ther cam word that the kyng Ryence of Northen Walys maade grete werre on kynge Lodegreance of Camylyard, for the whiche thyng Arthur was wroth, for he loved hym wel and hated kyng Ryence, for he was

alwey ageynst hym. So by ordenaunce of the thre kynges that were sente home unto Benwyck, alle they wold departe for drede of kynge Claudas, and Pharyaunce, and Antemes, and Grasians, and Lyonses Payarne with the leders of tho that shold kepe the kynges landys.

Capitulum xviij.

And thenne kynge Arthur and kynge Ban and kyng Bors departed with her felaushiip, a xx M, and came within vj dayes in to the countrey of C[a]myliarde, and there rescowed kynge Lodegreaunce, and slewe ther moche people of kynge Ryence unto the nombre of x M men, and put hym to flyghte. And thenne had these thre kynges grete chere of kyng Lodegreaunce, that thanked them of their grete goodnesse that they wold revenge hym of his enemyes, and there hadde Arthur the fyrst syght of Gwenever, the kynges doughter of Camylyard, and ever after he loved her. After they were weddyd, as it telleth in the booke. Soo, brevely to make an ende, they took theyr leve to goo in to theyre owne countreyes, for kynge Claudas dyd grete destruction on their landes. Thenne said Arthur, "I wille goo with yow." "Nay," said the kynges, "ye shalle not at this tyme, for ye have moche to doo yet in these landes, therfore we wille departe, and with the grete goodes that we have goten in these landes by yóure yeftes, we shalle wage good knyghtes and withstande the kynge Claudas malyce; for, by the grace of God, and we have nede we wille sende to yow for youre socour. And yf ye have nede, sende for us, and we wille not tary, by the feythe of our bodyes." "Hit shalle not," saide Merlyn, "nede that these two kynges come ageyne in the wey of werre. But I knowe wel kynge Arthur maye not be longe from yow, for within a yere or two ye

shalle have grete nede. And thenne shalle he revenge yow on youre enemyes, as ye have done on his. For these xj kynges shal deye all in a day by the grete myghte and prowesse of armes of ij valyaunt knyghtes, as it telleth after; her names ben Balyn le Saveage and Balan his broder, that ben merveillous good knyghtes as ben ony lyvyng.

Now torne we to the xj kynges, that retorned unto a cyte that hyghte Sorhaute, the whiche cyte was within kynge Uryens, and ther they refresshed hem as wel as they myght, and made leches serche theyr woundys, and sorowed gretely for the dethe of her peple. With that ther came a messager and told how ther was comen in to their landes people that were laules as wel as Sarasyns a xl M, "and have brent and slayne al the peple that they may come by withoute mercy, and have leyd syege on the castel of Wandisborow." "Allas!" sayd the xj kynges, "here is sorow upon sorou, and yf we had not warryd ageynst Arthur as we have done, he wold soone revenge us: as for kyng Lodegryaunce he loveth Arthur better than us, and as for kyng Ryence he hath ynough to doo with Lodegreans, for he hath leyd syege unto hym." Soo they consentyd to gyder to kepe alle the marches of Cornewayle, of Walys, and of the Northe. Soo fyrst they putte kynge Idres in the cyte of Nauntys in Brytayne with iiij thowsand men of armes, to watche bothe the water and the land. Also they put in the cyte of Wyndesan kynge Nauntres of Garlott with four thousand knyghtes, to watche both on water and on lond. Also they had of other men of werre moo than eyght thousand, for to fortyfye alle the fortresses in the marches of Cornewaylle. Also they put moo knyghtes in alle the marches of Walys and Scotland, with many good men of armes; and soo they kepte hem to gyders the space of

thre yere, and ever alyed hem with myghty kynges and dukes and lordes. And to them felle kynge Ryence of North Walys, the whiche was a myghty man of men, and Nero, that was a myghty man of men. And all this whyle they furnysshed hem and garnysshed hem of good men of armes and vytaille, and of alle maner of abylement that pretendith to the werre, to avenge hem for the bataille of Bedegrayne, as it telleth in the book of aventures folowynge.

Capitulum xix.

Thenne after the departyng of kyng Ban and of kyng Bors, kynge Arthur rode unto Carlyon. And thyder cam to hym kyng Lots wyf of Orkeney, in maner of a message, but she was sente thyder to aspye the courte of kynge Arthur; and she cam rychely bisene with her four sones, Gawayn, Gaherys, Agravaynes, and Gareth, with many other knyghtes and ladyes; for she was a possynge[1] fayr lady, wherfore the kynge cast grete love unto her, and desyred to lye by her. So they were agreed, and he begate upon her Mordred, and she was his syster on the moder syde Igrayne. So ther she rested her a moneth, and at the last departed.

Thenne the kyng dremed a merveillous dreme wherof he was sore adrad. But al this tyme kyng Arthur knewe not that kyng Lots wyf was his syster. Thus was the dreme of Arthur: Hym thought ther was come in to this land gryffons and serpentes, and hym thoughte they brente and slough alle the peple in the land. And thenne hym thoughte he faughte with hem, and they dyd hym passynge grete harme, and wounded hym ful sore, but at the last he slewe hem.

Whanne the kynge awaked he was passynge hevy of

[1] Read *passynge?*

his dreme, and so to put it oute of thoughtes he made hym redy with many knyghtes to ryde on huntynge. As soone as he was in the forest the kynge sawe a grete hert afore hym. "This herte wille I chace," said kynge Arthur, and so he spored the hors and rode after longe. And so by fyne force ofte he was lyke to have smyten the herte, where as the kynge had chaced the herte soo long that his hors had loste hys brethe, and fylle doune dede. Thenne a yoman fette the kynge another hors. So the kyng sawe the herte enbusshed and his hors dede, he sette hym doune by a fontayne, and there he fell in grete thoughtes. And as he satte so hym thoughte he herd a noyse of houndes to the somme of xxx. And with that the kynge sawe comyng toward hym the straungest best that ever he sawe or herd of. So the best wente to the welle and drank, and the noyse was in the bestes bely lyke unto the questyng of xxx coupyl houndes, but alle the whyle the beest dranke there was no noyse in the bestes bely. And therwith the best departed with a grete noyse, wherof the kyng had grete merveyll. And so he was in a grete thoughte, and therwith he fell on slepe. Ryght so ther came a knyght a foote unto Arthur, and sayd, "Knyght, full of thought and slepy, telle me yf thow sawest a straunge best passe this waye." "Suche one sawe I," said kynge Arthur, "that is past two myle: what wold ye with the best?" said Arthur. "Syre, I have folowed that best long tyme, and kyld myne hors; so wold God I had another to folowe my quest." Ryght so came one with the kynges hors; and whan the knyght sawe the hors he prayd the kyng to yeve hym the hors. "For I have folowed this quest this xij moneth, and other I shal encheve hym or blede of the best blood of my body." Pellinore that tyme kynge folowed the questynge best, and after his deth Sir Palamydes folowed hit.

Capitulum xx.

"Syr knyghte," said the kynge, "leve that quest and suffre me to have hit, and I wyll folowe it another xij moneth." "A, foole," said the knyghte unto Arthur, "it is in veyne thy desyre, for it shalle never ben encheved but by me, or my next kyn." There with he sterte unto the kynges hors and mounted in to the sadel, and said, "Gramercy, this hors is myn owne." "Wel," said the kynge, "thow mayst take myn hors by force, but and I myghte preve the whether thow were better on horsbak or I." "Wel," said the knyght, "seke me here whan thow wolt, and here nygh this wel thow shalt fynde me," and soo passyd on his weye. Thenne the kyng sat in a study, and bad his men fetche his hors as faste as ever they myghte.

Ryght soo came by hym Merlyn lyke a child of xiiij yere of age, and salewed the kyng, and asked hym why he was so pensyf. "I may wel be pensyf," sayd the kynge, "for I have sene the merveyllest syght that ever I sawe." "That knowe I wel," said Merlyn, "as wel as thy self, and of all thy thoughtes, but thow art but a foole to take thought, for it wylle not amend the. Also I knowe what thow arte, and who was thy fader, and of whome thow were begoten; kynge Utherpendragon was thy fader, and begat the on Igrayne." "That is fals," said kyng Arthur, "how sholdest thou knowe it? for thow arte not so old of yeres to knowe my fader." "Yes," sayd Merlyn, "I knowe it better than ye or ony man lyvynge." "I wille not bileve the," said Arthur, and was wroth with the child.

Soo departed Merlyn and came ageyne in the lykenes of an old man of iiij score yere of age, wherof the kynge

was ryght glad, for he semed to be ryghte wyse. Thenne saide the old man, "Why are ye so sad?" "I maye wel be hevy," said Arthur, "for many thynges. Also here was a chyld and told me many thynges that me semeth he shold not knowe, for he was not of age to knowe my fader." "Yes," said the old man, "the child told yow trouthe, and more wold he have tolde yow and ye wolde have suffred hym. But ye have done a thynge late that God is displeasyd with yow, for ye have layne by your syster, and on her ye have goten a chyld that shalle destroye yow and all the knyghtes of your realme." "What are ye," said Arthur, "that telle me these tydynges?" "I am Merlyn, and I was he in the childes lykenes." "A," sayd kyng Arthur, "ye are a merveillous man, but I merveylle moche of thy wordes that I mote dye in bataille." "Merveylle not," said Merlyn, "for it is Gods wyll youre body to be punysshed for your fowle dedes. But I may wel be sory," said Merlyn, "for I shalle dye a shameful deth, to be put in the erthe quyck, and ye shall dye a worshipful deth." And as they talked this, cam one with the kynges hors, and so the kyng mounted on his hors and Merlyn on another, and so rode unto Carlyon. And anone the kynge asked Ector and Ulfyus how he was bigoten. And they told hym Uther-pendragon was his fader and quene Igrayn his moder. Thenne he sayd to Merlyn, "I wylle that my moder be sente for that I may speke with her, and yf she saye so her self, thenne wylle I byleve hit." In all hast the quene was sente for, and she cam and broughte with her Morgan le Fay her doughter, that was as fayre a lady as ony myghte be; and the kynge welcomed Igrayne in the best maner.

Capitulum xxj.

Ryght soo cam Ulfyus and saide openly, that the kynge and all myght here that were fested that day, "Ye are the falsest lady of the world, and the most traitresse unto the kynges person." "Beware," saide Arthur, "what thow saist, thow spekest a grete word." "I am wel ware," said Ulfyus, "what I speke, and here is my glove to preve hit upon ony man that will seye the contrary, that this quene Igrayne is causar af[1] your grete domage, and of your grete werre. For, and she wold have utterd it in the lyf of kyng Utherpendragon of the byrthe of yow, and how ye were begoten, ye had never had the mortal werrys that ye have had, for the moost party of your barons of your realme knewe never whos sone ye were, nor of whome ye were begoten. And she that bare yow of her body shold have made it knowen openly in excusyng of her worship and yours, and in lyke wyse to alle the reame; wherfor I preve her fals to God and to yow and to al your realme, and who wyll saye the contrary I wyll preve it on his body."

Thenne spak Igrayne and sayd, "I am a woman, and I may not fyghte, but rather than I shold be dishonoured ther wold some good man take my quarel. More," she sayd, "Merlyn knoweth wel and ye, Syr Ulfyus, how kynge Uther cam to me in the castel of Tyntagaill, in the lykenes of my lord that was dede thre houres to fore, and therby gat a child that nyght upon me. And after the xiij day kynge Uther wedded me, and by his commaundement whan the child was borne it was delyverd unto Merlyn, and nourysshed by hym, and so I sawe the child never after, nor wote not what is his name, for I knewe

[1] Read *of*.

hym never yet." And there Ulfyus saide to the quene, "Merlyn is more to blame than ye." "Wel I wote," said the quene, "I bare a child by my lord kyng Uther, but I wote not where he is become." Thenne Merlyn toke the kynge by the hand, sayeng, "This is your moder." And therwith Syr Ector bare wytnes how he nourysshed hym by Uthers commaundement. And therwith kynge Arthur toke his moder quene Igrayne in his armes and kyst her, and eyther wepte upon other. And thenne the kyng lete make a feest that lasted eyght dayes.

Thenne on a day ther come in the courte a squyer on hors back, ledynge a knyght before hym wounded to the dethe, and told hym how ther was a knyght in the forest had rered up a pavelione by a well, "And hath slayne my mayster, a good knyght, his name was Mylis; wherfor I byseche yow that my mayster maye be buryed, and that somme kny*ght* maye revenge my maysters deth." Thenne the noyse was grete of that knyghtes dethe in the court, and every man said his advys. Thenne came Gryflett, that was but a squyer, and he was but yonge, of the age of the kyng Arthur; soo he besoughte the kyng for alle his servyse that he had done hym to gyve the ordre of knyghthode.

Capitulum xxij.

"THOU arte full yong and tendyr of age," sayd Arthur, "for to take so hyghe an ordre on the." "Sir," said Gryflet, "I byseche yow make me kny*ght*." "Syr," said Merlyn, "it were grete pyte to lese Gryflet, for he wille be a passynge good man whanne he is of age, abydynge with yow the terme[1] of his lyf. And yf he aventure his body with yonder knyght at the fontayne, it is in grete

[1] Caxton's text has *terme me*.

peryll yf ever he come ageyne, for he is one of the best knyghtes of the world, and the strengyst man of armes." "Wel," said Arthur. So at the desyre of Gryflet the kynge made hym knyght. "Now," said Arthur unto Syre Gryflet, "sythen I have made yow knyghte, thow must yeve me a gyfte." "What ye will," said Gryflet. "Thou shalt promyse me by the feythe of thy body whan thou hast justed with the knyght at the fontayne, whether it falle ye be on foote or on horsbak, that ryght so ye shal come ageyne unto me withoute makynge ony more debate." "I wyll promyse yow," said Gryflet, "as yow desyre." Thenne toke Gryflet his hors in grete haste, and dressyd his sheld, and toke a spere in his hand, and so he rode a grete wallop tyll he cam to the fontayne, and ther by he sawe a ryche pavelion, and ther by under a clothe stode a fayr hors wel sadeled and brydeled, and on a tree a shelde of dyverse colours, and a grete spere. Thenne Gryflet smote on the sheld with the bott of his spere that the shylde felle doune to the ground. With that the knyght cam oute of the pavelione and sayd, "Fair knyght, why smote ye doune my sheld?" "For I wil juste with yow," said Gryflet. "It is better ye doo not," sayd the knyghte, "for ye are but yong and late made knyght, and your myghte is nothyng to myn." "As for that," saide Gryflet, "I wylle juste with yow." "That is me loth," said the knyght, "but sythen I muste nedes I wille dresse me therto. Of whens be ye?" sayd the knyghte. "Syre, I am of Arthurs courte." So the two knyghtes ranne to gyder that Gryflets spere al to shevered, and ther with all he smote Gryflet thorowe the shelde and the lyfte syde, and brake the spere that the troncheon stack in his body, that hors and knyghte fylle doune.

Capitulum xxiij.

THAN the knyght sawe hym lye soo on the ground, he alyght, and was passynge hevy, for he wende he had slayne hym. And thenne he unlaced his helme and gate hym wynde, and so with the troncheon he set hym on his hors and gate him wynde, and so bytoke hym to God, and seid he had a myghty hert, and yf he myght lyve he wold preve a passynge good knyght. And so Syr Gryflet rode to the court, where grete doole was made for hym. But thorowe good leches he was heled and saved.

Ryght so cam in to the courte xij knyghtes and were aged men, and they cam from themperour of Rome, and they asked of Arthur truage for this realme, other els themperour wold destroye hym and his land. "Wel," said kyng Arthur, "ye are messagers, therfor ye may say what ye wil other els ye shold dye therfore. But this is myn ansuer: I owe themperour noo truage nor none will I hold hym, but on a fayr felde I shall yeve hym my truage, that shal be with a sharp spere or els with a sharp swerd, and that shall not be long, by my faders soule, Utherpendragon." And therwith the messagers departed passyngly wroth and kyng Arthur as wroth; for in evyl tyme cam they thenne, for the kyng was passyngly wroth for the hurte of Sir Gryflet. And soo he commaunded a pryvy man of his chambre, that or hit be day his best hors and armour, with all that longeth unto his persone, be withoute the cyte or to morowe daye. Ryght so, or to morow day, he met with his man and his hors, and so mounted up, and dressid his sheld, and toke his spere, and bad his chamberlayne tary there tyll he came ageyne.

And so Arthur roode a softe paas tyll it was day, and thenne was he ware of thre chorles chacynge Merlyn, and

wold have slayne hym. Thenne the kyng rode unto them and bad them, "Flee, chorles." Thenne were they aferd whan they sawe a knyght, and fled. "O Merlyn," said Arthur, "here haddest thou be slayne, for all thy craftes, had I not byn." "Nay," said Merlyn, "not soo, for I coude save my self and I wold; and thou arte more nere thy deth than I am, for thow gost to the deth ward, and God be not thy frend." So as they wente thus talkyng they came to the fontayne, and the ryche pavelione there by hit. Thenne kyng Arthur was ware where sat a knyght armed in a chayer. "Syr knyght," said Arthur, "for what cause abydest thow here, that ther maye no knyght ryde this wey but yf he juste wyth the?" said the kynge. "I rede the leve that custome," said Arthur. "This customme," saide the knyght, "have I used and wille use magre who saith nay; and who is greved with my custome lete hym amende hit that wol." "I wil amende it," said Arthur. "I shal defende the," said the knyght. Anon he toke his hors and dressid his shylde, and toke a spere, and they met so hard either in others sheldes that al to shevered their sperys. Ther with anone Arthur pulled oute his swerd. "Nay, not so," said the knyght, "it is fayrer," sayd the knyght, "that we tweyne renne more to gyders with sharp sperys." "I wille wel," said Arthur, "and I had ony mo sperys." "I have ynow," said the knyght. So ther cam a squyer and brought in good sperys, and Arthur chose one and he another. So they spored their horses, and cam to gyders with al the myghtes, that eyther brak her speres to her handes. Thenne Arthur sette hand on his swerd. "Nay," seid the knyght, "ye shal do better; ye are a passynge good juster as ever I mette with al, and ones for the love of the hyghe ordre of knyghthode lete us juste ones ageyn." "I assente me," said Arthur. Anone

there were brought two grete sperys, and every knyght gat a spere, and therwith they ranne to gyders that Arthurs spere al to shevered. But the other knyghte hyt hym so hard in myddes of the shelde that horse and man felle to the erthe, and ther with Arthur was egre and pulled oute his swerd, and said, "I will assay the, syr knyghte, on foote, for I have lost the honour on horsbak." "I will be on horsbak," said the knyght. Thenne was Arthur wrothe, and dressid his sheld toward hym with his swerd drawen. Whan the knyght sawe that, he a lyghte, for hym thought no worship to have a knyght at suche availle, he to be on horsbak and he on foot, and so he alyght and dressid his sheld unto Arthur. And ther began a strong bataille with many grete strokes, and soo hewe with her swerdes that the cantels flewe in the feldes, and moche blood they bledde bothe, that al the place there as they faught was over bledde with blood. And thus they fought long and rested hem, and thenne they wente to the batayl ageyne, and so hurtled to gyders lyke two rammes that eyther felle to the erthe. So at the last they smote to gyders, that both her swerdys met even to gyders. But the swerd of the knyght smote kyng Arthurs swerd in two pyeces, wherfor he was hevy. Thenne said the knyghte unto Arthur, "Thow arte in my daunger whether me lyst to save the or slee the, and but thou yelde the as overcome and recreaunt thow shalt deye." "As for deth," said kyng Arthur, "welcome be it whan it cometh; but to yelde me unto the as recreaunt, I had lever dye than to be soo shamed." And ther with al the kynge lepte unto Pellinore, and tooke hym by the myddel, and threwe hym doune, and raced of his helme. Whan the knyght felt that he was adrad, for he was passynge bygge man of myghte, and anone he broughte Arthur under hym, and reaced of his helme, and wold have smyten of his hede.

Capitulum xxiiij.

Ther with all came Merlyn, and sayd, "Knyghte, hold thy hand, for and thow slee that knyghte thou puttest this reame in the grettest dammage that ever was reame; for this knyght is a man of more worship than thou wotest of." "Why, who is he?" said the knyghte. "It is kyng Arthur." Thenne wold he have slayn hym for drede of his wrathe, and heve up his swerd, and therwith Merlyn cast an enchauntement to the knyghte, that he felle to the erthe in a grete slepe. Thenne Merlyn tooke up kyng Arthur, and rode forth on the knyghtes hors. "Allas," said Arthur, "what hast thou done, Merlyn? hast thow slayne this good knyghte by thy craftes? There lyveth not soo worshipful a knyghte as he was. I had lever than the stynte of my land a yere that he were on lyve." "Care ye not," sayd Merlyn, "for he is holer than ye, for he is but on slepe, and will awake within thre houres." "I told you," said Merlyn, "what a knyghte he was. Here had ye be slayn had I not ben. Also ther lyveth not a bygger knyght than he is one, and he shal here after do yow ryght good servyse, and his name is Pellinore. And he shal have two sones that shal be passyng good men; sauf one they shalle have no felawe or[1] prowesse and of good lyvynge, and her names shal be Persyval of Walys and Lamerak of Walis; and he shal telle yow the name of your own sone bygoten of your syster that shal be the destruction of alle this royame."

Capitulum xxv.

Ryghte so the kyng and he departed, and wente un tyl an ermyte, that was a good man and a grete leche. Soo the heremyte serched all his woundys and gaf hym

[1] Read *of?*

good salves. So the kyng was there thre dayes, and thenne were his woundes wel amendyd that he myght ryde and goo, and so departed. And as they rode, Arthur said, "I have no swerd." "No force," said Merlyn, "here by is a swerd that shalle be yours and I may." Soo they rode tyl they came to a lake, the whiche was a fayr water and brood. And in the myddes of the lake Arthur was ware of an arme clothed in whyte samyte, that held a fayr swerd in that hand. "Loo," said Merlyn, "yonder is that swerd that I spak of." With that they sawe a damoisel goyng upon the lake. "What damoysel is that?" said Arthur. "That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlyn; "and within that lake is a roche, and theryn is as fayr a place as ony on erthe and rychely besene, and this damoysell wylle come to yow anone, and thenne speke ye fayre to her that she will gyve yow that swerd." Anone with all came the damoysel unto Arthur and salewed hym, and he her ageyne. "Damoysel," said Arthur, "what swerd is that that yonder the arme holdeth above the water? I wold it were myne, for I have no swerd." "Syr Arthur kynge," said the damoysell, "that swerd is myn, and yf ye will gyve me a yefte whan I aske it yow, ye shal have it." "By my feyth," said Arthur, "I will yeve yow what yefte ye will aske." "Wel," said the damoisel, "go ye into yonder barge, and rowe your self to the swerd, and take it and scaubart with yow, and I will aske my yefte whan I see my tyme."

So Syr Arthur and Merlyn alyght, and tayed their horses to two trees, and so they went in to the ship, and whanne they came to the swerd that the hand held, Syre Arthur toke it up by the handels, and toke it with hym. And the arme and the hand went under the water, and so come unto the lond and rode forth. And thenne Syr Arthur sawe a ryche pavelion. "What sygnyfyeth yonder

pavelion?" "*That* is *th*e knyg*h*tes pavelion," seid Merlyn, "*tha*t ye fou*gh*t with last, Syr Pellinore; but he is out, he is not there, he hath adoo with a knyght of yours that hyght Egglame, and they have fou*gh*ten to gyder, but al[1] the last Egglame fledde, and els he had ben dede, and he hath chaced hym even to Carlyon, and we shal mete with hym anon in the hygh wey." "That is wel sayd," said Arthur, "now have I a swerd, now wille I wage bataill with hym and be avenged on hym." "Sir, ye shal not so," said Merlyn, "for the knyght is wery of fyghtyng and chacyng, so that ye shal have no worship to have a do with hym. Also he will not be ly*gh*tly matched of one kny*gh*t lyvyng, and therfor it is my counceil, lete hym passe; for he shal do you good servyse in shorte tyme, and his sones after his dayes. Also ye shal see that day in short space, ye shal be ri*gh*t glad to yeve him your sister to wedde." "Whan I see hym I wil doo as ye advyse," sayd Arthur. Thenne Syre Arthur loked on the swerd, and lyked it passynge wel. "Whether lyketh yow better," sayd Merlyn, "the suerd or the scaubard?" "Me lyketh better the swerd," sayd Arthur. "Ye are more unwyse," sayd Merlyn, "for the scaubard is worth x of the swerdys; for whyles ye have the scaubard upon yow ye shalle never lese no blood, be ye never so sore wounded; therfor kepe wel the scaubard alweyes with yow." So they rode unto Carlyon, and by the way they met with Syr Pellinore, but Merlyn had done suche a crafte that Pellinore sawe not Arthur, and he past by withoute ony wordes. "I merveylle," sayd Arthur, "that the knyght wold not speke." "Syr," said Merlyn, "he sawe yow not; for and he had sene yow ye had not lyghtly departed." Soo they come unto Carlyon, wherof his knyghtes were passynge glad. And whanne they

[1] Read *at*.

herd of his aventures they merveilled that he wold jeoparde his persone soo al one. But alle men of worship said it was mery to be under suche a chyvetayne that wolde put his persone in aventure as other poure knyghtes dyd.

Capitulum xxvij.

THIS meane whyle came a messager from kynge Ryons of Northwalys, and kynge he was of all Ireland and of many Iles. And this was his message gretynge wel kynge Arthur in this manere wyse, sayenge that kynge Ryons had discomfyte and overcome xj kynges, and everyche of hem did hym homage, and that was this; they gaf hym their berdys clene flayne of, as moche as ther was; wher for the messager came for kyng Arthurs berd. For kyng Ryons had purfyled a mantel with kynges berdes, and there lacked one place of the mantel, wherfor he sente for his berd, or els he wold entre in to his landes, and brenne and slee, and never leve tyl he have the hede and the berd. "Wel," sayd Arthur, "thow hast said thy message, the whiche is the most vylaynous and lewdest message that ever man herd sente unto a kynge. Also thow mayst see, my berd is ful yong yet to make a purfyl of hit. But telle thow thy kynge this: I owe hym none homage, ne none of myn elders, but or it be longe to he shall do me homage on bothe his kneys, or els he shall lese his hede, by the feith of my body, for this is the most shamefullest message that ever I herd speke of. I have aspyed thy kyng met never yet with worshipful man, but telle hym I wyll have his hede without he doo me homage." Thenne the messager departed. "Now is there ony here," said Arthur, "that knoweth kyng Ryons?" Thenne ansuerd a knyght that hyght Naram, "Syre, I knowe the kynge wel; he is a

passyng good man of his body as fewe ben lyvynge, and a passyng prowde man, and, Sir, doubte ye not he wille make warre on yow with a myghty puyssaunce." "Wel," said Arthur, "I shall ordeyne for hym in short tyme."

Capitulum xxviij.

THENNE kyng Arthur lete sende for al the children born on May Day, begoten of lordes and born of ladyes, for Merlyn told kynge Arthur that he that shold destroye hym shold be borne in May Day; wherfor he sent for hem all upon payn of deth, and so ther were founde many lordes sones, and all were sente unto the kynge. And soo was Mordred sente by kyng Lotts wyf, and all were put in a ship to the see, and some were iiij wekes old, and some lasse. And so by fortune the shyp drofe unto a castel, and was al to ryven and destroyed the most part, sauf that Mordred was cast up, and a good man fonde hym, and nourysshed hym tyl he was xiiij yere olde. And thenne he brought hym to the court, as it reherceth afterward toward the ende of the Deth of Arthur. So many lordes and barons of this reame were displeasyd, for her children were so lost, and many put the wyte on Merlyn more than on Arthur; so what for drede and for love they helde their pees. But whanne the messager came to kynge Ryons, thenne was he woode oute of mesure, and purveyed hym for a grete hoost, as it rehercyth after in the book of Balyn le Saveage that foloweth next after, how by adventure Balyn gat the swerd.

Explicit liber primus
Incipit liber secundus

After the dethe of Utherpendragon regned Arthur his sone, the whiche had grete werre in his dayes for to gete al Englond in to his hand. For there were many kynges within the realme of Englond, and in Walys, Scotland, and Cornewaille. Soo it befelle on a tyme whanne kyng Arthur was at London, ther came a knyght and tolde the kynge tydynges, how that the kynge Ryons of Northwalys had rered a grete nombre of peple, and were entryd in to the land, and brente and slewe the kynges true liege peple. "Yf this be true," said Arthur, "it were grete shame unto myn estate but that he were myghtely withstand." "It is trouthe," sayd the knyghte, "for I sawe the hoost my self." "Wel," saide the kynge, "lete make a crye," that all the lordes, knyghtes, and gentylmen of armes shold drawe unto a castel called Camelot in tho dayes, and ther the kynge wold lete make a counceil general and a grete justes.

So whan the kynge was come thyder with all his baronage, and lodged as they semed best, ther was come a damoisel the whiche was sente on message from the grete lady Lylle of Avelyon. And whan she came bifore kynge Arthur, she told from whome she came, and how she was sent on message unto hym for these causes. Thenne she lete her mantel falle that was rychely furred. And thenne was she gyrd with a noble swerd wherof the kynge had merveill, and said, "Damoysel, for what cause are ye gyrd with that swerd? it bisemeth yow not." "Now shall I telle yow," said the damoysel. "This

swerd that I am gyrd with al doth me grete sorowe and comberaunce, for I may not be delyverd of this swerd but by a knyghte; but he must be a passyng good man of his handes and of his dedes, and withoute vylonye or trecherye, and withoute treason. And yf I maye fynde suche a knyghte that hath all these vertues, he may drawe oute this swerd oute of the shethe; for I have ben at kyng Ryons. It was told me ther were passyng good knyghtes, and he and alle his knyghtes have assayed it, and none can spede." "This is a grete merveill," said Arthur; "yf this be sothe, I wille my self assaye to drawe oute the swerd, not presumynge upon my self that I am the best knyghte, but that I will begynne to drawe at your swerd in gyvyng example to alle the barons that they shall assay everychone after other whan I have assayed it." Thenne Arthur toke the swerd by the shethe and by the gyrdel, and pulled at it egrely, but the swerd wold not oute. "Sire," seid the damoysell, "ye nede not to pulle half so hard, for he that shall pulle it out shal do it with lytel myghte." "Ye say wel," said Arthur. "Now assaye ye, al my barons, but beware ye be not defoyled with shame, trechery, ne gyle." "Thenne it wille not avaylle," sayd the damoysell, "for he must be a clene knyght withoute vylony, and of a gentil strene of fader syde and moder syde." Moost of all the barons of the Round Table that were there at that tyme assayed alle by rewe, but ther myght non spede; wherfor the damoysel made grete sorow oute of mesure, and sayd, "Allas! I wende in this courte had ben the best knyghtes, withoute trechery or treson." "By my feythe," sayth Arthur, "here are good knyghtes as I deme as ony ben in the world, but theyr grace is not to helpe yow, wherfor I am displeasyd."

Capitulum ij.

THENNE felle hit soo that tyme ther was a poure knyght with kynge Arthur, that had byn prysoner with hym half a yere and more for sleynge of a knyghte, the whiche was cosyn unto kynge Arthur. The name of this knyght was called Balen; and by good meanes of the barons he was delyverd oute of pryson, for he was a good man named of his body, and he was borne in Northumberland. And soo he wente pryvely in to the courte, and sawe this adventure. Werof hit reysed his herte, and wolde assaye it as other knyghtes dyd; but for he was poure and pourely arayed he put hym not ferre in prees. But in his herte he was fully assured to doo as wel yf his grace happed hym as ony knyght that there was. And as the damoysel toke her leve of Arthur and of alle the barons so departyng, this knyght Balen called unto her and sayd, "Damoysel, I praye yow of your curtosy, suffre me as wel to assay as these lordes, though that I be so pourely clothed: in my herte me semeth I am fully assured as somme of these other, and me semeth in my herte to spede ryght wel." The damoysel beheld the poure knyght, and sawe he was a lykely man, but for his poure arrayment she thoughte he shold be of no worship withoute vylonye or trechery. And thenne she sayd unto the knyght, "Sir, it nedeth not to put me to more payn or labour, for it semeth not yow to spede there as other have failled." "A, fayr damoysel," said Balen, "worthynes and good tatches and good dedes are not only in arrayment, but manhood and worship is hyd within mans persone, and many a worshipful knyghte is not knowen unto alle people, and therfore worship and hardynesse is not in arayment." "By God," sayd the damoysel, "ye say sothe, therfor ye shal assaye to do what ye may."

Thenne Balen took the swerd by the gyrdel and shethe and drewe it out easyly, and when he loked on the swerd hit pleasyd hym moche. Thenne had the kynge and alle the barons grete merveille that Balen hadde done that aventure: many knyghtes had grete despyte af[1] Balen. "Certes," said the damoysel, "this is a passynge good knyght, and the best that ever I found, and moost of worship withoute treson, trechery, or vylony, and many merveylles shalle he do. Now, gentyl and curtois knyght, yeve me the swerd ayene." "Nay," said Balen, "for this swerd wylle I kepe, but it be taken from me with force." "Wel," saide the damoysel, "ye are not wyse to kepe the swerd from me, for ye shalle slee with the swerd the best frende that ye have, and the man that ye moste love in the world, and the swerd shalle be your destruction." "I shal take the adventure," sayd Balen, "that God wille ordeyne me, but the swerd ye shalle not have at this tyme, by the feythe of my body." "Ye shalle repente hit within short tyme," sayd the damoysel, "for I wold have the swerd more for your avaylle than for myne, for I am passyng hevy for your sake; for ye wil not byleve that swerd shal be youre destruction, and that is grete pyte." With that the damoysel departed makynge grete sorowe.

Anone after Balen sente for his hors and armour, and soo wold departe fro the courte, and toke his leve of kynge Arthur. "Nay," sayd the kynge, "I suppose ye wyll not departe so lightely fro this felaushiip. I suppose ye are displeased that I have shewed yow unkyndenes. Blame me the lasse for I was mys senformed[2] ageynst yow, but I wende ye had not ben suche a knyght as ye are of worship and prowesse, and yf ye wyll abyde in this courte among my felaushiip, I shalle so avaunce yow as ye

[1] Read *of*. [2] *Sic*.

shalle be pleased." "God thanke your hyhenes," said Balen; "your bounte and hyhenes may no man preyse half to the valewe, but at this tyme I must nedes departe, bysechyng yow alwey of your good grace." "Truly," said the kynge, "I am ryght wrothe for your departyng. I pray yow, faire knyghte, that ye tary not long, and ye shal be ryght welcome to me and to my barons, and I shalle amende all mysse that I have done ageynst yow." "God thanke your grete lordship," said Balen, and therwith made hym redy to departe. Thenne the moost party of the knyghtes of the Round Table sayd that Balen did not this aventure al only by myghte, but by wytchecraft.

Capitulum Tercium.

THE meane whyle that this knyght was makyng hym redy to departe, there came in to the court a lady that hyght the Lady of the Lake. And she came on horsback, rychely bysene, and salewed kynge Arthur, and there asked hym a yefte that he promysed her whan she gaf hym the swerd. "That is sothe," said Arthur, "a gyfte I promysed yow, but I have forgoten the name of my swerd that ye gave me." "The name of it," said the lady, "is Excalibur, that is as moche to say as, Cut stele." "Ye saye wel," said the kynge, "aske what ye wil and ye shall have it, and hit lye in my power to yeve hit." "Wel," sayd the lady, "I aske the heede of the knyghte that hath wonne the swerd, or els the damoysels heede that broughte hit. I take no force though I have bothe their hedes, for he slewe my broder, a good kny*ght*e and a true, and that gentilwoman was causar of my faders deth." "Truly," said kynge Arthur, "I maye not graunte neyther of her hedes with my worship, therfor aske what ye wille els and I shall fulfille your desyre." "I wil aske

none other thyng," said the lady. Whan Balyn was redy to departe he sawe the Lady of the Lake that by her menes had slayne Balyns moder, and he had soughte her thre yeres; and whan it was told hym that she asked his hede of kynge Arthur he went to her streyte and said, "Evyl be you founde: ye wold have my hede, and therfore ye shall lese yours," and with hys swerd lyghtly he smote of hir hede before kynge Arthur. "Allas, for shame," sayd Arthur, "why have ye done so? ye have shamed me and al my courte; for this was a lady that I was be holden to, and hyther she came under my sauf conduyte. I shalle never foryeve you that trespas." "Sir," said Balen, "me forthynketh of your displeasyr, for this same lady was the untruest lady lyvynge, and by enchauntement and sorssery she hath ben the destroyer of many good knyghtes, and she was causer that my moder was brente thorow her falshede and trechery." "What cause soo ever ye had," said Arthur, "ye shold have forborne her in my presence; therfor thynke not the contrary, ye shalle repente it, for suche another despyte had I never in my courte; therfor withdrawe yow oute of my courte in al hast that ye may."

Thenne Balen toke up the heed of the lady and bare it with hym to his hostry, and there he met with his squyer, that was sory he had displeasyd kyng Arthur, and so they rode forth oute of the town. "Now," said Balen, "we must departe; take thow this hede and bere it to my frendys, and telle hem how I have sped, and telle my frendys in Northumberland that my most foo is deed. Also telle hem how I am oute of pryson, and what aventure befelle me at the getyng of this swerd." "Allas," said the squyar, "ye are gretely to blame for to displease kyng Arthur." "As for that," said Balen, "I wylle hyhe me in al the hast that I may to mete with kynge Ryons

and destroye hym eyther els or dye therfor; and yf it may happe me to wynne hym, thenne wille kynge Arthur be my good and gracious lord." "Where shall I mete with yow?" saide the squyer. "In kynge Arthurs court," said Balen. So his squyer and he departed at that tyme. Thenne kynge Arthur and alle the court made grete doole, and had shame of the deth of the Lady of the Lake. Thenne the kyng buryed her rychely.

Capitulum iiij.

At that tyme ther was a knyghte the whiche was the kynges sone of Irelond, and his name was Launceor, the whiche was an orgulous kny*ght*, and counted hym self one of the best of the courte, and he had grete despyte at Balen for the enchevynge of the swerd, that ony shold be acounted more hardy or more of prowesse; and he asked kynge Arthur yf he wold gyve hym leve to ryde after Balen, and to revenge the despyte that he had done. "Doo your best," said Arthur. "I am right wroth said[1] Balen, I wold he were quyte of the despyte that he hath done to me and to my courte." Thenne this Launceor wente to his hostry to make hym redy.

In the meane whyle cam Merlyn unto the court of kyng Arthur, and there was told hym the adventure of the swerd and the deth of the Lady of the Lake. "Now shall I saye yow," said Merlyn, "this same damoysel that here standeth that broughte the swerde unto your court, I shalle telle yow the cause of her comynge: she was the falsest damoysel that lyveth." "Say not so," said they. "She hath a broder, a passynge good knyght of prowesse and a ful true man, and this damoysel loved another knyght that helde her to peramour, and this good knyght

[1] Read *with*.

her broder mett with the knyght that held her to peramour, and slewe hym by force of his handes. Whan this fals damoysel understood thys, she wente to the lady Lyle of Avelione, and besought her of help to be avengyd on her owne broder."

Capitulum quintum.

"And so this lady Lyle of Avelion toke her this swerd that she broughte with her, and told there shold noo man pulle it oute of the shethe but yf he be one of the best knyghtes of this reame, and he shold be hard and ful of prowesse, and with that swerd he shold slee her broder. This was the cause that the damoysel came in to this courte. I knowe it as wel as ye. Wolde God she had nat[1] comen in to thys courte; but she came never in felauship of worship to do good, but alweyes grete harme. And that knyght that hath encheved the suerd shal be destroyed by that suerd, for the whiche wil be grete dommage; for ther lyveth not a knyght of more prowesse than he is, and he shalle do unto yow, my lord Arthur, grete honour and kyndenesse, and it is grete pyte he shall not endure but a whyle, for of his strengthe and hardynesse I knowe not his matche lyvynge."

Soo the knyght of Irelonde armed hym at al poyntes, and dressid his shelde on his sholder, and mounted upon horsback, and toke his spere in his hand, and rode after a grete paas as moche as his hors myght goo, and within a lytel space on a montayne he had a syghte of Balyn, and with a lowde voys he cryed, "Abyde, knyght, for ye shal abyde whether ye will or nyll, and the sheld that is to fore you shalle not helpe." Whan Balyn herd the noyse he tourned his hors fyersly, and saide, "Faire knyghte, what wille ye with me, wille ye juste with me?"

[1] Read *not.*

"Ye," said the Irysshe knyghte, "therfor come I after yow." "Paraventure," said Balyn, "it had ben better to have hold yow at home, for many a man weneth to putte his enemy to a rebuke, and ofte it falleth to hym self. Of what courte be ye sente fro?" said Balyn. "I am come fro the courte of kynge Arthur," sayd the knyghte of Irlond, "that come hyder for to revenge the despyte ye dyd this day to kyng Arthur and to his courte." "Wel," said Balyn, "I see wel I must have adoo with yow: that me forthynketh for to greve kyng Arthur or ony of his courte; and your quarel is ful symple," said Balyn, "unto me, for the lady that is dede dyd me grete dommage, or els wold I have ben lothe as ony knyghte that lyveth for to slee a lady." "Make yow redy," sayd the knyght Launceor, "and dresse yow unto me, for that one shalle abyde in the feld." Thenne they toke their speres and cam to gyders as moche as their horses myght dryve, and the Irysshe knyght smote Balyn on the sheld, that alle wente shevers of his spere, and Balyn hyt hym thorugh the sheld, and the hauberk perysshed, and so percyd thurgh his body and the hors croppe, and anon torned his hors fyersly and drewe oute his swerd, and wyste not that he had slayn hym, and thenne he sawe hym lye as a dede corps.

Capitulum vj.

Thenne he loked by hym and was ware of a damoysel that came ryde ful fast as the hors myghte ryde on a fayr palfroy; and whan she aspyed that Launceor was slayne she made sorowe oute of mesure, and sayd, "O Balyn, two bodyes thou hast slayne, and one herte and two hertes in one body, and two soules thow hast lost." And therwith she toke the swerd from her love that lay ded, and fylle to the ground in a swowne. And whan she

aroos she made grete dole out of mesure, the whiche sorowe greved Balyn passyngly sore, and he wente unto her for to have taken the swerd oute of her hand, but she helde it so fast he myghte not take it oute of her hand onles he shold have hurte her; and sodenly she sette the pomell to the ground and rofe her self thorow the body. Whan Balyn aspyed her dedes he was passynge hevy in his herte and ashamed that so fair a damoysell had destroyed her self for the love of his deth. "Allas," said Balyn, "me repenteth sore the deth of this knyght for the love of this damoysel, for ther was moche true love betwixe them bothe." And for sorowe myght not lenger behold hym, but torned his hors and loked toward a grete forest, and ther he was ware by the armes of his broder Balan. And whan they were mette they putte of her helmes and kyssed to gyders, and wepte for joye and pyte. Thenne Balan sayd, "I lytel wende to have met with yow at this sodayne aventure; I am ryght glad of your delyveraunce and of youre dolorous prysonement; for a man told me in the castel of Four Stones that ye were delyverd, and that man had sene you in the court of kynge Arthur, and therfor I cam hyder in to this countrey, for here I supposed to fynde you." Anon the knyght Balyn told his broder of his adventure of the swerd, and of the deth of the Lady of the Lake, and how kyng Arthur was displeasyd with hym: "Wherfor he sente this knyght after me that lyeth here dede, and the dethe of this damoysel greveth me sore." "So doth it me," said Balan, "but ye must take the adventure that God will ordeyne yow." "Truly," said Balyn, "I am ryght hevy that my lord Arthur is displeasyd with me, for he is the moost worshipful knyght that regneth now on erthe, and his love will I gete or els I wil put my lyf in aventure; for the kyng Ryons lyeth at a syege atte castel Tarabil, and

thyder will we drawe in all hast to preve our worship and prowesse upon hym." "I wil wel," said Balan, "that we do, and we wil helpe eche other as bretheren ought to do."

Ca vij.

"Now go we hens," said Balyn, "and wel be we met." The mene whyle as they talked ther cam a dwarf from the cyte of Camelot on horsbak, as moche as he myght, and found the dede bodyes; wherfor he made grete dole, and pulled out his here for sorou, and saide, "Which of you knyghtes have done this dede?" "Where by askest thou it?" said Balan, "For I wold wete it," said the dwarfe. "It was I," said Balyn, "that slewe this knyght in my defendaunt, for hyder he cam to chaace me, and other I must slee hym or he me; and this damoysel slewe her self for his love, whiche repenteth me, and for her sake I shal owe al wymmen the better love." "Allas," said the dwarf, "thow hast done grete dommage unto thy self, for this knyght that is here dede was one of the most valyaunts men that lyved, and trust wel, Balyn, the kynne of this knyght wille chace yow thorowe the world tyl they have slayne yow." "As for that," sayd Balyn, "I fere not gretely, but I am ryght hevy that I have displeasyd my lord kyng Arthur for the deth of this knyght."

Soo as they talked to gyders there came a kynge of Cornewaille rydynge, the whiche hyghte kynge Mark. And whanne he sawe these two bodyes dede, and understood hou they were dede by the ij knyghtes above saide, thenne maade the kynge grete sorowe for the true love that was betwix them, and said, "I wil not departe tyl I have on this erthe made a tombe." And there he pyght his pavelions, and soughte thurgh alle the countrey to fynde a tombe; and in a chirche they found one was fair

and ryche. And thenne the kynge lete put hem bothe in the erthe, and put the tombe upon hem, and wrote the names of them bothe on the tombe, how:—"Here lyeth Launceor the kynges sone of Irlond that at his owne request was slayne by the handes of Balyn, and how his lady Colombe and peramoure slewe her self with her loves swerd for dole and sorowe."

Capitulum viij.

The mene whyle as this was a doyng, in cam Merlyn to kyng Mark, seyng alle his doynge, said, "Here shalle be in this same place the grettest bataille betwixt two knyghtes that was or ever shall be, and the truest lovers, and yet none of hem shalle slee other." And there Merlyn wrote her names upon the tombe with letters of gold that shold fyghte in that place, whos names were Launcelot de Lake and Trystram. "Thow art a merveillous man," saide kynge Marke unto Merlyn, "that spekest of suche merveilles, thou art a boystous man and an unlykely to telle of suche dedes: what is thy name?" said kynge Marke. "At this tyme," said Merlyn, "I will not telle, but at that tyme whan Syr Trystram is taken with his soverayne lady, thenne ye shalle here and knowe my name, and at that tyme ye shal here tydynges that shal not please yow." Thenne said Merlyn to Balyn, "Thou hast done thy self grete hurt by cause that thow savest not this lady that slewe her self, that myght have saved her and thow woldest." "By the feyth of my body," sayd Balyn, "I myght not save her, for she slewe her self sodenly." "Me repenteth," saide Merlyn, "by cause of the dethe of that lady thou shalt stryke a stroke most dolorous that ever man stroke excepte the stroke of oure Lorde, for thou shalt hurte the truest knyght and the

man of most worship that now lyveth, and thorow that stroke iij kyngdoms shal be in grete poverte, mysere, and wretchidnes, xij yere, and the knyght shal not be hool of that wound many yeres."

Thenne Merlyn toke his leve of Balyn; and Balen said, "Yf I wist it were soth that ye say I shold do suche peryllous dede as that, I wold slee my self to make the a lyar." Therwith Merlyn vanysshed awey sodenly; and thenne Balyn and his broder toke her leve of kynge Mark. "Fyrst," said the kynge, "telle me your name." "Syr," said Balen, "ye may see he bereth two swerdes, ther by ye may calle hym the knyght with the two swerdes." And soo departed kyng Marke unto Camelot to kynge Arthur, and Balyn toke the wey toward kyng Ryons. And as they rode to gyder they mett with Merlyn desguysed, but they knewe hym not. "Whyder ryde yow?" said Merlyn, "We have lytel to do," saide the ij knyghtes, "to telle the." "But what is thy name?" said Balen. "At this tyme," said Merlyn, "I will not telle it the." "It is evyl sene," said the knyghtes, "that thou art a true man, that thou wolt not telle thy name." "As for that," sayd Merlyn, "be hit as it be may, I can telle yow wherfor ye ryde this wey, for to mete kyng Ryons, but it will not availle you without ye have my counceill." "A," said Balyn, "ye are Merlyn: we wyl be rulyd by your counceill." "Come on," said Merlyn, "ye shal have grete worship, and loke that ye do knyghtely, for ye shal have grete nede." "As for that," said Balen, "drede yow not we will do what we may."

Capitulum ix.

Thenne Merlyn lodged them in a wode amonge levys besyde the hyhe way, and toke of the brydels of their horses and put hem to gras, and leid hem doun to reste hem tylle it was nyhe mydny*gh*t. Thenne Merlyn badde hem ryse and make hem redy, for the the[1] kynge was nygh them, that was stolen awey from his hoost with a iij score horses of his best kny*gh*tes, and xx of hem rode to fore to warne the lady de Vance that the kyng was comyng; for that ny*gh*t kyng Ryons shold have layn with her. "Whiche is the kyng?" said Balyn. "Abyde," said Merlyn, "here in a streyte wey ye shal mete with hym"; and therwith he shewed Balyn and his broder where he rode. Anon Balyn and his broder mette with the kyng, and smote hym doune, and wounded hym fyersly, and leid hym to the ground, and there they slewe on the ryght hand and the lyfte hand, and slewe moo than xl of his men; and the remenaunt fled. Thenne went they ageyne to kyng Ryons, and wold have slayn hym had he not yelded hym unto her grace. Thenne said he thus: "Knyghtes ful of prowesse, slee me not, for by my lyf ye may wynne, and by my dethe ye shalle wynne noo thynge." Thenne sayd these two knyghtes, "Ye say sothe and trouth"; and so leyd hym on on[2] hors lyttar. With that Merlyn was vanysshed and came to kyng Arthur afore hand, and told hym how his most enemy was taken and discomfyted. "By whome?" said kynge Arthur. "By two knyghtes," said Merlyn, "that wold please your lordship, and to morowe ye shalle knowe what knyghtes they are." Anone after cam the knyght with the two swerdes, and Balan his broder, and brought

[1] *Sic.* [2] Read *an.*

with hem kynge Ryons of Northwalys, and there delyverd hym to the porters, and charged hem with hym; and soo they two retorned ageyne in the daunyng of the day.

Kynge Arthur cam thenne to kyng Ryons and said, "Syr kynge, ye are welcome: by what aventure come ye hyder?" "Syr," said kyng Ryons, "I cam hyther by an hard aventure." "Who wanne yow?" said kyng Arthur. "Syre," said the kyng, "the knyght with the two swerdes and his broder, whiche are two merveillous knyghtes of prowesse." "I knowe hem not," sayd Arthur, "but moche I am beholden to them." "A," said Merlyn, "I shal telle yow, it is Balen that encheved the swerd and his broder Balan a good knyght; ther lyveth not a better of prowesse and of worthynesse, and it shal be the grettest dole of hym that ever I knewe of knyght, for he shalle not long endure." "Allas," saide kynge Arthur, "that is grete pyte, for I am moche beholdyng unto hym, and I have yll deserved it unto hym for his kyndenes." "Nay," said Merlyn, "he shal do moche more for yow, and that shal ye knowe in hast. But, syr, are ye purveyed?" said Merlyn, "for to morne the hooste of Nero, kynge Ryons broder, wille sette on yow or none with a grete hoost, and therfor make yow redy, for I wyl departe from yow."

Capitulum x.

THENNE kyng Arthur made redy his hoost in x batails, and Nero was redy in the felde afore the castel Tarabil with a grete hoost, and he had x batails, with many mo peple than Arthur had. Thenne Nero had the vaward with the moost party of his peple; and Merlyn cam to kyng Lot of the Yle of Orkeney, and helde hym with a tale of prophecye til Nero and his peple were destroyed.

And ther Syr Kay the sencyal dyd passyngly wel, that the dayes of his lyf the worship went never from hym, and Sir Hervys de Revel did merveillous dedes with[1] kynge Arthur, and kynge Arthur slewe that daye xx knyghtes and maymed xl. At that tyme cam in the knyghte with the two swerdys, and his broder Balan. But they two did so merveillously that the kynge and alle the knyghtes merveilled of them, and alle they that behelde them said they were sente from heven as aungels or devyls from helle; and kynge Arthur said hym self they were the best knyghtes that ever he sawe, for they gaf suche strokes that all men had wonder of hem. In the meane whyle came one to kynge Lott and told hym, whyle he taryed there Nero was destroyed and slayne with al his peple. "Allas," sayd kynge Lot, "I am ashamed, for by my defaute ther is many a worshipful man slayne, for and we had ben to gyders there hadde ben none hooste under the heven that had ben abel for to have matched with us. This fayter with his prophecye hath mocked me." Al that dyd Merlyn, for he knewe wel that and kyng Lot had ben with his body there at the fyrst bataille, kynge Arthur had be slayne and alle his peple destroyed. And wel Merlyn knewe the one of the kynges shold be dede that day, and loth was Merlyn that ony of them both sholde be slayne. But of the tweyne he had lever kyng Lotte had be slayne than kynge Arthur.

"Now, what is best to doo?" sayd kyng Lot of Orkeney, "whether is me better to treate with kynge Arthur or to fyghte, for the gretter party of oure peple are slayne and destroyed." "Syr," said a knyght, "set on Arthur, for they are wery and forfoughten, and we be fresshe." "As for me," sayd kyng Lot, "I wolde every knyght wolde do his parte as I wold do myn." And thenne they

[1] *With* repeated in Caxton's text.

avaunced baners and smoten to gyders, and al to shevered their speres; and Arthurs knyghtes, with the helpe of the knyght with two swerdes and his broder Balan, put kyng Lot and his hoost to the werre.[1] But alweyes kyng Lot helde hym in the formest frunte and dyd merveillous dedes of armes; for alle his hooste was borne up by his handes, for he abode al knyghtes. Allas! he myght not endure, the whiche was grete pyte that so worthy a knyyt[2] as he was one shold be overmatched, that of late tyme afore hadde ben a knyght of kyng Arthurs, and wedded the sister of kyng Arthur. And for kyng Arthur lay by kyng Lots wyf, the whiche was Arthurs syster, and gat on her Mordred, therfor kyng Lot held aye*n*st Arthur. So ther was a knyght that was called the knyghte with the straunge beeste, and at that tyme his ryght name was called Pellinore, the whiche was a good man of prowesse, and he smote a myghty stroke att kynge Lot as he fought with all his enemyes, and he fayled of his stroke, and smote the hors neck, that he fylle to the grounde with kyng Lot. And therwith anon Pellinore smote hym a grete stroke thorow the helme and hede unto the browes; and thenne alle the hooste of Orkeney fled for the deth of kynge Lott, and there were slayn many moders sones. But kynge Pellinore bare the wytte of the deth of kynge Lot, wherfore Syr Gawayne revenged the deth of his fader the x yere after he was made knyght, and slewe kynge Pellinore with his owne handes. Also there were slayne at that bataille xij kynges on the syde of kyng Lot with Nero, and alle were buryed in the chirche of Saynt Stevyns in Camelot, and the remenaunt of knyghtes and of other were buryed in a grete roche.

[1] Read *werse*. [2] *Sic*.

Capitulum xj.

So at the enterement cam kynge Lots wyf Morgause with her foure sones, Gawayne, Agravayne, Gaherys, and Gareth. Also ther came thyder kyng Uryens Syr Ewayns fader and Morgan le Fay his wyf that was kyng Arthurs syster. Alle these cam to the enterement, but of alle these xij kynges kyng Arthur lete make the tombe of kynge Lot passyng rychely, and made his tombe by his owne. And thenne Arthur lete make xij ymages of laton and couper, and over gylt hit with gold in the sygne of xij kynges, and echon of hem helde a tapyr of wax that brent day and nyght; and kyng Arthur was made in sygne of a fygure standynge above hem with a swerd drawen in his hand, and alle the xij fygures had countenaunce lyke unto men that were overcome. All this made Merlyn by his subtyl crafte, and ther he told the kyng, "Whan I am dede these tapers shalle brenne no lenger, and soone after the adventures of the Sangrayll shalle come among yow and be encheved." Also he told Arthur how Balyn the worshipful knyght shal gyve the dolourous stroke, wherof shalle falle grete vengeaunce. "O, where is Balen, and Balan, and Pellinore?" saide kynge Arthur. "As for Pellinore," sayd Merlyn, "he wyl mete with yow soone; and as for Balyn he wille not be longe from yow, but the other broder wil departe, ye shalle see hym no more." "By my feyth," said Arthur, "they are two merveyllous knyghtes, and namely Balyn passeth of prowesse of ony knyghte that ever I found, for moche be holden I am unto hym; wold God he wold abyde with me." "Syr," sayd Merlyn, "loke ye kepe wel the scaubard of Excalibur, for ye shalle lese no blood whyle ye have the scauberd upon yow, though ye have as many woundes upon yow as ye may have."

Soo after, for grete trust Arthur betoke the scauberd to Morgan le Fay his syster, and she loved another knyght better than her husband kynge Uryens or kynge Arthur, and she wold have had Arthur her broder slayne, and ther for she lete make another scauberd lyke it by enchauntement, and gaf the scauberd Excalibur to her love. And the knyghtes name was called Accolon, that after had nere slayne kyng Arthur. After this Merlyn told unto kynge Arthur of the prophecye that there shold be a grete batail besyde Salysbury, and Mordred his owne sone sholde be ageynste hym. Also he tolde hym that Basdemegus was his cosyn, and germayn unto kynge Uryence.

Capitulum xij.

WYTHIN a daye or two kynge Arthur was somewhat seke, and he lete pytche his pavelione in a medowe, and there he leyd hym doune on a paylet to slepe, but he myght have no rest. Ryght so he herd a grete noyse of an hors, and therwith the kynge loked oute at the porche of the pavelione, and sawe a knyght comynge even by hym makyng grete dole. "Abyde, fair syr," said Arthur, "and telle me wherfor thow makest this sorowe." "Ye maye lytel amend me," said the knyghte, and soo passed forthe to the castel of Melyot. Anone after ther cam Balen, and whan he sawe kynge Arthur he alyght of his hors, and cam to the kynge on foote, and salewed hym. "By my hede," saide Arthur, "ye be welcome. Sire, ryght now cam rydynge this way a knyght makynge grete moorne, for what cause I can not telle; wherfor I wold desyre of yow of your curtosye and of your gentylnesse to fetche ageyne that knyght eyther by force or els by his good wil." "I wil do more for your lordship than that," said Balyn; and so he rode more than a paas, and found

the knyght with a damoysel in a forest, and said, "Sir knyght, ye must come with me unto kynge Arthur for to telle hym of your sorow." "That wille I not," sayd the knyghte, "for hit wylle scathe me gretely, and now do yow none avaylle." "Syr," sayd Balyn, "I pray yow make yow redy, for ye must goo with me, or els I must fyghte with yow and brynge yow by force, and that were me loth to doo." "Wylle ye be my waraunt," said the knyght, "and I goo with yow?" "Ye," saide Balyn, "or els I wylle deye therfore." And so he made hym redy to go with Balyn, and lefte the damoysel stylle. And as they were even afore kynge Arthurs pavelione there came one invysybel, and smote thys knyghte that wente with Balyn thorow oute the body wyth a spere. "Allas," sayd the knyght, "I am slayne under youre conduyt with a knyght called Garlon: therfor take my hors, that is better than yours, and ryde to the damoysel, and folowe the quest that I was in as she wylle lede yow, and revenge my deth whan ye may." "That shalle I doo," sayd Balyn, "and that I make vowe unto knyghthode," and so he departed from thys knyghte with grete sorowe. Soo kyng Arthur lete berye thys knyght rychely, and made a mensyon on his tombe how there was slayne Herlews le Berbeus, and by whome the trechery was done, the knyght Garlon. But ever the damoysel bare the truncheon of the spere with her that Syr Harlews was slayn with al.

Capitulum xiij.

So Balyn and the damoysel rode in to a forest, and ther met with a knyght that had ben on huntynge, and that knyght asked Balyn for what cause he made so grete sorowe. "Me lyst not to telle yow," saide Balyn. "Now," saide the knyghte, "and I were armed as ye be,

I wolde fyghte wyth yow." "That shold lytel nede," sayd Balyn; "I am not aferd to telle yow"; and told hym alle the cause how it was. "A," sayd the knyght, "is this al? Here I ensure yow by the feithe of my body never to departe from yow whyle my lyf lasteth." And soo they wente to the hostry and armed hem, and so rode forth with Balyn. And as they came by an heremytage even by a chyrche yerd, ther cam the knyghte Garlon invysybel and smote thys knyghte, Peryn de Mountebeliard, thurgh the body with a spere. "Allas," saide the knyghte, "I am slayne by this traytoure knyghte that rydeth invysyble." "Allas," said Balyn, "it is not the fyrst despyte he hath done me." And there the heremyte and Balyn beryed the knyght under a ryche stone and a tombe royal. And on the morne they fond letters of gold wryten, how Syr Gaweyn shalle revenge his faders deth, kynge Lot, on the kynge Pellinore.

Anone after this Balyn and the damoysel rode tyl they came to a castel, and there Balyn alyghte; and he and the damoysel wende to goo in to the castel. And anone as Balyn came within the castels yate the portecolys fylle doune at his bak, and there felle many men about the damoysel, and wold have slayne her. Whan Balyn sawe that, he was sore agreved, for he myghte not helpe the damoysel. Thanne he wente up in to the toure, and lepte over wallys in to the dyche, and hurte hym not; and anone he pulled oute his suerd and wold have fought*h*ten with hem. And they all sayd nay, they wold not fyghte with hym, for they dyd no thyng but thold custome of the castel, and told hym how her lady was seke, and had layne many yeres, and she myghte not be hole but yf she had a dysshe of sylver ful of blood of a clene mayde and a kynges doughter; and therfore the custome of this castel is, there shalle no damoysel passe

this way but she shal blede of her blood in a sylver dysshe ful. "Wel," said Balyn, "she shal blede as moche as she may blede, but I wille not lese the lyf of her whyles my lyf lasteth." And soo Balyn made her to blede by her good will, but her blood halpe not the lady. And so he and she rested there al nyght, and had there ryght good chere, and on the morn they passed on their wayes. And as it telleth after in the Sangraylle that Syre Percyvalis syster halpe that lady with her blood, wherof she was dede.

Capitulum xiiij.

Thenne they rode thre or foure dayes and never mette with adventure, and by happe they were lodged with a gentyll man that was a ryche man and well at ease. And as they sat at her souper Balyn herd over complayne grevously by hym in a chayer. "What is this noyse?" said Balen. "Forsothe," said his hoost, "I wylle telle yow. I was but late att a justynge, and there I justed with a knyghte that is broder unto kynge Pellam, and twyes smote I hym doune; and thenne he promysed to quyte me on my best frynde, and so he wounded my sone, that can not be hole tyll I have of that knyghtes blood, and he rydeth alwey invysyble, but I knowe not his name." "A," sayd Balyn, "I knowe that knyght, his name is Garlon, he hath slayne two knyghtes of myn in the same maner, therfor I had lever mete with that knyght than alle the gold in this realme, for the despyte he hath done me." "Wel," said his ooste, "I shalle telle yow, kynge Pellam of Lystyneyse hath made do crye in all this countrey a grete feest that shal be within these xx dayes, and no knyght may come ther but yf he brynge his wyf wyth hym or his peramour, and that knyght*e*, youre enemy

and myn, ye shalle see that daye." "Thenne I behote yow," sayd Balyn, "parte of his blood to hele youre sone with alle." "We wille be forward to morne," sayd his oost.

So on the morne they rode all thre toward Pellam, and they had xv dayes journey or they cam thyder; and that same day began the greete feeste. And soo they alyght and stabled theyr horses, and went in to the castel, but Balyns oost myght not be lete in by cause he had no lady. Thenne Balyn was wel receyved, and brought unto a chamber and unarmed hym, and there were brought hym robes to his pleasyr, and wold have had Balen leve his swerd behynde hym. "Nay," sayd Balen, "that doo I not, for it is the customme of my countrey a knyghte alweyes to kepe his wepen with hym, and that customme wylle I kepe, or els I wyll departe as I cam." Thenne they gaf hym leve to were his swerd, and so he wente unto the castel, and was sette amonge knyghtes of worship, and his lady afore hym. Soone Balyn asked a knyght, "Is ther not a knyghte in this court whos name is Garlon?" "Yonder he goth," sayd a knyght, "he with the blak face; he is the merveyllest kny*gh*t that is now lyvyng, for he destroyeth many good knyghtes, for he goth invysyble." "A, wel," said Balen, "is that he?" Thenne Balyn avysed hym long:—"Yf I slee hym here I shall not scape, and yf I leve hym now peraventur I shalle never mete with hym ageyne at suche a steven, and moche harme he wille doo and he lyve." Ther with this Garlon aspyed that this Balen behelde hym, and thenne he came and smote Balyn on the face with the bak of his hand, and sayd, "Kny*gh*t, why beholdest thow me so? For shame! therfor ete thy mete and doo that thow cam for." "Thow sayst sothe," said Balyn, "this is not the fyrst despyte that thow hast done me, and therfor

I will doo that I cam for"; and rose up fyersly and clave his hede to the sholders. "Gyve me the truncheon," sayd Balyn to his lady, "where with he slewe your knyghte." Anone she gaf it hym, for alwey she bare the troncheon with her. And therwith Balyn smote hym thurgh the body, and sayd openly, "With that truncheon thow hast slayn a good knyghte, and now it stycketh in thy body." And thenne Balyn called unto hym his hoost, sayenge, "Now may ye fetche blood ynough to hele your sone with all."

Capitulum xv.

Anone all the knyghtes aroos from the tabyl for to set on Balyn, and kynge Pellam hym self aroos up fyersly, and sayd, "Knyght, hast thow slayn my broder? thow shalt dye therfor or thou departe." "Wel," said Balen, "do it your self." "Yis," sayde kyng Pellam, "ther shall no man have ado with the but my self for the love of my broder." Thenne kyng Pellam caught in his hand a grym wepen and smote egrely at Balyn, but Balyn put his swerd betwixe his hede and the stroke, and therwith his swerd brest in sonder. And whan Balyn was wepenles he ranne in to a chamber for to seke somme wepen, and soo fro chamber to chamber, and no wepen he coude fynde, and alweyes kynge Pellam after hym. And at the last he entryd in to a chambyr that was merveillously wel dyghte and rychely, and a bedde arayed with clothe of gold, the rychest that myghte be thought, and one lyenge theryn; and therby stode a table of clene gold with four pelours of sylver that bare up the table, and upon the table stood a merveillous spere straungely wrought. And whan Balyn sawe that spere he gat it in his hand, and torned hym to kyng Pellam, and smote hym passyngly sore with that

spere, that kynge Pellam felle doune in a swoune; and therwith the castel roofe and wallys brake and fylle to the erthe, and Balyn felle doune so that he myghte not stere foote nor hand. And so the moost parte of the castel that was falle doune thorugh that dolorous stroke laye upon Pellam and Balyn thre dayes.

Capitulum xvj.

THENNE Merlyn cam thyder and toke up Balyn and gat hym a good hors, for his was dede, and bad hym ryde oute of that countrey. "I wold have my damoysel," sayd Balyn. "Loo," sayd Merlyn, "where she lyeth dede." And kynge Pellam lay so many yeres sore wounded, and myght never be hole tyl Galahad, the haute prynce, heled hym in the quest of the Sangraille; for in that place was part of the blood of our Lord Jhesu Cryst that Joseph of Armathe broughte in to this lond, and ther hym self lay in that ryche bed. And that was the same spere that Longeus smote oure Lorde to the herte; and kynge Pellam was nyghe of Joseph kynne, and that was the moost worshipful man that lyved in tho dayes, and grete pyte it was of his hurte, for thorow that stroke torned to grete dole, tray, and tene.

Thenne departed Balyn from Merlyn and sayd, "In this world we mete never nomore." Soo he rode forth thorowe the fayr countreyes and cytees, and fond the peple dede, slayne on every syde. And alle that were on lyve cryed, "O Balyn, thow hast caused grete dommage in these contrayes for the dolorous stroke thow gavest unto kynge Pellam; thre countreyes are destroyed, and doubte not but the vengeaunce wil falle on the at the last." Whanne Balyn was past tho contrayes he was passyng fayne. So he rode eyght dayes or he met with

aventure. And at the last he came in to a fayr forest in a valey, and was ware of a toure. And there besyde he sawe a grete hors of werre tayed to a treee, and ther besyde satte a fayr knyght on the ground and made grete mornynge, and he was a lykely man and a wel made. Balyn sayd, "God save yow, why be ye so hevy? telle me and I wylle amende it, and I may to my power." "Syr knyghte," said he ageyne, "thow doest me grete gryef, for I was in mery thoughtes, and now thou puttest me to more payne." Balyn wente a lytel from hym, and loked on his hors; thenne herd Balyn hym saye thus: "A, fair lady, why have ye broken my promyse? for thow promysest me to mete me here by none, and I maye curse the that ever ye gaf me this swerd, for with this swerd I slee my self," and pulled it oute; and therwith Balyn sterte unto hym and took hym by the hand. "Lete goo my hand," sayd the knyght, "or els I shal slee the." "That shal not nede," said Balyn, "for I shal promyse yow my helpe to gete yow your lady, and ye wille telle me where she is." "What is your name?" sayd the knyght. "Myn name is Balyn le Saveage." "A, syr, I knowe yow wel ynough; ye are the knyght with the two swerdys, and the man of moost prowesse of your handes lyvyng." "What is your name?" sayd Balen. "My name is Garnysshe of the Mount, a poure mans sone, but by my prowesse and hardynesse a duke hath maade me knyght, and gaf me landes: his name is duke Hermel, and his doughter is she that I love, and she me as I demed." "Hou fer is she hens?" sayd Balyn. "But xj myle," said the knyghte. "Now ryde we hens," sayde these two knyghtes. So they rode more than a paas tyll that they cam to a fayr castel, wel wallyd and dyched. "I wylle in to the castel," sayd Balen, "and loke yf she be ther." Soo he wente in and serched fro chamber to cha*m*bir, and

fond her bedde, but she was not there. Thenne Balen loked in to a fayr litil gardyn, and under a laurel tre he sawe her lye upon a quylt of grene samyte, and a knyght in her armes, fast halsynge eyther other, and under their hedes grasse and herbes. Whan Balen sawe her lye so with the fowlest knyghte that ever he sawe, and she a fair lady, thenne Balyn wente thurgh alle the chambers ageyne, and told the knyghte how he fond her as she had slepte fast, and so brought hym in the place there she lay fast slepynge.

Capitulum xvij.

AND whan Garnyssh beheld hir so lyeng, for pure sorou his mouth and nose brast oute on bledynge, and with his swerd he smote of bothe their hedes, and thenne he maade sorowe oute of mesure, and sayd, "O Balyn, moche sorow hast thow brought unto me, for haddest thow not shewed me that syght I shold have passed my sorow." "Forsoth," said Balyn, "I did it to this entent that it sholde better thy courage, and that ye myght see and knowe her falshede, and to cause yow to leve love of suche a lady: God knoweth I dyd none other but as I wold ye dyd to me." "Allas!" said Garnysshe, "now is my sorou doubel that I may not endure. Now have I slayne that I moost loved in al my lyf"; and therwith sodenly he roofe hym self on his own swerd unto the hyltys. When Balen sawe that, he dressid hym thens ward, lest folke wold say he had slayne them, and so he rode forth. And within thre dayes he cam by a crosse, and theron were letters of gold wryten that said: "It is not for no knyght alone to ryde toward this castel." Thenne sawe he an old hore gentylman comyng toward hym that sayd, "Balyn le Saveage, thow passyst thy

bandes to come this waye, therfor torne ageyne and it will availle the." And he vanysshed awey anone; and soo he herd an horne blowe as it had ben the dethe of a best. "That blast," said Balyn, "is blowen for me, for I am the pryse and yet am I not dede." Anone with al he sawe an hondred ladyes and many knyghtes that welcommed hym with fayr semblaunt, and made hym passyng good chere unto his syght, and ledde hym in to the castel, and ther was daunsynge and mynstralsye and alle maner of joye. Thenne the chyef lady of the castel said, "Knyghte with the two suerdys, ye must have adoo and juste with a knyght hereby that kepeth an iland, for ther may no man passe this way but he must juste or he passe." "That is an unhappy customme," said Balyn, "that a knyght may not passe this wey but yf he juste." "Ye shalle not have adoo but with one knyghte," sayd the lady. "Wel," sayd Balyn, "syn I shalle, therto I am redy, but traveillynge men are ofte wery, and their horses to; but though my hors be wery, my hert is not wery. I wold be fayne ther my deth shold be." "Syr," said a knyght to Balyn, "me thynketh your sheld is not good, I wille lene yew a byggar; therof I pray yow." And so he tooke the sheld that was unknowen and lefte his owne, and so rode unto the iland, and put hym and his hors in a grete boote. And whan he came on the other syde he met with a damoysel, and she said, "O knyght Balyn, why have ye lefte your owne sheld? allas! ye have put your self in grete daunger, for by your sheld ye shold have ben knowen: it is grete pyte of yow as ever was of knyght, for of thy prowesse and hardynes thou hast no felawe lyvynge." "Me repenteth," said Balyn, "that ever I cam within this countrey, but I maye not torne now ageyne for shame, and what aventure shalle falle to me, be it lyf or dethe, I wille take the adventure that shalle

come to me." And thenne he loked on his armour, and understood he was wel armed, and therwith blessid hym and mounted upon his hors.

Capitulum xviij.

Thenne afore hym he sawe come rydynge oute of a castel a knyght, and his hors trapped all reed, and hym self in the same colour. Whan this knyghte in the reed beheld Balyn, hym thought it shold bee his broder Balen by cause of his two swerdys, but by cause he knewe not his sheld he demed it was not he. And so they aventryd theyr speres and came merveillously fast to gyders, and they smote other in the sheldes, but theire speres and theire cours were soo bygge that it bare doune hors and man, that they lay bothe in a swoun. But Balyn was brysed sore with the falle of his hors, for he was wery of travaille. And Balan was the fyrst that rose on foote, and drewe his swerd and wente toward Balyn, and he aroos and wente ageynst hym. But Balan smote Balyn fyrste, and he put up his shelde and smote hym thorow the shelde and tamyd his helme. Thenne Balyn smote hym ageyne with that unhappy swerd, and wel nyghe had fellyd his broder Balan, and so they fought ther to gyders tyl theyr brethes faylled. Thenne Balyn loked up to the castel, and sawe the towres stand ful of ladyes. Soo they went unto bataille ageyne, and wounded everyche other dolefully, and thenne they brethed oftymes, and so wente unto bataille, that alle the place there as they fought was blood reed. And att that tyme ther was none of them bothe but they hadde eyther smyten other seven grete woundes, so that the lest of them myght have ben the dethe of the myghtyest gyaunt in this world. Thenne they wente to batail ageyn so merveillously that doubte it

was to here of that bataille for the grete blood shedynge. And their hawberkes unnailled, that naked they were on every syde. Atte last Balan, the yonger broder, withdrewe hym a lytel and leid hym doune. Thenne said Balyn le Saveage, "What knyghte arte thow? for or now I found never no knyght that matched me." "My name is," said he, "Balan, broder unto the good knyght Balyn." "Allas!" sayd Balyn, "that ever I shold see this day"; and therwith he felle backward in a swoune. Thenne Balan yede on al four, feet and handes, and put of the helme of his broder, and myght not knowe hym by the vysage, it was so ful hewen and bledde; but whan he awoke he sayd, "O Balan, my broder, thow hast slayne me and I the, wherfore alle the wyde world shalle speke of us bothe." "Allas!" sayd Balan, "that ever I sawe this day, that thorow myshap I myght not knowe yow; for I aspyed wel your two swerdys, but by cause ye had another shild I demed ye had ben another knyght." "Allas!" saide Balyn, "all that maade an unhappy knyght in the castel, for he caused me to leve myn owne shelde to our bothes destruction, and yf I myght lyve I wold destroye that castel for ylle customes." "That were wel done," said Balan, "for I had never grace to departe fro hem syn that I cam hyther; for here it happed me to slee a knyght that kepte this iland, and syn myght I never departe, and nomore shold ye, broder, and ye myght have slayne me as ye have, and escaped your self with the lyf." Ryght so cam the lady of the toure with iiij knyghtes and vj ladyes and vj yomen unto them, and there she herd how they made her mone eyther to other, and sayd, "We came bothe oute of one tombe, that is to say, one moders bely, and so shalle we lye bothe in one pytte." So Balan prayd the lady of her gentylnesse for his true servyse that she wold burye them

bothe in that same place there the bataille was done; and she graunted hem with wepynge it shold be done rychely in the best maner. "Now wille ye sende for a preest that we may receyve our sacrament and receyve the blessid body of our Lord Jhesu Cryst?" "Ye," said the lady, "it shalle be done." And so she sente for a preest and gaf hem her ryghtes. "Now," sayd Balen, "whan we are buryed in one tombe, and the mensyon made over us how ij bretheren slewe eche other, there wille never good knyght nor good man see our tombe but they wille pray for our soules." And so alle the ladyes and gentylwymen wepte for pyte. Thenne anone Balan dyed, but Balyn dyed not tyl the mydnyghte after. And so were they buryed bothe, and the lady lete make a mensyon of Balan how he was ther slayne by his broders handes, but she knewe not Balyns name.

Capitulum xix.

In the morne cam Merlyn and lete wryte Balyns name on the tombe with letters of gold that, "Here lyeth Balyn le Saveage, that was the kny*ght* with the two swerdes, and he that smote the dolorous stroke." Also Merlyn lete make there a bedde, that ther shold never man lye therin but he wente oute of his wytte, yet Launcelot de Lake fordyd that bed thorow his noblesse. And anone after Balyn was dede, Merlyn toke his swerd and toke of the pomel, and set on an other pomel. So Merlyn bad a knyght that stode afore hym handeld[1] that swerd, and he assayed, and he myght not handle hit. Thenne Merlyn lough. "Why laugh ye?" said the knyghte. "This is the cause," said Merlyn, "ther shalle never man handle this suerd but the best knyght of the world, and that

[1] Read *handle.*

shalle be Syr Launcelot or els Galahad his sone; and Launcelot with this suerd shalle slee the man that in the world he loved best, that shalle be Syr Gawayne." Alle this he lete wryte in the pomel of the swerd.

Thenne Merlyn lete make a brydge of yron and of stele in to that iland, and it was but half a foote brode, and there shalle never man passe that brydge nor have hardynes to goo over but yf he were a passyng good man and a good knyght, withoute trechery or vylonye. Also the scaubard of Balyns swerd, Merlyn lefte it on this syde of the iland that Galahad shold fynde it. Also Merlyn lete make by his subtylyte that Balyns swerd was put in a marbel stone standyng up ryght as grete as a mylle stone, and the stone hoved al weyes above the water, and dyd many yeres, and so by adve*n*ture it swam doun the streme to the cyte of Camelot, that is in Englysshe Wynchestre, and that same day Galahad the haute prynce came with kyng Arthur, and soo Galahad broughte wyth hym the scaubard, and encheved the swerde that was there in the marbel stone, hovynge upon the water. And on Whytsonday he encheved the swerd, as it is reherced in the book of Sa*n*cgrayll. Soone after this was done Merlyn came to kyng Arthur and told hym of the dolorous stroke that Balyn gaf to kyng Pellam, and how Balyn and Balan foughte to gyders the merveillous batail that ever was herd of, and how they were buryed bothe in one tombe. "Allas!" said kyng Arthur, "this is the grettest pyte that over I herd telle of two kny*gh*tes, for in the world I knowe not suche two knyghtes." Thus endeth the tale of Balyn and of Balan, two bretheren born in Northu*m*berla*n*d, good kni*gh*tes.

And here foloweth the noble tale of the Sancgreal that called is the hooly vessel and the sygnefycacyon of the blessid blood of our lord Jhesu Cryste/blessid mote it be/ the whiche was brought in to this land by Joseph of Armathye/therfor on al synful souls blessid lord have thou mercy.

Explicit liber xij
Et incipit Decimustercius
Capitulum primum.

At the Vygyl of Pentecost, whan alle the felaushiP of the Round Table were comen unto Camelot, and there herd their servyse, and the tables were set redy to the mete, ryght*e* so entryd in to the halle a ful fayre gentylwoman on horsbak, that had ryden ful fast, for her hors was al besuette. Thenne she there alyght, and came before the kynge, and salewed hym; and he said, "Damoysel, God the blysse." "Sire," said she, "for Goddes sake saye me where Syr Launcelot is." "Yonder ye may see hym," said the kynge. Thenne she wente unto Launcelot and said, "Syr Launcelot, I salewe yow on kyng Pelles behalf, and I requyre yow come on with me here by in to a forest." Thenne Syr Launcelot asked her with whome she dwelled. "I dwelle," said she, "with kynge Pelles." "What wille ye with me?" said Launcelot. "Ye shal knowe," said she, "whanne ye come thyder." "Wel," sayd he, "I wille gladly goo with yow." So Syr Launcelot badde his squyer sadel his hors and brynge his armes, and in all hast he dyd his commaundement. Thenne came the quene unto Laun*c*elot and said, "Wille ye leve us at this hyhe feest?" "Madame," said the gentylwoman, "wete ye wel he shal be with yow to morn by dyner tyme." "Yf I wyst," said the quene, "that he shold not be with us here to morne, he shold not goo with you by my good wylle."

Ryght soo departed Sir Launcelot with the gentylwoman, and rode untyl that he came in to a foreste, and in to a grete valey, where they sawe an abbay of nonnes,

and there was a squyer redy, and opened the gates; and soo they entryd and descended of their horses. And there came a fayr felauship aboute Sir Launcelot, and welcomed hym, and were passyng gladde of his comynge. And thenne they ladde hym unto the abbesse chamber, and unarmed hym, and ryght soo he was ware upon a bed lyeng two of his cosyns, Syr Bors and Sir Lyonel, and thenne he waked them, and whanne they sawe hym they mad grete joye. "Syr," said Syre Bors unto Syr Launcelot, "what adventure hath brought yow hydder? for we wende to morne to have fond you at Camelot." "As God me help," said Syr Launcelot, "a gentylwoman brought me hyther, but I knowe not the cause."

In the meane whyle that they thus stode talkynge to gyder, therin came twelve nonnes that broughte with hem Galahad, the whiche was passynge fayre and wel made, that unneth in the world men myghte not fynde his matche; and alle tho ladyes wepte. "Sire," sayd they alle, "we brynge yow here thys child, the whiche we have nourisshed, and we praye yow to make hym a knyght, for of a more worthyer mans hande may he not receyve the ordre of knyghthode." Sir Launcelot beheld the yonge squyer, and sawe hym semely and demure as a douve, with alle maner of good fetures, that he wende of his age never to have sene soo fayre a man of forme. Thenne said Sir Launcelot, "Cometh this desyre of hym self?" He and alle they sayd, "Ye." "Thenne shalle he," sayd Sir Launcelot, "receyve the hyghe ordre of knyghthode as to morne atte reverence of the hyghe feeste." That nyght Syr Launcelot had passyng good chere; and on the morne at the houre of pryme, att Galahalts desyre, he made hym knyght, and said, "God make hym a good man, for of beaute fayleth yow not as ony that lyveth."

Capitulum Secundum.

"Now, fayre syr," said Syr Launcelot, "wille ye come wyth me unto the courte of kynge Arthur?" "Nay," sayd he, "I wille not goo with yow as at this tyme." Thenne he departed fro them, and took his two cosyns with hym, and so they cam unto Camelot by the houre of undorn on Whytsonday. By that tyme the kynge and the quene were gone to the mynster to here their servyse. Thenne the kynge and the quene were passyng gladde of Sir Bors and Syr Lyonel, and soo was alle the felauship. So when the kyng and all the kny*gh*tes were come from servyse, the barons aspyed in the syeges of the Round Table al aboute wryten with golden letters, "Here ou*gh*t to sytte he, and he oughte to sytte here." And thus they wente soo longe tylle that they came to the Sege Perillous, where they fond letters newely wreton of gold whiche said: "iiij C wynters and liiij accomplysshed after the passion of oure Lord Jhesu Criste ou*gh*te this sege to be fulfylled." Thenne alle they said, "This is a merveyllous thynge and an adventurous." "In the name of God," said Syr Launcelot, and thenne accompted the terme of the wrytynge from the byrthe of oure Lord unto that day. "It semeth me," saith Syr Launcelot, "this sege oughte to be fulfylled this same day, for this is the feest of Pentecost after the four honderd and four and fyfty yere; and yf it wold please all partyes I wold none of these letters were sene this daye tyl he be come that oughte to encheve this adventure." Thenne maade they to ordeyne a clothe of sylke for to cover these letters in the Sege Perillous. Thenne the kyng badde haste unto dyner. "Sire," sayd Sir Kay the steward, "yf ye goo now unto your mete ye shalle breke your old customme of your

courte; for ye have not used on this day to sytte at your mete or that ye have sene som adventure." "Ye say sothe," said the kynge, "but I had soo grete joye of Sir Launcelot and of his cosyns, whiche be come to the courte hole and sound, so that I bethoughte me not of myne old customme."

Soo as they stode spekyng, in cam a squyer, and said unto the kyng, "Sire, I brynge unto yow merveillous tydynges." "What be they?" said the kyng. "Sir, there is here bynethe at the ryver a grete stone whiche I sawe flete above the water, and therin I sawe styckyng a swerd." The kynge sayde, "I wille see that merveill." Soo all the knyghtes went with hym. And whanne they came unto the ryver they fonde there a stone fletyng, as hit were of reed marhel,[1] and therin stack a fair ryche swerd, and in the pomel therof were precyous stones wrought with subtyle letters of gold. Thenne the barons redde the letters, whiche said in this wyse: "Never shalle man take me hens but only he by whos syde I ought to hange, and he shalle be the best knyght of the world." Whanne the kynge had sene the letters he said unto Sir Launcelot, "Fair sire, this suerd ought to be yours, for I am sure ye be the best knyght of the world." Thenne Syr Launcelot ansuerd ful soberly, "Certes, sir, it is not my swerde; also, sir, wete ye wel I have no hardynes to sett my hande to, for hit longed not to hange by my syde. Also who that assayeth to take the swerd and fayleth of hit, he shalle receyve a wound by that swerd that he shalle not be hole longe after. And I wille that ye wete that this same day shall the adventures of the Sancgreal, that is called the hooly vessel, begynne."

[1] Read *marbel*.

Capitulum iij.

"Now, fayre nevewe," said the kynge unto Syr Gawayn, "assaye ye for my love." "Sir," he said, "sauf your good grace, I shalle not doo that." "Sir," sayd the kynge, "assaye to take the suerd and at my commaundement." "Syre," sayd Gawayne, "your commaundement I wille obeye"; and ther with he took up the suerd by the handels, but he myghte not stere hit. "I thanke yow," said the kynge to Syre Gawayne. "My lord Syr Gawayne," said Syr Launcelot, "now wete ye wel, this swerd shalle touche yow soo sore, that ye shalle wylle ye had never sette your hand therto for the best castel of this realme." "Syr," he sayd, "I myghte not withsay myn unkels wyll and commaundement." But whanne the kynge herd this, he repented hit moche, and said unto Syr Percyval that he shold assaye for his love; and he said, "Gladly, for to bere Syr Gawayn felaushyp." And there with he sette his hand on the swerd and drewe hit strongly, but he myghte not meve hit. Thenne were there moo that durste be soo hardy to sette theire handes therto. "Now maye ye goo to your dyner," said Syr Kay unto the kynge, "for a merveillous adventure have ye sene."

Soo the kynge and alle wente unto the courte, and every knyghte knewe his owne place, and sette hym therin, and yonge men that were knyghtes served them. Soo whan they were served, and alle seges fulfylled sauf only the Syege Perillous, anon there befelle a merveillous adventure, that alle the dores and wyndowes of the palays shut by them self. Not for thenne the halle was not gretely darked, and there with they abasshed both one and other. Thenne kynge Arthur spak fyrst, and sayd,

"By God, fayre felawes and lordes, we have sene this daye merveyls, but or nyght I suppose we shal see gretter merveyls." In the meane whyle came in a good old man, and an auncyent, clothed al in whyte, and there was no knyght knewe from whens he came. And with hym he broughte a yong knyght, bothe on foote, in reed armes, withoute swerd or sheld, sauf a scauberd hangynge by his syde. And these wordes he said, "Pees be with yow, faire lordes." Thenne the old man sayd unto Arthur, "Syre, I brynge here a yonge knyghte the whiche is of kynges lygnage and of the kynrede of Joseph of Abarimathye,[1] where by the merveylles of thys courte and of straunge realmes shalle be fully accomplysshed."

Capitulum Quartum.

THE kynge was ryghte gladde of his wordes, and said unto the good man, "Syr, ye be ryghte welcome, and the yonge knyghte with yow." Thenne the old man made the yong man to unarme hym; and he was in a cote of reed sendel, and bare a mantel upon his sholder that was furred with ermyn, and put that upon hym. And the old knyghte sayd unto the yonge knyght, "Syr, foloweth me." And anone he ledde hym unto the Sege Peryllous, where besyde sat Syr Launcelot, and the good man lyfte up the clothe, and fonde there letters that said thus: "This is the sege of Galahalt the haute prynce." "Sir," said thold knyghte, "wete ye wel that place is yours." And thenne he sett hym doune surely in that syege. And thenne he sayd to the old man, "Syr, ye maye now goo your way, for wel have ye done that ye were commaunded to doo; and recommaunde me unto my graunt sir kynge Pelles, and unto my lord Petchere, and say hem on my

[1] Read *Armathye*.

behalf, I shalle come and see hem as soone as ever I may." Soo the good man departed, and there met hym xx noble squyers, and so took their horses and wente their way. Thenne alle the knyghtes of the Table Round merveylled gretely of Sir Galahalt that he durst sytte there in that Syege Perillous, and was soo tendyr of age, and wist not from whens he came, but al only by God, and said, "This he by whome the Sancgreal shal be encheved, for there sat never none but he[1] were mescheved." Thenne Syr Launcelot beheld his sone, and had grete joye of hym. Thenne Bors told his felawes, "Upon payne of my lyf this yonge knyghte shalle come unto grete worship."

This noyse was grete in alle the courte, soo that it cam to the quene. Thenne she had merveylle what knyght it myght be that durste aventure hym to sytte in the Syege Peryllous. Many said unto the quene, he resembled moche unto Sire Launcelot. "I may wel suppose," said the quene, "that Syr Launcelot begatte hym on kynge Pelles doughter, by the whiche he was made to lye by, by enchauntement, and his name is Galahalt. I wold fayne see hym," said the quene, "for he must nedes be a noble man, for soo is his fader that hym begat; I reporte me unto alle the Table Round." So whanne the mete was done, that the kynge and alle were rysen, the kynge yede unto the Syege Peryllous and lyfte up the clothe, and fonde there the name of Galahad, and thenne he shewed hit unto Syr Gawayne, and sayd, "Fayre nevewe, now have we amonge us Syr Galahad, the good knyght that shalle worshippe us alle, and upon payne of my lyf he shal encheve the Sancgreal, ryght as Sir Launcelot had done us to understande." Thenne came kyng Arthur unto Galahad and said, "Syr, ye be welcome, for ye shall

[1] Caxton repeats *but he*. Cf. note.

meve many good knyghtes to the quest of the Sancgreal, and ye shal encheve that never knyghtes myght brynge to an ende." Thenne the kynge took hym by the hand, and wente doune from the paleis to shewe Galahad the adventures of the stone.

Capitulum v.

The quene herd therof, and came after with many ladyes, and shewed hem the stone where it hoved on the water. "Sire," said the kyng unto Syre Galahad, "here is a grete merveylle as ever I sawe, and ryght good knyghtes have assayed and fayled." "Syre," said Galahad, "that is no merveil, for this adventure is not theirs, but myne, and for the seurte of this swerd I brought none with me; for here by my syde hangeth the scauberd." And anone he layd his hand on the swerd, and lyghtly drewe it oute of the stone, and putte it in the shethe, and said unto the kynge, "Now hit goth better than hit dyd afore hand." "Sir," said the kynge, "a sheld God shalle send you." "Now have I that swerd that somtyme was the good knyghtes Balyn le Saveage, and he was a passynge good man of his handes. And with this suerd he slewe his broder Balan, and that was grete pyte, for he was a good knyghte, and eyther slewe other thorou a dolorous stroke that Balyn gaf unto my graunte fader kynge Pelles, the whiche is not yet hole, nor not shal be tyl I hele hym."

There with the kynge and all aspyed where came rydynge doune the ryver a lady on a whyte palfroy toward them. Thenne she salewed the kynge and the quene, and asked yf that Syr Launcelot was there. And thenne he ansuerd hym self, "I am here, fayre lady." Thenne she sayd al with wepynge, "How your grete

doynge is chaunged syth this day in the morne." "Damoysel, why say ye soo?" sayd Launcelot. "I saye yow sothe," said the damoysel, "for ye were this day the best knyghte of the world, but who shold saye soo now he shold be a lyar, for there is now one better than ye. And wel hit is preved by the adventurrs[1] of the suerd where to ye durste not sette to your hand, and that is the chaunge and levynge of your name; wherfore I make unto yow a remembraunce, that ye shalle not wene from hensforth that ye be the best knyght of the world." "As touchynge unto that," said Launcelot, "I knowe wel I was never the best." "Yes," sayd the damoysel, "that were ye and are yet of ony synful man of the world. And, sir kyng, Nacyen the heremyte sendeth the word that the shalle befalle the grettest worship that ever befelle kynge in Brytayne, and I say yow wherfore; for this daye the Sancgreal appiered in thy hows, and fedde the and all thy felaushyp of the Round Table." Soo she departed and wente that same way that she came.

Capitulum vj.

"Now," sayd the kyng, "I am sure at this quest of the Sancgreal shalle alle ye of the Table Rounde departe, and never shalle I see yow ageyne hole to gyders; therfor I wille see yow alle hole to gyders in the medowe of Camelot, to juste and to torneye, that after your dethe men maye speke of hit, that suche good knyghtes were holy to gyders suche a day." As unto that counceyll and at the kynges request they accorded alle, and toke on their harneis that longed unto justynge, but alle this mevynge of the kyng was for this entent, for to see Galahalt preved; for the kynge demed he shold not

[1] *Sic.*

lyghtly come ageyne unto the courte after his departynge. So were they assembled in the medowe bothe more and lasse. Thenne Syr Galahalt, by the prayer of the kynge and the quene, dyd upon hym a noble jesseraunce, and also he dyd on hys helme, but shelde wold he take none for no prayer of the kyng. And thenne Sir Gawayne and other knyghtes praid hym to take a spere. Ryghte soo he dyd; and the quene was in a toure with alle her ladyes for to behold that turnement. Thenne Sir Galahalt dressid hym in myddes of the medowe, and began to breke speres merveyllously, that all men had wonder of hym, for he there surmounted alle other kny*gh*tes; for within a whyle he had defouled many good knyghtes of the Table Round, sauf tweyne, that was Syr Launcelot and Sire Percyvale.

Capitulum vij.

THENNE the kyng, at the quenes request, made hym to alyghte and to unlace his helme, that the quene my*gh*t see hym in the vysage. Whanne she beheld hym she sayd, "Sothely, I dar wel say that Sir Launcelot begat hym, for never two men resembled more in lykenes, therfor it nys no merveyle though he be of grete prowesse." So a lady that stode by the quene said, "Madame, for Goddes sake oughte he of ryghte to be so good a knyghte?" "Ye, forsothe," said the quene, "for he is of alle partyes come of the best knyghtes of the world, and of the hyhest lygnage, for Sir Launcelot is come but of the viij degre from oure Lord Jhesu Cryst, and Syre Galahalt is of the nynthe degree from oure Lord Jhesu Cryst; therfor I dar saye they be the grettest gentilmen of the world."

And thenne the kynge and al estates wente home unto

Camelot, and soo wente to evensonge to the grete mynster; and soo after upon that to souper, and every knyght sette in his owne place as they were to fore hand. Thenne anone they herd crakynge and cryenge of thonder that hem thought the place shold alle to dryve. In the myddes of this blast entred a sonne beaume more clerer by seven tymes than ever they sawe daye, and al they were alyghted of the grace of the Holy Ghoost. Thenne beganne every knyghte to behold other, and eyther sawe other by theire semynge fayrer than ever they sawe afore. Not for thenne there was no knyght myghte speke one word a grete whyle, and soo they loked every man an[1] other, as they had ben dome. Thenne ther entred in to the halle the Holy Graile coverd with whyte samyte, but ther was none myghte see hit, nor who bare hit. And there was al the halle fulfylled with good odoures, and every knyght had suche metes and drynkes as he best loved in this world. And whan the Holy Grayle had be borne thurgh the halle, thenne the holy vessel departed sodenly, that they wyste not where hit becam. Thenne had they alle brethe to speke; and thenne the kynge yelded thankynges to God of his good grace that he had sente them. "Certes," said the kynge, "we oughte to thanke oure Lord Jhesu gretely for that he hath shewed us this daye atte reverence of this hyhe feest of Pentecost." "Now," said Sir Gawayn, "we have ben served this daye of what metes and drynkes we thoughte on, but one thynge begyled us; we myght not see the Holy Grayle, it was soo precyously coverd: wherfor I wil make here avowe, that to morne, withoute lenger abydyng, I shall laboure in the quest of the Sancgreal; that I shalle hold me oute a twelve moneth and a day or more yf nede be, and never shalle I retorne ageyne unto the courte tyl

[1] Read *on*.

I have sene hit more openly than hit hath ben sene here. And yf I may not spede, I shall retorne ageyne as he that maye not be ageynst the wil of our Lord Jhesu Cryste." Whan they of the Table Round herde Syr Gawayne saye so, they arose up the most party and maade suche avowes as Sire Gawayne had made.

Anone as kynge Arthur herd this he was gretely dyspleasyd, for he wyste wel they myghte not ageyne saye theyre avowes. "Allas," said kynge Arthur unto Sir Gawayn, "ye have nyghe slayne me with the avowe and promesse that ye have made; for thurgh yow ye have berafte me the fayrest felauship and the truest of knyghthode that ever were sene to gyders in ony realme of the world; for whanne they departe from hens, I am sure they alle shalle never mete more in thys world, for they shalle dye many in the quest. And soo it forthynketh me a lytel, for I have loved them as wel as my lyf, wherfor hit shall greve me ryghte sore, the departycyon of this felauship, for I have had an old customme to have hem in my felauship."

Capitulum Octavum.

AND ther with the teres fylle in his eyen; and thenne he sayd, "Gawayne, Gawayne, ye have sette me in grete sorowe, for I have grete doubte that my true felauship shalle never mete here more ageyne." "A," sayd Syr Launcelot, "comforte your self, for hit shalle be unto us a grete honour, and moche more than yf we dyed in ony other places, for of deth we be syker." "A, Launcelot," said *the* kyng, "*the* grete love *that* I have had unto you al the dayes of my lyf maketh me to say suche dolefull wordes; for never Crysten kynge had never soo many worthy men at this table as I have had this daye at the

Round Table, and that is my grete sorowe." Whanne the quene, ladyes, and gentilwymmen wyst these tydynges, they had suche sorowe and hevynesse that ther myght no tonge telle hit, for tho knyghtes had hold them in honour and chyerte. But amonge all othther quene Guenever made grete sorowe. "I merveylle," said she, "my lord wold suffre hem to departe from hym." Thus was al the courte troubled for the love of the departycyon of tho knyghtes. And many of tho ladyes that loved knyghtes wold have gone with her lovers; and soo had they done, had not an old knyghte come amonge them in relygyous clothyng, and thenne he spake alle on hyghe, and said, "Fayre lordes which have sworn in the quest of the Sancgreal, thus sendeth you Nacyen the heremyte word, that none in this queste lede lady nor gentylwoman with hym, for hit is not to doo in so hyghe a servyse as they labour in; for I warne yow playne, he that is not clene of his synnes he shalle not see the mysteryes of our Lord Jhesu Cryste"; and for this cause they lefte these ladyes and gentylwymmen.

After this the quene came unto Galahad, and asked hym of whens he was, and of what countrey. He told her of whens he was; and sone unto Launcelot, she saide he was: as to that he said neyther ye nor nay. "So God me helpe," said the quene, "of your fader ye nede not to shame yow, for he is the goodlyest knyghte and of the best men of the world comen, and of the strene, of alle partyes, of kynges. Wherfore ye oughte of ryghte to be of your dedes a passynge good man, and certaynly," she said, "ye resemble hym moche." Thenne Syr Galahad was a lytel ashamed, and said, "Madame, sythe ye knowe in certayne, wherfore doo ye aske hit me? for he that is my fader shalle be knowen openly, and al by tymes." And thenne they wente to reste them. And in

the honour of the hyhenes of Galahad he was ledde in to kynge Arthurs chamber, and there rested in his owne bedde. And as soone as hit was daye the kynge arose, for he had no rest of alle that nyght for sorowe. Thenne he wente unto Gawayne and to Syr Launcelot, that were arysen for to here masse. And thenne the kyng ageyn said, "A, Gawayne, Gawayne, ye have bitrayed me; for never shal my courte be amended by yow, but ye wille never be sory for me as I am for yow." And there with the teres began to renne doune by his vysage. And there with the kyng said, "A, knyghte Syr Launcelot, I requyre the thow counceyle me, for I wold that this quest were undone and it myghte be." "Syr," sayd Syr Launcelot, "ye sawe yesterday soo many worthy knyghtes that thenne were sworne, that they may not leve it in no maner of wyse." "That wote I wel," said the kyng, "but it shal so hevye me at their departynge that I wote wel there shal no manere of joye remedye me." And thenne the kynge and the quene wente unto the mynster. Soo anone Launcelot and Gawayne commaunded her men to brynge her armes. And whanne they alle were armed, sauf her sheldes and her helmes, thenne they came to theyre felauship, whiche alle were redy in the same wyse for to goo to the mynster to here their servyse.

Thenne after the servyse was done, the kynge wolde wete how many hadde undertake the queste of the Holy Grayle, and to accompte them he praid them alle. Thenne fond they by the tale an honderd and fyfty, and alle were knyghtes of the Table Round. And thenne they putte on their helmes and departed, and recommaunded them all holy unto the quene; and there was wepynge and grete sorowe. Thenne the quene departed in to her chamber and helde her, that no man shold perceyve her grete sorowes. Whanne Syre Launcelot

myst the quene he wente tyl her chamber, and when she sawe hym she cryed aloude, "O, Launcelot, Launcelot, ye have bitrayed me and putte me to the deth, for to leve thus my lord." "A, madame, I praye yow be not displeased, for I shall come ageyne as soone as I may with my worship." "Allas," sayd she, "that ever I sawe yow, but he that suffred upon the crosse for alle mankynde, he be unto yow good conduyte and saufte, and alle the hole felauship." Ryght soo departed Launcelot, and fond his felauship that abode his comyng. And so they mounted on their horses, and rode thorou the strete of Camelot, and there was wepynge of ryche and poure, and the kyng tourned awey, and myghte not speke for wepynge. So within a whyle they came to a cyte and a castel that hyght Vagon; there they entrid in to the castel. And the lord therof was an old man that hyght Vagon, and he was a good man of his lyvynge, and sette open the gates, and made hem alle the chere that he myght. And soo on the morne they were alle accorded that they shold departe everyche from other. And on the morne they departed with wepynge chere, and every knyght took the way that hym lyked best.

Capitulum ix.

Now rydeth Galahalt yet withouten shelde, and so rode four dayes without ony adventure. And at the fourth day after evensonge he came to a whyte abbay, and there was he receyved with grete reverence, and ledde unto a chambre, and there was he unarmed. And thenne was he ware of knyghtes of the Table Round; one was Sir Bagdemagus and Syr Uwayne. And whanne they sawe hym they wente unto Galahad, and made of hym grete solace, and soo they wente unto souper. "Sirs," said

Sire Galahalt, "what adventure broughte yow hyder?" "Sir," they sayd all, "it is told us that within this place is a shelde that no man may bere aboute his neck but he be mescheved outher dede within thre dayes, or maymed for ever." "A, syr," said kyng Bagdemagus, "I shalle bere hit to morne for to assay this adventure." "In the name of God," sayd Galahad. "Sire," said Bagdemagus, "and I may not encheve the adventure of this shelde, ye shalle take hit upon yow, for I am sure ye shalle not fayle." "Sir," said Galahad, "I ryghte wel agree me therto, for I have no shelde." Soo on the morne they aroos and herd masse. Thenne Bagdemagus asked where the adventurous sheld was. Anone a monke ledde hym behynde an aulter where the shelde henge as whyte as ony snowe, but in the myddes was a reed crosse. "Sirs," said the monke, "this sheld oughte not to be hanged aboute no knyghtes neck but he be the worthyest knyghte of the world; therfore I counceylle yow knyghtes to be wel advysed." "Wel," said Bagdemagus, "I wote wel I am not the lest[1] knyghte of the world, but I shal assay to bere hit"; and soo bare hit oute of the mynstre. And thenne he said unto Galahad, "And hit please you to abyde here stil tyl that ye wete how that I spede" — "I shalle abyde yow," sayd Galahad.

Thenne kynge Bagdemagus took with hym a good squyer to beynge[2] tydynges unto Syr Galahad how he spedde. Thenne whanne they had ryden two myle and came to a fayr valey afore an hermytage, and thenne they sawe a knyghte come from that party in whyte armour, hors and all. And he came as faste as his hors myghte renne, and his spere in his reste. And Syr Bagdemagus dressid his spere ageynst hym, and brake hit upon the whyte knyght, but the other stroke hym soo hard that he

[1] Read *best*. [2] Read *brynge*.

braste the mayles, and sheef hym thorou the ryght sholder; for the shelde coverd hym not as at that tyme, and soo he bare hym from his hors. And there with he alyghte and took the whyte shelde from hym, sayenge, "Knyght, thow hast done thy self grete foly, for this shelde oughte not to be borne but by hym that shalle have no piere that lyveth." And thenne he came to Bagdemagus squyer, and saide, "Bere this shelde unto the good knyghte Sir Galahad, that thow lefte in the abbay, and grete hym wel by me." "Sir," said the squyer, "what is your name?" "Take thow none hede of my name," said the kny*gh*te, "for it is not for the to knowe nor for none erthely man." "Now, fayr syr," said the squyer, "at the reverence of Jhesu Cryste telle me for what cause this shelde may not be borne but yf the berer therof be meschyeved." "Now sythe thow hast conjured me soo," sayd the knyghte, "this shelde behoveth unto no man but unto Galahad." And *th*e squyer we*n*t unto Bagdemagus and asked whether he were sore wounded or not. "Ye, forsothe," said he, "I shalle escape hard from the dethe." Thenne he fette his hors, and brought hym with grete payne unto an abbay. Thenne was he taken doun softely, and unarmed, and leid in a bedde, and there was loked to his woundes. And, as the booke telleth, he laye there longe, and escaped hard with the lyf.

Capitulum x.

"Syr Galahalt," sayd the squyer, "that knyghte that wounded Bagdemagus sendeth yow gretynge, and bad that ye shold bere this shelde where thurgh grete adventures shold befalle." "Now blessid be good[1] and

[1] Read *God?*

fortune," said Galahad. And thenne he asked his armes, and mounted upon his hors, and henge the whyte shelde aboute his neck, and commaunded hem unto God. And Syr Uwayne said he wold bere hym felauship yf it pleasyd hym. "Sir," sayd Galahad, "that maye ye not, for I must goo alone, sauf this squyer shall bere me felauship"; and so departed Uwayne.

Thenne within a whyle came Galahad there as the whyte knyght abode hym by the heremytage, and everyche salewed other curtoisly. "Sir," said Galahad, "by this shelde ben many merveils fallen." "Sir," sayd the knyght, "hit befelle after the passion of our Lord Jhesu Crist xxxij yere, that Joseph of Armathye, the gentyl knyghte the whiche took doune oure Lord of the hooly crosse, att that tyme he departed from Jherusalem with a grete party of his kynred with hym. And so he laboured tyl that they came to a cyte that hyght Sarras; and att that same houre that Joseph came to Sarras there was a kynge that hyghte Evelake, that had greto[2] werre ageyne the Sarasyns, and in especyal ageynste one Sarasyn, the whiche was kyng Evelaks cosyn, a ryche kyng and a myghty, whiche marched nyghe this land, and his name was called Tolleme la Feyntes. Soo on a day this two mette to doo bataill. Thenne Joseph, the sone of Joseph of Armathye, wente to kynge Evelake, and told hym he shold be discomfyt and slayne, but yf he lefte his bileve of the old lawe and byleve upon the newe lawe. And thenne there he shewed hym the ryght bileve of the Holy Trynyte, to the whiche he agreed unto with alle his herte; and there this shelde was maade for kynge Evelake in the name of hym that dyed upon the crosse. And thenne thurgh his good bileve he had the better of kyng Tolleme; for whanne Evelake was in the batail there was a clothe

[2] Read *grete.*

sette afore the sheld. And whanne he was in the grettest perylle he lete putte awaye the clothe, and thenne his enemyes sawe a fygur of a man on the crosse, where thurgh they alle were discomfyte. And soo it befelle that a man of kynge Evelaks was smyten his hand of, and bare that hand in his other hand. And Joseph called that man unto hym, and badde hym goo with good devocyon touche the crosse. And as soone as that man had touched the crosse with his hand, it was as hole as ever hit was to fore. Thenne soone after there felle a grete merveyll, that the crosse of the sheld at one tyme vanysshed awey, that no man wyst where hit became. And thenne kynge Evelake was baptysed, and for the moost party alle the peple of that cyte. So soone after Joseph wold departe, and kynge Evelake wold goo with hym whether he wold or nold. And soo by fortune they came in to this land, that at that tyme was called Grete Bretayne, and there they fond a grete felon paynym that put Joseph in to pryson. And soo by fortune tydynges cam unto a worthy man that hyghte Mondrames, and he assembled alle his peple for the grete renomme he had herde of Joseph, and soo he came in to the land of Grete Bretayne, and disherited this felon paynym and consumed hym, and ther with delyverd Joseph oute of pryson; and after that alle the peple were torned to the Crysten feithe.

Capitulum undecimum.

Not longe after that Joseph was layd in his dedely bed. And whanne kynge Evelake sawe that, he made moche sorowe, and sayd, 'For thy love I have lefte my countrey, and sythe ye shalle departe oute of this world leve me somme token of yours, that I may thynke on you.'

Joseph said, 'That wille I doo ful gladly. Now brynge me your sheld that I toke yow whanne ye went in to bataille ageynst kyng Tolleme.' Thenne Joseph bled sore at the nose so that he myght not by no meane be staunched. And therupon that sheld he made a crosse of his owne blood. 'Now may ye see a remembraunce that I love yow, for ye shalle never see this shelde but ye shal thynke on me, and it shall be alweyes as fresshe as it is now. And never shalle man bere this sheld aboute his neck but he shalle repente hit, unto the tyme that Galahad the good knyghte bere hit; and the laste of my lygnage shal leve hit aboute his neck, that shall doo many merveyllous dedes.' 'Now,' sayd kynge Evelake, 'where shalle I put this shelde that this worthy knyght may have hit?' 'Ye shal leve hit there as Nacyen the heremyte shal be put after his dethe. For thydder shal that good knyghte come the fyftenth day after that he shal receyve the ordre of knyghthode; and soo that daye that they sette is this tyme that he have his shelde. And in the same abbay lyeth Nacyen the heremyte.'" And thenne the whyte knyghte vanysshed away. Anone, as the squyer had herde these wordes, he alyghte of his hakney, and kneled doune at Galahads feet, and prayd hym that he myghte goo with hym tyll he had made hym knyghte. "Yf I wold not refuse yow, thenne will ye make me a knyghte?" sayd the squyer, "and that ordre by the grace of God shal be wel sette in me." Soo Syr Galahad graunted hym, and tourned ageyne unto the abbay there they came fro, and there men made grete joye of Syr Galahad. And anone as he was alyghte, there was a monke broughte hym unto a tombe in a chirche yerd, where that was suche a noyse that who that herd hit shold veryly nyghe be madde or lese his strengthe; "And, syre," they sayd, "we deme hit is a fende."

Capitulum xij.

"Now lede me thyder," sayd Galahad; and soo they dyd, alle armed sauf his helme. "Now," sayd the good man, "goo to the tombe and lyfte hit up." Soo he dyd and herd a grete noyse, and pytously he sayd that alle men myght here hit, "Syr Galahad, the servaunt of Jhesu Cryste, come thou not nyghe me, for thow shalt make me goo ageyne ther where I have ben soo longe." But Galahad was no thynge affrayed, but lyfte up the stone, and there came out so foul a smoke; and after he sawe the fowlest fygur lepe there oute that ever he sawe in the lykenes of a man, and thenne he blessid hym, and wyste wel hit was a fende. Thenne herd he a voyse say, "Galahad, I see there envyronne aboute the so many angels that my power may not dere the." Ryght soo Syr Galahad sawe a body al armed lye in that tombe, and besyde hym a swerd. "Now, fayr broder," sayd Galahad, "lete us remeve this body, for hit is not worthy to lye in this chircheyerd, for he was a fals Crysten man." And there with they alle departed and wente to the abbay. And anone as he was unarmed, a good man cam and sette hym doune by hym, and sayd, "Syre, I shall telle yow what betokeneth alle that ye sawe in the tombe; for that coverd body betokeneth the duresse of the world and the grete synne that oure Lord fond in the world; for there was suche wretchydnesse that the fader loved not the sone, nor the sone loved not the fader, and that was one of the causes that oure Lord took flesshe and blood of a clene mayden; for oure synnes were so grete at that tyme that wel nyghe all was wickednes." "Truly," sayd Galahad, "I bileve yow ryghte wel." So Syre Galahad rested hym there that nyghte.

And upon the morne he made the squyer knyghte, and asked hym his name, and of what kynred he was come. "Syre," sayd he, "men calleth me Melyas de Lyle, and I am the sone of the kynge of Denmarke." "Now, fayre sire," sayd Galahad, "sythe that ye be come of kynges and quenes, now loketh that knyghthode be wel sette in yow, for ye oughte to be a myrrour unto all chyvalry." "Sire," sayd Syre Melyas, "ye saye sothe. But, syre, sythen ye have made me a knyght, ye must of ryght graunte me my fyrst desyre that is resonable." "Ye say soth," said Galahad. Melyas said, "Thenne that ye wil suffre me to ryde with yow in this quest of the Sancgreal tyl that somme adventure departe us." "I graunte yow, sir." Thenne men brought Syre Melyas his armoure and his spere and his hors, and soo Syr Galahad and he rode forth all that weke or they fond ony adventure. And thenne upon a Monday, in the mornyng, as they were departed fro an abbay, they cam to a crosse whiche departed two wayes, and in that crosse were letters wryten that sayd thus: "Now, ye knyghtes arraunt, the whiche goth to seke knyghtes adventurous, see here ij wayes; that one wey defendeth the that thow ne go that way, for he shalle not go oute of the way ageyne but yf he be a good man and a worthy knyghte. And yf thow goo on the lyfte hand, thow shalt not lyghtely there wynne prowesse, for thow shalt in this way be soone assayed." "Sir," said Melyas to Galahad, "yf hit lyke yow to suffer me to take the way on the lyft hand, telle me, for there I shalle wel preve my strengthe." "Hit were better," said Galahad, "ye rode not that way, for I deme I shold better escape in that way than ye." "Nay, my lord, I praye yow lete me have that adventure." "Take it in Goddes name," said Galahad.

Capitulum xiij.

And thenne rode Melyas in to an old forest, and therin he rode two dayes and more. And thenne he came in to a fayr medowe, and there was a fayr lodge of bowes. And thenne he aspyed in that lodge a chayer, wherin was a crown of gold subtyly wroughte. Also there were clothes coverd upon the erthe, and many delycious metes sette theron. Sir Melyadas behelde this aventure, and thoughte hit merveillous, but he had no honger, but of the croune of gold he took moch kepe; and there with he stouped doune and took hit up, and rode his way with it. And anone he sawe a knyght came rydynge after hym that sayd, "Knyghte, sette doune that crowne whiche is not yours, and therfor defendeth yow." Thenne Syre Melyas blessid hym, and said, "Fair Lord of heven, helpe and save thy newe made knyght"; and thenne they lete theire horses renne as fast as they myght, so that the other knyght smote Sir Melias thorou hauberk and thorow the lyfte syde, that he felle to the erthe nyghe dede. And thenne he took the crowne and went his way, and Syr Melyas lay stylle and had no power to stere. In the meane whyle by fortune ther came Syre Galahad and fond hym there in perille of dethe. And thenne he said, "A, Melyas, who hath wounded yow? therfor hit had ben better to have ryden the other way." And whanne Sir Melyas herd hym speke, "Syre," he sayd, "for Goddes love lete me not dye in this forest, but bere me unto the abbay here besyde, that I may be confessyd and have my ryghtes." "It shal be done," said Galahad, "but where is he that hath wounded yow?" With that Syr Galahad herd in the leves crye on hyghe, "Knyght, kepe the from me." "A, syr," said Melyas, "beware, for that is he

that hath slayne me." Sir Galahad ansuerd, "Syr knyghte, come on your perylle." Thenne eyther dressid to other, and came to gyder as fast as their horses myghte renne; and Galahad smote hym soo that hys spere wente thorou his sholder, and smote hym doune of his hors, and in the fallyng Galahadis spere brak. With that cam oute another knyghte of the leves and brake a spere upon Galahad or ever he myghte torne hym. Thenne Galahad drewe oute his swerd and smote of the lyfte arme of hym, soo that it felle to the erthe. And thenne he fledde, and Sire Galahad sewed fast after hym. And thenne he torned ageyne unto Syr Melyas, and there he alyghte and dressid hym softely on his hors to fore hym, for the truncheon of his spere was in his body; and Syr Galahad sterte up behynde hym, and helde hym in his armes, and soo broughte hym to the abbay, and there unarmed hym, and broughte hym to his chamber. And thenne he asked his Saveour. And whanne he had receyved Hym, he said unto Syr Galahad, "Syr, lete deth come whan it pleasyd hym." And there with he drewe oute the truncheon of the spere oute of his body, and thenne he swouned. Thenne came there an olde monke, whiche somtyme had ben a knyghte, and behelde Syre Melyas. And anone he ransakyd hym, and thenne he saide unto Syr Galahad, "I shal hele hym of this wounde, by the grace of God, within the terme of seven wekes." Thenne was Sir Galahad glad and unarmed hym, and said he wold abyde there thre dayes. And thenne he asked Syr Melyas how it stood with hym. Thenne he sayd, "He was torned unto helpyng, God be thanked!"

Capitulum xiiij.

"Now wylle I departe," sayd Galahad, "for I have moche on hand, for many good knyghtes be ful besy aboute hit; and this knyghte and I were in the same quest of the Sancgreal." "Sire," said a good man, "for his synne he was thus wounded; and I merveylle," said the good man, "how ye durst take upon yow soo ryche a thynge as the hyghe ordre of knyghthode withoute clene confession, and that was the cause ye were bytterly wounded. For the way on the ryght hand betokeneth the hyghe way of our Lord Jhesu Cryste, and the way of a good true good lyver. And the other wey betokeneth the way of synners and of mysbylevers. And whanne the devylle sawe your pryde and presumpcyon for to take yow in the quest of the Sancgreal, that made you to be overthrowen, for hit may not be encheved but by vertuous lyvynge. Also, the wrytynge on the crosse was a sygnyfycacyon of hevenly dedes, and of knyghtly dedes in Goddes werkes, and no knyghtly dedes in worldly werkes; and pryde is hede of alle dedely synnes, that caused this knyghte to departe from Galahad; and where thow tokest the croune of gold thow synnest in covetyse and in thefte. Alle this were no knyghtely dedes. And this Galahad, the holy knyghte, the whiche foughte with the two knyghtes, the two knyghtes sygnefyen the two dedely synnes whiche were holy in this knyghte Melyas, and they myghte not withstande yow, for ye are withoute dedely synne." Now departed Galahad from thens, and betaught hem alle unto God. Sir Melyas sayd, "My lord Galahad, as soone as I may ryde I shalle seke yow." "God send yow helthe," said Galahad, and soo toke his hors and departed, and rode many journeyes forward and backward as adventure wold lede hym.

And at the laste hit happend hym to departe from a place or a castel, the whiche was named Abblasoure, and he hadde herd no masse, the whiche he was wonte ever to here or ever he departed oute of ony castel or place, and kepte that for a custommе. Thenne Syr Galahad came unto a montayne where he fond an old chappel, and fond there no body, for all alle was desolate, and there he kneled to fore the aulter, and besought God of holsome counceil. Soo as he prayd he herd a voys that sayd, "Goo thow now, thou adventurous knyghte, to the Castel of Maydens, and there doo thow awey thy[1] wycked custommes."

Capitulum xv.

WHANNE Syr Galahad herd this he thanked God and toke his hors. And he had not ryden but half a myle, he sawe in a valeye afore hym a stronge castel with depe dyches, and there ranne besyde hit a fayr ryver, that hyghte Syvarne; and there he mette with a man of grete age, and eyther salewed other, and Galahad asked hym the castels name. "Fair syr," said he, "hit is the Castel of Maydens." "That is a cursyd castel," said Galahalt, "and alle they that ben conversaunt therin, for alle pyte is oute therof, and alle hardynesse and meschyef is therin." "Therfor I counceyle yow, sir knyght, to torne ageyne." "Sir," said Galahad, "wete yow wel I shalle not tourne ageyne." Thenne loked Syre Galahad on his armes that noo thynge fayled hym, and thenne he put his sheld afore hym, and anone there mette hym seven fayr maydens, the whiche sayd unto hym, "Syr knyghte, ye ryde here in a grete foly, for ye have the water to passe over." "Why shold I not passe the water?" said Galahad. So rode he awey from them, and mette with a

[1] Read *the*.

squyer that said, "Knyghte, tho knyghtes in the castel defyen yow, and defenden yow, ye go no ferther tyl that they wete what ye wolde." "Faire sir," saide Galahad, "I come for to destroye the wycked custome of this castel." "Sir, and ye wille abyde by that, ye shal have ynough to doo." "Go yow now," said Galahad, "and hast my nedes." Thenne the squyer entryd in to the castel. And anone after there came oute of the castel seven knyghtes, and all were bretheren. And whan they sawe Galahad they cryed, "Knyghte, kepe the, for we assure the no thynge but dethe." "Why," sayd Galahad, "will ye alle have adoo with me at ones?" "Ye," sayde they, "therto maist thow trust." Thenne Galahad putte forth his spere, and smote the formest to the erthe, that nere he brake his neck. And there with alle the other smote hym on his shelde grete strokes, so that their speres brake. Thenne Syr Galahad drewe oute his swerd, and set upon hem soo hard that it was merveylle to see hit, and soo thurgh grete force he made hem to forsake the felde; and Galahad chased hem tyl they entryd in to the castel, and so passed thurgh the castel at another gate. And there mette Syr Galahad an old man clothed in relygyous clothynge, and sayd, "Sire, have here the kayes of this castel." Thenne Syr Galahad opened the gates, and sawe soo moche peple in the stretes that he myghte not nombre them, and alle sayd, "Syr, ye be welcome, for longe have we abyden here our delyverance." Thenne came to hym a gentylwoman, and sayde, "These knyghtes be fledde, but they wille come ageyne this nyghte, and here to begynne ageyn their evylle customme." "What wille ye that I shalle doo?" sayd Galahad. "Sir," said the gentilwoman, "that ye send after alle the knyghtes hyder that hold their landes

of this castel, and make hem to swere for to use the custommes that were used here to fore of olde tyme." "I wille wel," said Galahad, and there she broughte hym an horne of ivory bou*n*den with gold rychely, and saide, "Sir, blowe this horne, whych wille be herde two myle aboute this castel." Whanne Syr Galahad had blowen the horne he set hym doune upon a bedde.

Thenne came a preest to Galahad, and said, "Syr, hit is past a seven yere agone that these seven bretheren cam in to this castel, and herberowed with the lord of this castell, that hyght the duke Lyanowre, and he was lord of alle thys countrey. And whanne they aspyed the dukes doughter, that was a ful faire woman, thenne by their fals covyn they made debate betwixe them self, and the duke of his goodenes wold have departed hem; and there they slewe hym and his eldest sone, and thenne they took the mayden and the tresour of the castel. And thenne by grete force they helde alle the knyghtes of this castel ageynste theire wylle under theyre obeyssaunce, and in grete servage and truage, robbynge and pyllynge the poure comyn peple of all that they had. Soo hit happend on a daye the dukes doughter sayd, 'Ye have done unto me greete wronge to slee myn owne fader and my broder, and thus to holde our landes; not for thenne,' she sayd, 'ye shalle not holde this castel for many yeres, for by one knyghte ye shal be overcomen.' Thus she prophecyed seven yeres agone. 'Wel,' said the seven knyghtes, 'sythen ye say so, ther shal never lady nor knyghte passe this castel but they shall abyde maulgre their hedes, or dye therfor, tyl that knyghte be come by whome we shalle lese this castel.' And therfore it is called the Maydens Castel, for they have devoured many maydens." "Now," said Galahad, "is she here for whome this castel was lost?" "Nay, sir," said the

preest, "she was dede within these thre nyghtes after that she was thus enforced, and sythen have they kepte their yonger syster, which endureth grete paynes with mo other ladyes."

By this were the knyghtes of the countray comen, and thenne he made hem doo homage and feaute to the kynges dough*h*ter, and sette hem in grete ease of herte. And in the morne ther came one to Galahad, and told hym how that Gawayn, Gareth, and Uwayne had slayne the seven bretheren. "I suppose wel," said Syr Galahad; and took his armour and his hors and commaunded hem unto God.

Capitulum xvj.

Now saith the tale, after Syr Gawayne departed, he rode many journeyes bothe toward and froward, and att the laste he cam to the abbaye where Syre Galahad had the whyte sheld. And there Syr Gawayne lerned the way to sewe after Syr Galahad, and soo he rode to the abbay where Melyas lay seke, and there Syr Melyas told Syr Gawayn of the merveyllous adventures that Syr Galahad dyd. "Certes," said Sire Gawayne, "I am not happy that I took not the way that he wente, for, and I maye mete with hym, I wille not departe from hym lyghtely, for alle merveyllous adventures Sir Galahad encheveth." "Sir," said one of the monkes, "he wille not of your felaushipp." "Why?" said Syr Gawayne. "Sir," said he, "for ye be wycked and synful, and he is ful blessid."

Ryght as they thus stode talkynge, there came in rydynge Syr Gareth, and thenne they made joye eyth*e*r of other; and on the morne they herd masse, and soo departed. And by the way they met with Syr Uwayne

les Avoultres. And there Syre Uwayne told Syr Gawayne how he had mette with none adventure sythe he departed from the courte. "Nor we," said Sir Gawayne, and eyther promysed other of tho thre knyghtes not to departe whyle they were in that quest, but yf fortune caused it. Soo they departed and rode by fortune tyl that they came by the Castel of Maydens. And there the seven bretheren aspyed the thre knyghtes, and said, "Sythen we be flemyd by one knyghte from this castel, we shalle destroye alle the knyghtes of kyng Arthurs that we maye overcome, for the love of Syr Galahad." And there with the seven knyghtes sette upon the thre knyghtes; and by fortune Syr Gawayne slewe one of the bretheren, and echone of his felawes slewe another, and soo slewe the remenaunt. And thenne they took the wey under the castel, and there they loste the way that Sir Galahad rode, and there everyche of hem departed from other, and Sir Gawayne rode tylle he came to an hermytage, and there he fond the good man sayenge his evensonge of Our Lady, and there Syr Gawayne asked herberowe for charyte, and the good man graunted hit hym gladly. Thenne the good man asked hym what he was. "Syre," he said, "I am a knyght of kynge Arthurs, that am in the queste of the Sancgreal, and my name is Syr Gawayne." "Sire," sayd the good man, "I wold wete how it standeth betwixe God and yow." "Sir," said Sir Gawayne, "I wille with a good will shewe yow my lyf, yf hit please yow," and there he tolde the heremyte how "a monke of an abbay called me wycked knyght." "He myght wel saye hit," said the heremyte, "for whanne ye were fyrste made knyghte ye sholde have taken yow to knyghtely dedes and vertuous lyvynge, and ye have done the contrary, for ye have lyved meschevously many wynters; and Sir Galahad is a mayd, and synned never, and that is the cause he shalle encheve

where he goth that ye nor none suche shalle not atteyne, nor none in your felauship, for ye have used the moost untruest lyf that ever I herd knyght lyve. For, certes, had ye not ben so wycked as ye ar, never had the seven bretheren be slayne by yow and your two felawes. For Syre Galahad, hym self alone, bete hem alle seven the day to forne, but his lyvyng is suche he shal slee no man lyghtely. Also I may say yow, the Castel of Maidens betokenen the good soules that were in pryson afore the Incarnacyon of Jhesu Cryste. And the seven knyghtes betokenen the seven dedely synnes that regned that tyme in the world. And I may lyken the good Galahad unto the Sone of the Hyghe Fader, that lyghte within a mayde, and bought alle the soules oute of thralle: soo dyd Syre Galahad delyver all the maydens oute of the woful castel. Now, Sire Gawayne," said the good man, "thou must doo penaunce for thy synne." "Syre, what penaunce shalle I do?" "Suche as I wille gyve," sayd the good man. "Nay," said Syre Gawayne, "I may doo no penaunce; for we knyghtes adventurous ofte suffren grete woo and payne." "Wel," sayd the good man, and thenne he held his pees. And on the morne Syre Gawayne departed from the heremyte and betaught hym unto God. And by adventur he mette with Syre Aglovale and Syr Gryflet, two knyghtes of the Table Round. And they two rode four dayes withoute fyndynge of ony adventure, and at the fyfthe day they departed. And everyche helde as felle them by adventure.

Here leveth the tale of Syr Gawayne and his felawes, and speke we of Syr Galahad.

Capitulum xvij.

Soo whanne Syr Galahad was departed from the Castel of Maydens, he rode tyl he came to a waste forest, and there he mette with Syre Launcelot and Syr Percyvale; but they knewe hym not, for he was newe desguysed. Ryghte so Syr Launcelot his fader dressid his spere and brake it upon Syr Galahad, and Galahad smote hym so ageyne that he smote doune hors and man. And thenne he drewe his suerd, and dressid hym unto Syr Percyvale, and smote hym soo on the helme that it rofe to the coyfe of stele, and had not the swerd swarved, Syr Percyvale had ben slayne, and with the stroke he felle oute of his sadel. This justes was done to fore the hermytage where a recluse dwelled. And when she sawe Syr Galahad ryde, she said, "God be with the best knyghte of the world." "A, certes," said she, alle alowde, that Launcelot and Percyvale myght here it, "and yonder two knyghtes had knowen the as wel as I doo, they wold not have encountred with the." Thenne Syr Galahad herd her say so he was adrad to be knowen: ther with he smote his hors with his spores, and rode a grete paas toward them. Thenne perceyved they bothe that he was Galahad, and up they gat on their horses, and rode faste after hym, but in a whyle he was out of their syghte. And thenne they torned ageyne with hevy chere. "Lete us spere some tydynges," sayd Percyvale, "at yonder recluse." "Do as ye lyst," said Syr Launcelot. Whanne Syr Percyvale came to the recluse, she knewe hym wel ynough and Syr Launcelot bothe. But Syr Launcelot rode overthwart and endlonge in a wylde forest, and helde no pathe but as wyld adventure led hym. And at the last he came to a stony crosse, whiche departed two

wayes in waste land, and by the crosse was a stone that was of marbel, but it was so derke that Syr Launcelot myghte not wete what it was. Thenne Syre Launcelot loked by hym and sawe an old chappel, and ther he wende to have fond peple. And Sir Launcelot teyed his hors tyl a tree, and there he dyd of his sheld, and henge hit upon a tree, and thenne wente to the chappel dore and fonde hit waste and broken. And within he fond a fayr aulter ful rychely arayed with clothe of clene sylke, and there stode a fayre clene candelstyk whiche bare syxe grete candels, and the candelstyk was of sylver. And whanne Syre Launcelot sawe thys lyght, he had grete wylle for to entre in to the chappel, but he coude fynde no place where he myghte entre. Thenne was he passynge hevy and desmayed. Thenne he retorned and cam to his hors, and dyd of his sadel and brydel, and lete hym pasture; and unlaced his helme, and ungyrd his swerd, and laide hym doune to slepe upon his shelde to fore the crosse.

Capitulum xviij.

And soo he felle on slepe, and half wakynge and slepyng he sawe come by hym two palfreyes alle fayr and whyte, the whiche bare a lytter, therin lyenge a seke knyghte. And whanne he was nyghe the crosse he there abode stylle. Alle this Syr Launcelot sawe and beheld, for he slepte not veryly, and he herd hym saye, "O swete Lord, whanne shal this sorowe leve me? and whanne shalle the holy vessel come by me where thurgh I shalle be blessid? For I have endured thus longe for lytyl trespace." A ful grete whyle complayned the knyght thus, and alweyes Syr Launcelot herd it. With that Syr Launcelot sawe the candelstyk with the syxe tapers come before the crosse, and he sawe no body that brought it.

Also there came a table of sylver and the holy vessel of the Sancgreal, whiche Launcelot had sene afore tyme in kynge Pescheours hows. And there with the seke knyghte sette hym up and helde up bothe his handes, and said, "Faire swete Lord, whiche is here within this holy vessel, take hede unto me that I may be hole of this maladye." And ther with on his handes and on his knees he wente soo nyghe that he touched the holy vessel and kyste hit, and anone he was hole; and thenne he sayd, "Lord God, I thanke the, for I am helyd of this sekenesse." So whanne the holy vessel had ben there a grete whyle hit wente unto the chappel with the chaundeler and the lyght, soo that Launcelot wyst not where it was become, for he was overtaken with synen that he had no power to ryse ageyne the holy vessel; wherfor after that many men said of hym shame, but he took repentaunce after that. Thenne the seke knyght dressid hym up, and kyssed the crosse. Anone his squyer brought hym his armes and asked his lord how he dyd. "Certes," sayd he, "I thanke God ryghte wel, thurgh the holy vessel I am helyd. But I have merveil of this slepynge knyghte, that had no power to awake whanne this holy vessel was brought hyder." "I dare ry*gh*t wel saye," sayd the squyer, "that he dwelleth in some dedely synne, wherof he was never confessid." "By my feythe," said the knyght, "what somever he be he is unhappy, for as I deme he is of the felauship of the Round Table, the whiche is entryd in to the quest of the Sancgreal." "Sire," said the squyer, "here I have brought yow alle your armes sauf your helme and your suerd, and therfor by myn assente now maye ye take this kny*gh*tes helme and his suerd." And so he dyd. And whan he was clene armed he took Syr Lau*n*celots hors, for he was better than his, and soo departed they from the crosse.

Capitulum xix.

Thenne anone Syr Launcelot waked and sette hym up, and bethought hym what he had sene there, and whether it were dremes or not. Ryght so herd he a voys that said, "Syr Launcelot, more harder than is the stone, and more bytter than is the wood, and more naked and barer than is the leef of the fygge tree, therfore goo thow from hens, and wythdrawe the from this hooly place." And whanne Syre Launcelot herd this he was passynge hevy, and wyst not what to do, and so departed sore wepynge, and cursed the tyme that he was borne. For thenne he demed never to have hadde worship more. For tho wordes went to his herte, tyl that he knewe wherfor he was called soo. Thenne Syre Launcelot wente to the crosse and fonde his helme, his swerd, and his hors taken away. And thenne he called hym self a veray wretche and moost unhappy of all knyghtes; and there he sayd, "My synne and my wyckednes have brought me unto grete dishonour; for whanne I soughte worldly adventures for worldly desyres I ever encheved them, and had the better in every place, and never was I discomfyt in no quarel, were it ryght or wronge. And now I take upon me the adventures of holy thynges, and now I see and understande that myn old synne hyndereth me and shameth me, so that I had no power to stere nor speke whan the holy blood appiered afore me."

So thus he sorowed til hit was day, and herd the fowles synge; thenne somwhat he was comforted. But whan Syr Launcelot myst his hors and his harneis, thenne he wyste wel God was displeasyd with hym. Thenne he departed from the crosse on foote in to a foreste, and soo by pryme he came to an hyghe hylle, and fonde an

hermytage, and an heremyte theryn, whiche was goynge unto masse. And thenne Launcelot kneled doune, and cryed on oure Lorde mercy for his wycked werkes. Soo whanne masse was done, Launcelot called hym, and prayed hym for charite for to here his lyfe. "With a good will," sayd the good man. "Sir," sayd he, "be ye of kyng Arthurs courte and of the felauship of the Round Table?" "Ye, forsothe, and my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake, that hath ben ryght wel said of, and now my good fortune is chaunged, for I am the moost wretche of the world." The heremyte behelde hym, and hadde merveille how he was soo abasshed. "Syre," said the heremyte, "ye oughte to thanke God more than ony knyght lyvynge, for he hath caused yow to have more worldly worship than ony knyghte that now lyveth. And for your presumpcyon to take upon you in dedely synne for to be in his presence, where his flesshe and his blood was, that caused you ye myghte not see hit with worldly eyen, for he wille not appiere where suche synners ben, but yf hit be unto theire grete hurte and unto her grete shame. And there is no knyght lyvynge now that ought to kenne God soo grete thanke as ye; for he hath yeven yow beaute, semelynes, and grete strengthe above all other knyghtes, and therfor ye are the morr[1] beholdyng unto God than ony other man to love hym and drede hym; for your strength and manhode wille lytel avaylle yow and God be ageynste yow."

Capitulum xx.

THENNE Sir Launcelot wept with hevy chere, and sayd, "Now I knowe wel ye saye me sothe." "Sire," sayd the good man, "hyde none old synne from me." "Truly,"

[1] Read *more*.

said Syr Launcelot, "that were me ful lothe to discovere; for this xiiij yere I never discoverd one thynge that I have used, and that maye I now wyte my shame and my disaventur." And thenne he told there that good man alle his lyf, and hou he had loved a quene unmesurably, and oute of mesure longe, "and alle my grete dedes of armes that I have done, I dyd for the moost party for the quenes sake, and for her sake wold I doo batail were hit ryght or wronge, and never dyd I bataille alle only for Goddes sake, but for to wynne worshyp and to cause me to be the better biloved, and lytel or noughte I thanked God of hit." Thenne Syr Launcelot sayd, "I praye yow counceylle me." "I wille counceyle yow," said the heremyte, "yf ye wille ensure me that ye will never come in that quenes felauship, as moche as ye may forbere." And thenne Syre Launcelot promysed hym he nold, by the feithe of his body. "Loke that your herte and your mouthe accorde," said the good man, "and I shalle ensure yow ye shalle have more worship than ever ye had." "Holy fader," said Syre Launcelot, "I merveylle of the voys that sayd to me merveillous wordes as ye have herd to fore hand." "Have ye no merveylle," sayd the good man, "therof, for hit semeth wel God loveth yow; for men maye understande a stone is hard of kynde, and namely one more than another, and that is to understande by the, Syr Launcelot, for thou wylt not leve thy synne for no goodnes that God hath sente the; therfor thou arte more [hard?] than ony stone, and never woldest thow be maade neysshe nor by water nor by fyre, and that is, the hete of the Holy Ghoost maye not entre in the. Now take hede; in alle the world men shal not fynde one knyghte to whome oure Lord hath yeven soo moche of grace as he hath yeven yow; for he hath yeven yow fayrenes with semelynes, he hath yeven the wyt,

discrecyon to knowe good from evyll, he hath yeven the prowesse and hardynesse, and gyven the to werke soo largely that thou hast had at al dayes the better where somever thow came. And now our Lord wille suffre the no lenger, but that thow shalte knowe hym, whether thow wilt or nylt. And why the voyce called the bytter than wood, for where over moche synne duelleth, there may be but lytel swetnesse, wherfor thow arte lykened to an old roten tree. Now have I shewed the why thou arte harder than the stone and bytterer than the tree. Now shall I shewe the why thow arte more naked and barer than the fygge tree. It befelle that our Lord on Palmsondaye preched in Jherusalem, and there he fonde in the people that alle hardnes was herberowed in them, and there he fond in alle the towne not one that wold herberowe hym. And thenne he wente withoute the towne, and fond in myddes of the way a fygge tree, the whiche was ryghte fayr, and wel garnysshed of leves, but fruyte had it none. Thenne our Lord cursyd the tree that bere no fruyte; that betokeneth the fygge tree unto Jherusalem, that had leves and no fruyte. Soo thow, Syr Launcelot, whan the Hooly Grayle was broughte afore the, he fonde in the noo fruyte, nor good thoughte, nor good wille, and defowled with lechery." "Certes," said Sir Launcelot, "alle that ye have said is true. And from hens forward I caste me by the grace of God never to be so wycked as I have ben, but as to folowe knyghthode and to do fetys of armes." Thenne the good man joyned Syr Launcelot suche penaunce as he myghte doo, and to sewe knyghthode, and so assoylled hym, and praid Syre Launcelot to abyde with hym alle that daye. "I wylle wel," said Syr Launcelot, "for I have neyther helme, ne hors, ne suerd." "As for that," sayd the good man, "I shalle helpe yow or to morne at even of an hors and al that

longed unto yow." And thenne Syr Lau*n*celot repented hym gretely.

Here leveth of the history of syr launcelot.

And here foloweth the sevententh book whiche is of the noble knyghte syre Galahad.

Capitulum Primum.

Now saith this story, whanne Galahad had rescowed Percyval from the twenty knyghtes, he yede tho in to a waste foreste, wherin he rode many journeyes, and he fonde many adventures, the whiche he brought to an ende, wherof the story maketh here no mencyon. Thenne he toke his waye to the see on a daye, and hit befelle as he passed by a castel where was a wonder turnement, but they withoute had done soo moche that they within were putte to the werse, yet were they wythin good knyghtes ynough. Whanne Galahad sawe that tho within were at soo grete a meschyef that men slewe hem att the entre of the castel, thenne he thoughte to helpe hem, and putte a spere forth, and smote the fyrste that he flay to the erthe, and the spere brak to pyeces. Thenne he drewe his suerd and smote there as they were thyckest, and so he dyd wonderful dedes of armes, that alle they merveylled. Thenne hit happed that Gawayne and Sir Ector de Marys were with the knyghtes withoute. But whanne they aspyed the whyte shelde with the reed crosse, the one sayd to the other, "Yonder is the good knyght Sir Galahad the haute prynce. Now he shold be a grete foole whiche shold mete with hym to fyghte." Soo by adventure he came by Sire Gawayne, and he smote hym soo hard that he claf his helme and the coyfe of yron unto his hede, so that Gawayn felle to the erthe; but the stroke was soo grete that it slented doune to the erthe, and carfe the hors sholder in two. Whan Ector sawe Gawayne doune, he drewe hym asyde, and thoughte it no wysedome for to abyde hym, and also for naturel love,

that he was his unkel. Thus thurgh his grete hardynesse he bete abak alle the knyghtes withoute. And thenne they within cam oute and chaced hem alle aboute. But whanne Galahad sawe ther wold none torne ageyne, he stale awey pryvely, so that none wyst where he was bicome. "Now, by my hede," sayd Gawayn to Ector, "now are the wonders true that were sayd of Launcelot du Lake, that the swerd whiche stak in the stone shold gyve me suche a buffet *tha*t I wold not have it for the best castell in this world, and sothely now hit is preved trewe, for never ere had I suche a stroke of mans hand." "Sir," sayd Ector, "me semeth your quest is done." "And yours is not done," sayd Gawayn, "but myn is done: I shalle seke noo ferther." Thenne Gawayne was borne in to a castel, and unarmed hym, and leyd hym in a ryche bedde, and a leche fonde that he myght lyve, and to be hole within a moneth.

Thus Gawayne and Ector abode to gyder, for Syre Ector wold not awey til Gawayne were hole. And the good kny*gh*t Galahad rode so long tyll he came that nyghte to the castel of Carboneck; and hit befelle hym thus that he was benyghted in an hermytage. Soo the good man was fayne whan he sawe he was a knyght erraunt. Tho whan they were at rest, ther cam a gentilwoman knockyng at the dore and called Galahad, and soo the good man cam to the dore to wete what she wold. Thenne she called the heremyte, "Syre Ulfyn, I am a gentylwoman that wold speke with the knyght whiche is with yow." Thenne the good man awaked Galahad, and badde hym, "Aryse, and speke with a gentylwoman that semeth hath grete nede of yow." Thenne Galahad wente to her, and asked her what she wold. "Galahad," sayd she, "I will that ye arme you, and mou*n*te upon your hors, and folowe me, for I shall shewe yow within these

thre dayes the hyest adventure that ever ony knyght sawe." Anone Galahad armed hym, and took his hors, and commaunded hym to God, and badde the gentilwoman go and he wold folowe there as she lyked.

Capitulum ij.

Soo she rode as fast as her palfrey myght bere her, tylle that she came to the see the whiche was called Collybe. And at the nyghte they came unto a castel in a valeye closed with a rennynge water, and with stronge walles and hyhe. And soo she entred in to the castel with Galahad, and there had he grete chere, for the lady of that castel was the damoysels lady. Soo whan he was unarmed, thenne said the damoysel, "Madame, shalle we abyde here all this day?" "Nay," sayd she, "but tylle he hath dyned, and tyl he hath slepte a lytyl." So he ete and slepte a whyle tyl that the mayde called hym, and armed hym by torche lyght. And whan the mayde was horsed, and he bothe, the lady took Galahad a fayr child and ryche, and so they departed from the castel, tyl they came to the see syde, and there they fond the shyp where Bors and Percyval were in, the whiche cryed on the shyps bord, "Sir Galahad, ye be welcome, we have abyden yow longe." And whan he herd them, he asked them what they were. "Sir," said she, "leve your hors here, and shall leve myn"; and toke her sadels and her brydels with them, and made a crosse on them, and soo entryd in to the shyp. And the two knyghtes receyved hem bothe with grete joye, and everyche knewe other, and soo the wynde aroos and drofe hem thurgh the see in a merveyllous place; and within a whyle it dawyd. Thenne dyd Galahad of his helme and his suerd, and asked of his felawes from whens cam that fayre shyp. "Truly,"

sayd they, "ye wote as wel as we but of Goddes grace." And thenne they told everyche to other of alle theire hard adventures, and of her grete temptacyons. "Truly," sayd Galahad, "ye are moche bounden to God, for ye have escaped grete adventures, and had not the gentilwoman ben, I had not comen here; for as for yow I wend never to have fond yow in these straunge countreyes." "A, Galahad," saide Bors, "yf Launcelot your fader were here thenne were we wel at ease, for thenne me semed we fayled no thynge." "That may not be," sayde Galahad, "but yf it pleasyd oure Lorde."

By thenne the shyp wente fro the londe of Logrys, and by adventure it arryved up betwix two roches passyng grete and merveyllous, but there they myght not londe, for there was a swalowe of the see, sauf there was another ship, and upon it they myght goo withoute daunger. "Goo we thyder," sayd the gentylwoman, "and there shalle we see adventures, for soo is oure Lordes wylle." And whanne they came thyder, they fond the ship ryche ynou*gh*, but they fond neyther man ne woman therin. But they fonde in the ende of the ship two fayre letters wryten, whiche sayd a dredeful word and a merveyllous: "Thow man whiche shalle entre in to this shyp, beware thou be in stedfast bileve, for I am Feith, and therfor beware hou thou entrest, for and thou faile I shal not helpe the." Thenne saide the ge*n*tilwoman, "Percyval, wote ye what I am?" "Certes," said [he], "nay, to my wetynge." "Wete you wel," sayd she, "that I am thy syster, whiche am doughter of kynge Pellenore. And therfore wete ye wel ye are the man in the world that I moost love. And yf ye be not in parfyte byleve of Jhesu Cryst, entre not in no maner of wyse, for thenne shold ye perysshe the shyp, for he is soo parfyte he wylle suffre no synner in hym." Whanne Percyval understode that

she was his veray syster, he was inwardly glad, and sayd, "Faire syster, I shalle entre therin, for yf I be a mys creature, or an untrue knyghte, there shalle I perysshe."

Capitulum Tercium.

In the meane whyle Galahad blessed hym and entrid therin, and thenne next the gentylwoman, and thenne Sir Bors and Sir Percyval. And whan they were in, it was so merveyllous fayre and ryche that they merveylled. And in myddes of the shyp was a fayr bedde, and Galahad wente therto, and fond there a crowne of sylke. And at the feet was a swerd ryche and fayre, and hit was drawen oute of the shethe half a foot and more, and the suerd was of dyverse facyons, and the pomel was of stone, and there was in hym alle manere of colours that ony man myght fynde, and everyche of the colours hadde dyverse vertues; and the skalys of the hafte were of two rybbes of dyverse beestes. The one beest was a serpent, whiche was conversaunt in Calydone, and is called the serpent of the fend. And the bone of hym is of suche a vertu that there is no hand that handeleth hym shalle never be wery nor hurte; and the other beest is a fysshe, which is not ryght grete, and haunteth the flood of Eufrate, and that fysshe is called Ertanax, and his bones be of suche a maner of kynde that who that handeleth hem shalle have soo moche wille that he shalle never be wery, and he shalle not thynke on joye nor sorow that he hath had, but only that thynge that he beholdeth before hym. And as for this suerd there shalle never man begrype hym at the handels but one, but he shalle passe alle other. "In the name of God," said Percyval, "I shall assaye to handle hit." Soo he sette his hand to the suerd but he myghte not begrype hit. "By my

feyth," said he, "now have I fayled." Bors set his hand therto and fayled. Thenne Galahad beheld the suerd and sawe letters lyke blood that sayd, "Lete see who shall assaye to drawe me oute of my shethe but yf he be more hardyer than ony other, and who that draweth me wete ye wel that he shalle never fayle of shame of his body or to be wounded to the dethe." "By my feyth," said Galahad, "I wold drawe this suerd oute of the shethe, but the offendynge is soo grete that I shalle not sette my hand therto." "Now, sirs," said the gentilwoman, "wete ye wel that the drawynge of this suerd is warned to alle men sauf al only to yow."

"Also this shyp aryved in the realme of Logrys, and that tyme was dedely werre bytwene kynge Labor, whiche was fader unto the maymed kynge, and kynge Hurlame, whiche was a Sarasyn. But thenne was he newely crystend, soo that men helde hym afterward one of the wyttyest men of the world. And soo upon a day hit befelle that kynge Labor and kynge Hurlame had assembled their folke upon the see where this shyp was aryved, and there kyng Hurlame was discomfyte, and his men slayne, and he was aferd to be dede, and fled to his shyp, and there he fond this suerd and drewe hit, and cam oute and fond kyng Labor, the man in the world of al Crystendom in whome was thenne the grettest feythe. And when kynge Hurlame sawe kynge Labor, he dressid this suerd, and smote hym upon the helme soo hard that he clafe hym and his hors to the erthe with the fyrst stroke of his suerd; and hit was in the realme of Logrys. And soo bifelle grete pestylence and grete harme to both realmes, for sythen encrecyd neyther corne ne grasse, nor wel nyghe no fruyte, ne in the water was no fysshe; w[h]erfor men callen hit the landes of the two marches, the waste land, for that dolorous stroke. And when

kynge Hurlame sawe this suerd soo kervyng, he torned ageyne to fetche the scaubard; and soo came in to this shyp and entred and putt up the suerd in the shethe. And as soone as he had done it, he felle doune dede afore the bedde. Thus was the swerd preved, that none ne drewe it but he were dede or maymed. So laye he ther tyl a mayden cam in to the shyp and cast hym oute, for there was no man so hardy of the world to entre in to shypthat[1] for the defence."

Capitulum Quartum.

And thenne beheld they the scaubard; hit semed to be of a serpentes skynne. And theron were letters of gold and sylver, and the gyrdel was but pourely to come to, and not able to susteyne suche a ryche suerd, and the letters sayd: "He whiche shal welde me oughte to be more harder than ony other, yf he bere me as truly as me oughte to be born. For the body of hym whiche I oughte to hange by he shal not be shamed in no place whyle he is gyrd with this gyrdel, nor never none be soo hardy to doo awey this gyrdel, for it oughte not be done away but by the handes of a mayde, and that she be a kynges doughter and quenes, and she must be a mayde alle the dayes of her lyf, bothe in wylle and in dede. And yf she breke her vyrgynte, she shalle dye the moost vylaynous dethe that ever dyd ony woman." "Sir," said Percyval, "torne this suerd that we may see what is on the other syde." And hit was reed as blood, with blak letters as ony cole, whiche sayd, "He that shal prayse me moost, moost shalle he fynde me to blame at a grete nede, and to whome I shold be moost debonair shall I be most felon, and that shalle be at one tyme." "Faire broder,"

[1] Read *that ship*.

sayd she to Percyval, "it befelle after a fourty yere after the passion of Jhesu Cryst, that Nacyen, thy[1] broder in lawe of kyng Mordrayns, was boren in to a towne more than xiiij dayes journeye from his countrey by the commaundement of our Lord in to an yle, in to the partyes of the west that men clepyd the Yle of Turnaunce. Soo befelle hit that he fond this shyp at the entre of a roche, and he fond the bedde and his suerd as we have herd now. Not for thenne he had not soo moche hardynesse to drawe hit; and there he dwellid an eyght dayes, and at the nynythe day there felle a grete wynde, whiche departed hym out of the yle, and brought hym to another yle by a roche, and there he fond the grettest gyaunt that ever man myghte see. Therwith cam that horryble gyaunt to slee hym, and thenne he loked aboute hym aad[2] myghde not flee, and he had no thynge to defende hym with. Soo he ranne to his suerd, and when he sawe hit naked he praysed it moche; and thenne he shoke it, and therwith he brak it in the myddes. 'A,' said Nacyen, 'the thyng that I moost praysed ought I now moost to blame'; and ther with he threwe the pyeces of his suerd over his bedde. And after he lepte over the borde to fyghte with we[3] gyaunt, and slewe hym. And anone he entryd in to the shyp ageyne, and the wynde arose, and drofe hym thurgh the see, that by adventure he came to another shyp where kynge Mordrayns was, whiche hadde ben tempted ful evyll with a fende in the porte of peryllous roche. And whanne that one sawe the other they made grete joye of other, and eyther told other of their adventure, and how the swerd fayled hym at his moost nede. Whanne Mordrayns sawe the suerd he praysed hit moche, 'but the brekyng was not to doo but by wyckednes of thy self ward, for thow arte in somme

[1] Read *the*. [2] Read *and myghte*. [3] Read *the*.

synne,' and there he took the suerd and sette the pecys to gyders, and they soudered as fayr as ever they were to fore, and there putte he the swerd in the shethe, and leyd it doune on the bedde. Thenne herd they a voyce that sayd, 'Go out of this ship a lytel whyle, and entre in to the other for drede ye falle in dedely synne; for, and ye be fonde in dedely synne, ye maye not escape but perysshe,' and soo they wente in to the other shyp. And as Nacyen wente over the borde he was smyten with a swerd on the ryghte foote, that he felle doune noselynge to the shyps bord; and there withe he sayd, 'O God, how am I hurte,' and thenne there came a voyce and sayd, 'Take thow that for thy forfette that thow dydest in drawynge of this suerd, therfor thow receyvest a wounde, for thow were never worthy to handel it,' the wrytynge maketh mencyon." "In the name of God," said Galahad, "ye ar ryght wyse of these werkes."

Capitulum v.

"SYR," sayd she, "there was a kynge that hyghte Pelles the maymed kynge. And whyle he myghte ryde he supported moche Crystendome and holy chirche. Soo upon a daye he hunted in a woode of his whiche lasted unto the see, and at the last he loste his houndes and his knyghtes, sauf only one, and there he and his knyghte wente tyl that they cam toward Irland, and there he fonde the shyp. And whanne he sawe the letters and understood them, yet he entryd, for he was ryghte parfyte of his lyf; but his knyghte had none hardynes to entre. And ther fonde he this suerd, and drewe it oute as moche as ye maye see. Soo there with entryd a spere, where with he was smyte hym[1] thurgh bothe the thyes, and

[1] Omit.

never sythe myghte he be helyd, ne nought shall to fore we come to hym. Thus," said she, "was not kynge Pelles, your graunte sir, maymed for his hardynesse?" "In the name of God, damoysel," sayd Galahad. So they wente toward the bedde to behold al aboute hit, and above the hede ther henge two swerdes. Also there were two spyndels whiche were as whyte as ony snowe, and other that were as reed as blood, and other above grene as ony emeraude: of these thre colours were the spyndels and of naturel coloure within, and withoute ony payntynge. "These spyndels," sayd the damoysel, "were whan synful Eve came to gadre fruyte, for whiche Adam and she were putte oute of Paradyse; she tooke with her the bough on whiche the appel henge on. Thenne perceyved she that the braunche was fayre and grene, and she remembryd her the losse whiche came fro the tree. Thenne she thoughte to kepe the braunche as longe as she myghte. And for she had no cofer to kepe hit in, she put it in the erthe. Soo by the wylle of our Lord the braunche grewe to a grete tree within a lytil whyle, and was as whyte as ony snowe, braunches, bowes, and leves, that was a token a mayden planted hit. But after God came to Adam, and bad hym knowe his wyf flesshly as nature requyred. Soo lay Adam with his wyf under the same tree; and anone the tree whiche was whyte and[1] ful grene as ony grasse, and alle that came oute of hit. And in the same tyme that they medled to gyders there was Abel begoten: thus was the tree longe of grene colour. And so it befelle many dayes after, under the same tree Caym slewe Abel, wherof befelle grete merveil. For anone as Abel had receyved the dethe under the grene tree, he lost the grene colour and becam reed, and that was in tokenyng of the blood. And anone alle the plantes dyed

[1] Read *becam?*

therof, but the tree grewe and waxed merveyllously fayre, and hit was the fayrest tree and the moost delectable that ony man myght beholde and see, and so dyd the plantes that grewe out of it tofore that Abel was slayne under it. Soo longe dured the tree tyl that Salamon kynge Davyds sone regned, and helde the londe after his fader. This Salamon was wyse, and knewe alle the vertues of stones and trees, and soo he knewe the course of the sterres, and many other dyverse thynges."

"This Salamon had an evylle wyfe, where thurgh he wende that there had ben no good woman, and soo he despysed hem in his bookes. Soo ansuerd a voyce hym ones, 'Salamon, yf hevynes come to a man by a woman, ne reke thow never. For yet shalle there come a woman wherof there shalle come gretter joye to man an honderd tymes more than this hevynesse geveth sorowe, and that woman shalle be borne of thy lygnage.' Tho whan Salamon herd these wordes, he held hym self but a foole, and the trouthe he perceyved by old bookes. Also the Holy Ghoost shewed hym the comynge of the gloryous Vyrgyne Marye. Thenne asked he of the voyce yf hit shold be in the yerde of his lygnage. 'Nay,' sayd the voyce, 'but there shalle come a man whiche shalle be a mayde, and the last of your blood, and he shalle be as good a knyght as duke Josue thy broder in lawe.'"

Capitulum vj.

"Now have I certefyed the of that thow stodest in doubte. Thenne was Salamon glad that there shold come ony suche of his lygnage, but ever he merveylled and studyed who that shold be, and what his name myghte be. His wyf perceyved that he studyed, and thoughte she wolde knowe it at some season, and so she

wayted her tyme, and asked of hym the cause of his studyenge. And there he told her alle to gyder how the voyce tolde hym. 'Wel,' sayd she, 'I shalle lete make a shyp of the best wood and moost durable that men maye fynde.' Soo Salamon sente for alle the carpenters of the lond and the best. And whan they had made the shyp, the lady sayd to Salamon, 'Syr,' sayd she, 'syn hit is soo that this knyght ought to passe all knyghtes of chevalry whiche have ben to fore hym and shall come after hym, more over I shalle telle yow,' sayd she, 'ye shalle goo in to oure Lordes temple, where is kynge Davyds suerd, your fader, the whiche is the merveylloust and the sharpest that ever was taken in ony knyghtes hand. Therfore take that, and take of the pomel, and therto make ye a pomel of precyous stones, that it be soo subtylly made that noo man perceyve it, but that they be al one. And after make there an hylte soo merveyllously and wonderly that noo man maye knowe hit. And after make a merveyllous sheth. And whan ye have made alle this, I shalle lete make a gyrdel ther to, suche as shalle please me.' Alle this kynge Salamon dyd lete make as she devysed, bothe the shyp and alle the remenaunt. And whan the ship was redy in the see to sayle, the lady lete make a grete bedde, and merveyllous ryche, and sette her upon the beddes hede coverd with sylke, and leyd the suerd at the feete, and the gyrdels were of hempe, and there with the kynge was angry. 'Syr, wete ye wel,' sayd she, 'that I have none soo hyghe a thynge whiche were worthy to susteyne soo hyhe a suerd, and a mayde shall brynge other knyghtes ther to, but I wote not whanne hit shalle be, ne what tyme.' And there she lete make a coverynge to the shyp, of clothe of sylke that shold never rote for no maner of weder. Yet went that lady and maade a carpenter to come to the tree whiche Abel was

slayne under. 'Now,' sayd she, 'carve me oute of this tree as moche woode as wylle make me a spyndyl.' 'A, madame,' sayd he, 'this is the tree the whiche our fyrst moder planted.' 'Do hit,' sayd she, 'or els I shall destroye the!' Anone as he beganne to werke ther cam out droppes of blood, and thenne wold he have lefte, but she wold not suffre hym, and soo he tooke aweye as moche wood as myght make a spyndyl, and soo she made hym to take as moche of the grene tree, and of the whyte tree. And whan these thre spyndels were shapen, she made hem to be fastned upon the selar of the bedde. Whanne Salamone sawe this, he sayd to his wyf, 'Ye have done merveyllously, for though alle the world were here ryght now, he coude not devyse wherfor alle this was made, but oure Lord hym self, and thow that hast done hit wotest not what it shal betoken.' 'Now late hit be,' sayd she, 'for ye shal here tydynges sooner than ye wene.'"

"Now shalle ye here a wonderful tale of kyng Salamon and his wyf."

Capitulum vij.

"THAT nyght lay Salamon bifore the ship with lytel felaushiip. And whan he was on slepe, hym thoughte there come from heven a grete company of angels, and alyghte in to the ship, and took water whiche was broughte by an angel in a vessel of sylver, and sprente alle the shyp. And after he came to the suerd, and drewe letters on the hylte. And after wente to the shyps borde, and wrote there other letters, whiche sayd: 'Thou man that wylt entre within me, beware that thow be ful within the feythe, for I ne am but feythe and byleve.' Whanne Salamon aspyed these letters he was abasshed, soo that he durste not entre, and soo drewe hym abak,

and the shyp was anone shoven in the see, and he wente soo faste that he lost syghte of hym within a lytyl whyle. And thenne a lytyl voyce said, 'Salamon, the last knyghte of thy lygnage shalle reste in this bedde.' Thenne wente Salamon and awaked his wyf, and told her of the adventures of the shyp."

Now sayth thystory, that a grete whyle the thre felawes biheld the bedde and the thre spyndels. Than they were at certayne that they were of naturel colours, withoute payntynge. Thenne they lefte up a clothe whiche was above the ground, and there fond a ryche purse by semynge. And Percyvale took hit, and fonde therin a wrytte, and soo he redde hit, and devysed the maner of the spyndels and of the shyp, whens hit came, and by whome it was made. "Now," sayd Galahad, "where shall we fynde the gentylwoman that shalle make newe gyrdels to the suerd?" "Fair syre," sayd Percyvals syster, "desmaye yow not; for by the leve of God I shall lete make a gyrdel to the suerd, suche one as shalle longe therto." And thenne she opend a boxe, and toke oute gyrdels which were semely wroughte with golden thredys, and upon that were sette ful precyous stones, and a ryche buckel of gold. "Lo, lordes," said she, "here is a gyrdel that oughte to be sette aboute the suerd. And wete ye wel the grettest parte of this gyrdel was made of my here, whiche I loved wel whyle that I was a woman of the world. But as soone as I wyst that this adventure was ordeyned me, I clypped of my here and made this gyrdel in the name of God." "Ye be wel y-fonde," said Sir Bors, "for certes ye have put us out of grete payne, wherin we shold have entryd ne had your tydynges ben." Thenne wente the gentilwoman and sette hit on the gyrdel of the suerd. "Now," sayd the felaushiip, "what is the name of the suerd, and what shalle we calle hit?"

"Truly," sayd she, "the name of the suerd is, the Suerd with the Straunge Gyrdels, and the shethe, Mever of Blood; for noo man that hath blood in hym ne shalle never see the one party of the shethe whiche was made of the tree of lyf." Thenne they sayd to Galahad, "In the name of Jhesu Cryste, and praye yow that ye gyrd you with this suerd, whiche hath ben desyred so moche in the realme of Logrys." "Now lete me begynne," sayd Galahad, "to grype thys swerd for to gyve yow courage. But wete ye wel hit longeth no more to me than it doth to yow." And thenne he gryped aboute hit with his fyngers a grete dele. And thenne she gyrte hym aboute the myddel with the swerd. "Now rek I not though I dye, for now I hold me one of the blessid maydens of the world, whiche hath made the worthyest knyght of the world." "Damoysel," sayd Galahad, "ye have done soo moche that I shalle be your knyghte alle the dayes of my lyf." Thenne they wente from that shyp, and wente to the other. And anone the wynde droofe hem in to the see a grete paas, but they had no vytaille; but hit befelle that they came on the morne to a castell that men calle Carteloyse, that was in the marches of Scotland. And whan they had passed the porte, the gentilwoman sayde, "Lordes, here be men aryven that, and they wyste that ye were of kynge Arthurs courte, ye shold be assayled anone." "Damoysell," sayd Galahad, "he that cast us oute of the roche shalle delyver us from hem."

Capitulum Octavum.

Soo hit befelle, as they spoken thus there cam a squyer by them, and asked what they were; and they said they were of kynge Arthurs hows. "Is that sothe?" sayd he.

"Now by my hede," sayd he, "ye be ylle arayed"; and thenne torned he ageyn unto the clyff fortresse. And within a whyle they herd an horne blowe. Thenne a gentylwoman came to hem, and asked hem of whens they were, and they told her. "Faire lordes," sayd she, "for Goddes love torne ageyne yf ye may, for ye be come unto youre dethe." "Nay," they sayd, "we wille not torne ageyne, for he shalle helpe us in whos servyse we ben entred in." Thenne as they stode talkynge there came knyghtes wel armed, and bad hem yelde them, or els to dye. "That yeldyng," sayd they, "shal be noyous to yow"; and there with they lete theyr horses renne, and Sir Percyval smote the formest to the erthe, and took his hors, and mounted therupon, and the same dyd Galahad. Also Bors served another soo; for they had no horses in that countrey, for they lefte their horses whan they toke their shyp in other countrayes. And soo whan they were horsed thenne beganne they to sette upon them, and they of the castel fled in to the stronge fortresse, and the thre knyghtes after them in to the castel, and soo alyghte on foote, and with their swerdes slewe them doune, and gate in to the halle. Thenne whan they beheld the grete multytude of peple that they had slayne they held them self grete synners. "Certes," sayd Bors, "I wene and God had loved hem that we shold not have had power to have slayne hem thus, but they have done soo moche ageyn our Lord that he wold not suffre hem to regne no lenger." "Say ye not soo," sayd Galahad, "for yf they mysdyd ageynst God the vengeaunce is not ours, but to hym whiche hath power therof."

So came there oute of a chamber a good man whiche was a preest, and bare Goddes body in a coupe. And whanne he sawe hem whiche lay dede in the halle, he was alle abasshed. And Galahad dyd of his helme and

kneled doune, and soo dyd his two felawes. "Syre," sayd they, "have ye no drede of us, for we ben of kynge Arthurs courte." Thenne asked the good man how they were slayn so sodenly, and they told it hym. "Truly," sayd the good man, "and ye myghte lyve as longe as the world myght endure, ne myghte ye have done soo grete an almesse dede as this." "Sire," sayd Galahad, "I repente me moch, in as moche as they were crystened." "Nay, repente yow not," sayd he, "for they were not crystened; and I shalle telle you hou that I wote of this castel: Here was lord erle Hernox not but one yere, and he had thre sones, good knyghtes of armes, and a doughter, the fayrest gentylwoman that men knewe. Soo tho thre knyghtes loved theyr syster so sore that they brente in love, and so they lay by her maulgre her hede. And for she cryed to her fader, they slewe her, and took their fader and putte hym in pryson, and wounded hym nygh to the deth; but a cosyn of hers rescowed hym. And thenne dyd they grete untrouthe: they slewe clerkes and preestes, and made bete doune chappels, that oure Lordes servyse myght not be served ne sayd; and this same day her fader sente to me for to be confessid and houseld, but suche shame had never man as I had this day with the thre bretheren; but the erle badde me suffer, for he sayde they shold not longe endure, for thre servauntes of oure Lord shold destroye them; and now hit is brought to an ende. And by this maye ye wete our Lord is not displeasyd with your dedes." "Certes," sayd Galahad, "and hit had not pleasyd our Lord, never shold we have slayne soo many men in soo lytel a whyle." And thenne they broughte the erle Hernox oute of pryson in to the myddes of the halle, that knewe Galahad anone, and yet he sawe hym never afore but by revelacyon of our Lord.

Capitulum ix.

Thenne beganne he to wepe ryght tendyrly, and said, "Long have I abyden your comynge, but for Goddes love holdeth me in your armes, that my sowle may departe oute of my body in soo good a mans armes as ye be." "Gladly," sayd Galahad. And thenne one sayd on hyghe that alle herde, "Galahad, wel hast thou avenged me on Goddes enemyes. Now behoveth the to goo to the maymed kyng as soone as thow maist, for he shalle receyve by the helthe whiche he hath abyden soo long"; and ther with the sowle departed from the body. And Galahad made hym to be buryed as hym ought to be.

Ryght soo departed the thre knyghtes, and Percyvals syster with them. And soo they came in to a waste foreste, and there they sawe afore them a whyte herte, whiche four lyons ladde. Thenne they took hem to assent for to folowe after, for to knowe whydder they repayred; and soo they rode after, a grete paas, til that they cam to a valeye, and ther by was an hermytage where a good man dwellid, and the herte and the lyons entryd also. Soo whanne they sawe all this, they torned to the chappel, and sawe the good man in a relygyous wede and in the armour of our Lord, for he wold synge masse of the Holy Ghoost, and soo they entryd in and herde masse. And at the secretys of the masse, they thre sawe the hert become a man, the whiche merveyled hem, and sette hym upon the aulter in a ryche sege, and sawe the four lyons were chaunged, the one to the forme of a man, the other to the forme of a lyon, and the thyrd to an egle, and the fourth was chaunged unto an oxe. Thenne toke they her sege where the herte sat, and wente oute thurgh a glas wyndowe, and there was no thynge

perysshed nor broken. And they herd a voyce say, "In suche a maner entred the sone of God in the wombe of a mayd, Mary, whos vyrgynyte ne was perysshed ne hurte." And whanne they herd these wordes they felle doune to the erthe, and were astonyed, and ther with was a grete clerenes. And whanne they were come to their self ageyn, they wente to the good man, and prayd hym that he wold say hem trouthe. "What thynge have ye sene?" sayd he: and they told hym all that they had sene. "A, lordes," sayd he, "ye be welcome; now wote I wel ye be the good knyghtes the whiche shal brynge the Sancgreal to an ende; for ye ben they unto whome oure Lord shalle shewe grete secretes. And wel oughte oure Lord be sygnefyed to an herte; for the herte whanne he is old he waxeth yonge ageyne in hys whyte skynne. Ryght soo cometh ageyne oure Lord from dethe to lyf, for he lost erthely flesshe, that was the dedely flesshe whyche he had taken in the wombe of the blessid Vyrgyn Mary, and for that cause appiered oure Lord as a whyte herte withoute spot. And the foure that were with hym is to understande the foure Evvangelystes, whiche sette in wrytynge a parte of Jhesu Crystes dedes that he dyd somtyme whan he was amonge yow an erthely man; for wete ye wel never erst ne myghte no knyghte knowe the trouthe, for oftymes or this oure Lord shewed hym unto good men and unto good knyghtes in lykenes of an herte. But I suppose from hens forth ye shalle see no more." And thenne they joyed moche, and dwelled ther alle that day. And upon the morowe whan they had herde masse they departed, and commaunded the good man to God, and soo they came to a castel, and passed by. So there came a knyghte armed after them and sayd, "Lordes, herke what I shal saye to yow."

Capitulum x.

"This gentylwoman that ye lede with yow is a mayde?" "Syr," said she, "a mayde I am." Thenne he took her by the brydel and sayd, "By the holy crosse ye shalle not escape me to fore ye have yolden the customme of this castel." "Lete her go," sayd Percyval, "ye be not wyse, for a mayde in what place she cometh is free." Soo in the meane whyle there came oute a ten or twelve knyghtes armed oute of the castel, and with hem came gentylwymmen whiche held a dysshe of sylver. And thenne they sayd, "This gentylwoman must yelde us the customme of this castel." "Sir," sayd a knyghte, "what mayde passeth here by shalle yeve this dysshe ful of blood of her ryghte arme." "Blame have he," sayd Galahad, "that broughte up suche custommes, and soo God me save I ensure yow of this gentylwoman ye shal fayle whyle that I lyve." "Soo God me help," sayd Percyval, "I had lever be slayne." "And I also," sayd Sir Bors. "By my trouthe," sayd the knyght, "thenne shalle ye dye, for ye maye not endure ageynste us, though ye were the best knyghtes of the world." Thenne lete they renne eche to other, and the thre felawes bete the ten knyghtes, and thenne sette theire handes to their swerdes, and bete them doune and slewe them. Thenne there came oute of the castel a thre score knyghtes armed. "Faire lordes," sayd the thre felawes, "have mercy on youre selfe, and have not adoo with us." "Nay, fayre lordes," sayd the knyghtes of the castel, "we counceyl yow to withdrawe yow, for ye ben the best knyghtes of the world, and therfore doo no more, for ye have done ynough. We wille lete yow go with this harme, but we must nedes have the customme." "Certes," sayd Galahad, "for

nought speke ye." "Wel," sayd they, "wille ye dye?" "We be not yet come therto," sayd Galahad. Thenne beganne they to medle to gyders, and Galahad with the straunge gyrdels drewe his suerd, and smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand, and slewe what that ever abode hym, and dyd suche merveils that there was none that sawe hym [but] they wend he had ben none erthely man but a monstre, and his two felawes halp hym passyng wel. And soo they held the journey everyche in lyke hard tyl it was nyght. Thenne must they nedes departe. So cam in a good knyghte and sayd to the thre felawes, "Yf ye wyll come in to nyght, and take suche herberowe as here is, ye shal be ryght welcome; and we shall ensure yow by the feyth of our bodyes, and as we be true knyghtes, to leve yow in suche estat to morowe as we fynde yow, withoute ony falshede. And as soone as ye knowe of the custome we dare say ye wyll accorde." "Therfor, for Goddes love," said the gentylwoman, "goo thyder and spare not for me." "Go we," sayd Galahad, and soo they entryd in to the chappel. And when they were alyghte they made grete joye of hem. Soo within a whyle the thre knyghtes asked the customme of the castel, and wherefor it was. "What hit is," sayd they, "we wille saye yow sothe."

Capitulum xj.

"THER is in this castel a gentylwoman whiche we and this castel is hers, and many other. Soo it befelle many yeres agone there fylle upon her a maladye. And whanne she had layne a grete whyle, she felle unto a mesel, and of no leche she coude have no remedy. But at the last an old man sayd, and she myght have a dysshe ful of blood of a mayde and a clene vyrgyn in wylle and

in werke, and a kynges doughter, that blood shold be her hele; and for to anoynte her with alle, and for this thynge was this customme made." "Now," said Percyvals sister, "fayr knyghtes, I see wel *that* this gentylwoman is but dede." "Certes," sayd Galahad, "and ye blede soo moche ye maye dye." "Truly," sayd she, "and I dye for to hele her, I shal gete me grete worship and sowles helthe, and worshyp to my lygnage; and better is one harme than tweyn. And therfor ther shall be no more batail, but to morne I shall yelde yow your customme of this castel." And thenne there was grete joye more than there was to fore. For els had there ben mortal werre upon the morne, not withstandyng she wold none other whether they wold or nold. That nyght were the thre felawes easyd with the best, and on the morne they herd masse, and Sir Percyvals sister bad brynge forth the seke lady. So she was, the whiche was evylle at ease. Thenne sayd she, "Who shall lete me blood?" Soo one came forth and lete her blood, and she bled soo moche that the dysshe was ful. Thenne she lyfte up her hand and blessid her. And thenne she said to the lady, "Madame, I am come to the dethe for to make yow hole; for Goddes love prayeth for me." With that she felle in a swoune. Thenne Galahad and his two felawes starte up to her, and lyfte her up and staunched her; but she had bled soo moche that she myght not lyve. Thenne she sayd whan she was awaked, "Fayre broder Percyval, I dye for the helynge of this lady. Soo I requyre yow that ye bery me not in this countrey, but as soone as I am dede put me in a bote at the next haven, and lete me goo as adventure will lede me. And as soone as ye thre come to the cyte of Sarras ther to encheve the Holy Graile, ye shalle fynde me under a towre arryved, and there bery me in the spyrytual place; for I saye yow soo

moche, there Galahad shalle be buryed, and ye also, in the same place." Thenne Percyval understood these wordes, and graunted it her wepynge. And thenne sayd a voyce, "Lordes and felawes, to morowe at the houre of pryme ye thre shalle departe everyche from other tyl the adventure brynge yow to the maymed kynge." Thenne asked she her Saveour, and as soone as she had receyved hit, the soule departed from the body. Soo the same daye was the lady helyd whan she was enoynted with alle. Thenne Syr Percyvale made a letter of all that she had holpen hem as in straunge adventures, and put hit in her ryght hand and soo leyd her in a barge, and coverd it with blak sylke; and so the wynde aroos, and drofe the barge from the lond, and alle knyghtes beheld hit tyl it was oute of their syghte.

Thenne they drewe alle to the castel, and soo forthe with ther felle a sodeyne tempest, and thonder, layte, and rayne as alle the erthe wold have broken. Soo half the castel torned up soo doune; soo it passed evensonge or the tempest was seaced. Thenne they sawe afore hem a knyghte armed and wounded hard in the body and in the hede, that sayd, "O God, socoure me, for now it is nede." After this knyght came another knyghte and a dwerf whiche cryed to hem afer, "Stand! ye may not escape." Thenne the wounded knyghte held up his handes to God, that he shold not dye in suche trybulacyon. "Truly," sayd Galahad, "I shalle socoure hym for his sake that he calleth upon." "Sir," said Bors, "I shalle doo hit, for it is not for yow, for he is but one knyghte." "Sir," sayd he, "I graunte." So Sir Bors toke his hors, and commaunded hym to God, and rode after to rescowe the wounded knyghte.

Now torne we to the two felawes.

Capitulum xij.

Now saith the story that al nyght Galahad and Percyval were in a chappel in her prayers, for to save Sir Bors. Soo on the morowe they dressid hem in theire harneis toward the castel, to wete what was fallen of them there in. And when they cam there, they fond neyther man ne woman that he ne was dede by the vengeaunce of oure Lord. With that they herd a voyce that sayd, "This vengeaunce is for blood shedynge of maydens." Also they fonde atte ende of the chappel a chirche yard, and therin myght they see a thre score fair tombes, and that place was soo fayre and soo delectable that it semed hem there had ben none tempest. For there lay the bodyes of alle the good maydens whiche were martred for the seke ladyes sake. Also they fond the names of everyche, and of what blood they were come, and alle were of kynges blood, and twelve of them were kynges doughters. Thenne they departed, and wente in to a foreste. "Now," said Percyval unto Galahad, "we must departe; soo pray we oure Lord that we maye mete to gyders in short tyme." Thenne they dyd of their helmes, and kyssed to gyder, and wepte at their departynge.

Capitulum xiij.

Now sayth the history, that whan Launcelot was come to the water of Mortoyse, as hit is reherced before, he was in grete perylle, and soo he leyd hym doune and slepte, and toke the adventure that God wold sende hym.

Soo whan he was a slepe, there came a vysyon unto hym and said, "Launcelot, aryse up and take thyn armour, and entre in to the first ship that thow shalt

fynde." And when he herd these wordes, he starte up and sawe grete clerenes about hym. And thenne he lyfte up his hande and blessid hym, and so toke his armes, and made hym redy. And soo by adventure he came by a stronde, and fonde a shyp the which was withoute sayle or ore. And as soone as he was within the shyp, there he felte the moost swetnes that ever he felt; and he was fulfylled with alle thynge that he thought on or desyred. Thenne he sayd, "Fair swete Fader Jhesu Cryst, I wote not in what joye I am, for this joye passeth alle erthely joyes that ever I was in." And soo in this joye he leyd hym doune to the shyps borde and slepte tyl day. And when he awoke, he fonde there a fayre bed, and therin lyenge a gentylwoman dede, the whiche was Syr Percyvals syster. And as Launcelot devysed her, he aspyed in hir ryght hand a wrytte, the whiche he redde, the whiche told hym all the adventures that ye have herd to fore, and of what lygnage she was come. Soo with this gentylwoman Sir Launcelot was a moneth and more. Yf ye wold aske how he lyved, he that fedde the peple of Israel with manna in deserte, soo was he fedde. For every day when he had sayd his prayers, he was susteyned with the grace of the Holy Ghoost.

So on a nyghte he wente to playe hym by the water syde, for he was somwhat wery of the shyp. And thenne he lystned and herd an hors come, and one rydynge upon hym. And whanne he cam nygh he semed a knyghte. And soo he lete hym passe, and wente there as the shyp was, and there he alyghte, and toke the sadel and the brydel and putte the hors from hym, and went in to the ship. And thenne Launcelot dressid unto hym and said, "Ye be welcome." And he ansuerd and salewed hym ageyne, and asked hym, "What is your name? for moche

my hert gyveth unto yow." "Truly," sayd he, "my name is Launcelot du Lake." "Sir," saide he, "thenne be ye welcome, for ye were the begynner of me in this world." "A," sayd he, "ar ye Galahad?" "Ye, forsothe," sayd he; and so he kneled doune and asked hym his blessynge, and after toke of his helme and kyssed hym. And there was grete joye bitwene them, for there is no tonge can telle the joye that they made eyther of other, and many a frendely word spoken bitwene, as kynde wold, the whiche is no nede here to be reherced. And there everyche told other of theire adventures and merveils that were befallen to them in many journeyes sythe that they departed from the courte. Anone, as Galahad sawe the gentilwoman dede in the bed, he knewe her wel ynough, and told grete worship of her, that she was the best mayde lyvyng, and hit was grete pyte of her dethe. But whanne Launcelot herd how the merveylous swerd was goten, and who made hit, and alle the merveyls reherced afore, thenne he prayd Galahad his sone that he wold shewe hym the suerd, and so he dyd. And anone he kyssed the pomel and the hyltes and the scaubard. "Truly," sayd Launcelot, "never erst knewe I of so hyhe adventures done, and so merveyllous and straunge." So dwellid Launcelot and Galahad within that shyp half a yere, and served God dayly and nyghtly with alle their power. And often they aryved in yles ferre from folke, where there repayred none but wylde beestes. And ther they fond many straunge adventures and peryllous, whiche they broughte to an ende. But for tho adventures were with wylde beestes, and not in the quest of the Sancgreal, therfor the tale maketh here no mencyon therof, for it wolde be to longe to telle of alle tho adventures that befelle them.

Capitulum xiiij.

Soo after, on a Mondaye, hit befelle that they aryved in the edge of a foreste, to fore a crosse, and thenne sawe they a knyghte armed al in whyte, and was rychely horsed, and ledde in his ryght hand a whyte hors. And soo he cam to the shyp, and salewed the two knyghtes on the hyghe Lordes behalf, and sayd, "Galahad, syr, ye have ben longe ynough with your fader, come oute of the ship, and starte upon this hors, and goo where the adventures shall lede the in the quest of the Sancgreal." Thenne he wente to his fader, and kyst hym swetely, and sayd, "Fair swete fader, I wote not whan I shal see you more, tyl I see the body of Jhesu Cryst." "I praye yow," sayd Launcelot, "praye ye to the hyghe Fader that he hold me in his servyse." And soo he took his hors; and ther they herd a voyce that sayd, "Thynke for to doo wel, for the one shal never see the other before the dredeful day of dome." "Now, sone Galahad," said Lau*n*celot, "syn we shal departe, and never see other, I pray to *the* hy*gh* Fader to conserve me and yow bothe." "Sire," said Galahad, "noo prayer avaylleth soo moche as yours." And there with Galahad entryd in to the foreste. And the wynde aroos and drofe Launcelot more than a moneth thurgh oute the see, where he slepte but lytyl, but prayed to God that he myght see some tydynges of the Sancgreal.

Soo hit befelle on a nyghte at mydnyghte, he aryved afore a castel on the bak syde, whiche was ryche and fayre; and there was a posterne opened toward the see, and was open withoute ony kepynge, sauf two lyons kept the entre, and the moone shone clere. Anone Sir Launcelot herd a voyce that sayd, "Launcelot, goo oute

of this shyp and entre in to the castel, where thou shalt see a grete parte of thy desyre." Thenne he ran to his armes and soo armed hym, and soo wente to the gate and sawe the lyons. Thenne sette he hand to his suerd, and drewe hit. Thenne there came a dwerf sodenly, and smote hym on the harme[1] so sore that the suerd felle oute of his hand. Thenne herd he a voyce say, "O man of evylle feyth and poure byleve, wherfor trowest thow more on thy harneis than in thy maker? for he myghte more avayle the than thyn armour, in whos servyse that thou arte sette." Thenne said Launcelot, "Fay u[2] Fader Jhesu Cryste, I thanke the of thy grete mercy that thou reprevest me of my mysdede. Now see I wel that ye hold me for youre servaunt." Thenne toke he ageyne his suerd, and putte it up in his shethe, and made a crosse in his forhede, and came to the lyons, and they made semblaunt to doo hym harme. Notwithstandynge he passed by hem without hurte, and entryd in to the castel to the chyef fortresse, and there where[3] they al at rest. Thenne Launcelot entryd in so armed, for he fond noo gate nor dore but it was open. And at the last he fond a chamber wherof the dore was shytte, and he sette his hand therto to have opened hit, but he myghte not.

Capitulum xv.

Thenne he enforced hym mykel to undoo the dore. Thenne he lystned, and herd a voyce whiche sange so swetely that it semed none erthely thynge; and hym thoughte the voyce said, "Joye and honour be to the Fader of Heven." Thenne Launcelot kneled doun to fore the chamber, for wel wyst he that there was the Sancgreal within that chamber. Thenne sayd he, "Fair

[1] *Sic.* [2] Read *Fayre?* [3] Read *were?*

swete Fader Jhesu Cryst, yf ever I dyd thyng that pleasyd the Lord, for thy pyte ne have me not in despyte for my synnes done afore tyme, and that thou shewe me some thynge of that I seke." And with that he sawe the chamber dore open, and there came oute a grete clerenes, that the hows was as bryghte as all the torches of the world had ben there. So cam he to the chamber dore, and wold have entryd. And anone a voyce said to hym, "Flee, Launcelot, and entre not, for thou oughtest not to doo hit; and yf thou entre thou shalt forthynke hit." Thenne he withdrewe hym abak ryght hevy. Thenne loked he up in the myddes of the chamber, and sawe a table of sylver, and the holy vessel coverd with reed samyte, and many angels aboute hit, wherof one helde a candel of waxe brennyng, and the other held a crosse and the ornementys of an aulter. And bifore the holy vessel he sawe a good man clothed as a preest, and it semed that he was at the sacrynge of the masse. And it semed to Launcelot that above the preestes handes were thre men, wherof the two putte the yongest by lykenes bitwene the preestes handes, and soo he lyfte hit up ryght hyhe, and it semed to shewe so to the peple. And thenne Launcelot merveyled not a lytyl, for hym thought the preest was so gretely charged of the fygure, that hym semed that he shold falle to the erthe. And whan he sawe none aboute hym that wolde helpe hym, thenne came he to the dore a grete paas and sayd, "Faire Fader Jhesu Cryst, ne take hit for no synne though I helpe the good man, whiche hath grete nede of help." Ryghte soo entryd he in to the chamber, and cam toward the table of sylver, and whanne he came nyghe he felte a brethe that hym thoughte hit was entremedled with fyre, whiche smote hym so sore in the vysage that hym thoughte it brente his vysage; and there with he felle to the erthe,

and had no power to aryse, as he that was soo araged that had loste the power of his body, and his herynge, and his seynge.

Thenne felte he many handes aboute hym, whiche tooke hym up and bare hym oute of the chamber dore, withoute ony amendynge of his swoune, and lefte hym there semyng dede to[1] al peple. Soo upon the morowe, whan it was fayre day, they within were arysen, and fonde Launcelot lyenge afore the chamber dore. Alle they merveylled how that he cam in; and so they loked upon hym, and felte his pouse to wyte whether there were ony lyf in hym; and soo they fond lyf in hym, but he myght not stande nor stere no membre that he had; and soo they tooke hym by every parte of the body, and bare hym in to a chamber, and leyd hym in a ryche bedde ferre from alle folke; and soo he lay four dayes. Thenne the one sayd he was on lyve, and the other sayd, "Nay," "In the name of God," sayd an old man, "for I doo yow veryly to wete he is not dede, but he is soo fulle of lyf as the myghtyest of yow alle, and therfor I counceylle yow that he be wel kepte tyl God send hym lyf ageyne."

Capitulum xvj.

In suche maner they kepte Launcelot four and twenty dayes, and also many nyghtes, that ever he laye stylle as a dede man; and at the xxv daye byfelle hym after mydaye that he opened his eyen. And whan he sawe folke he made grete sorowe, and sayd, "Why have ye awaked me? for I was more at ease than I am now. O Jhesu Cryst, who myghte be soo blessid that myght see openly thy grete merveyls of secretenes there where no synnar

[1] After *to* the words, "*of the chamber dore and lefte hym there semynge dede to*," are repeated.

may be?" "What have ye sene?" sayd they aboute hym. "I have sene," said he, "so grete merveyls that no tong may telle, and more than ony herte can thynke, and had not my sone ben here afore me I had sene moche more." Thenne they told hym how he had layne there four and twenty dayes and nyghtes. Thenne hym thoughte hit was punysshement for the four and twenty yeres that he had ben a synner, wherfore our Lord put hym in penaunce four and twenty dayes and nyghtes. Thenne loked Syr Launcelot afore hym, and sawe the hayre whiche he had borne nyghe a yere, for that he forthoughte hym ryght moche that he had broken his promyse unto the heremyte, whiche he had avowed to doo. Thenne they asked how hit stood with hym. "For sothe," sayd he, "I am hole of body, thanked be our Lord. Therfore, syrs, for Goddes love telle me where that I am." Thenne sayd they alle that he was in the castel of Carbonek. There with came a gentylwoman, and brought hym a sherte of smal lynen clothe, but he chaunged not there, but toke the hayre to hym ageyne. "Sir," sayd they, "the quest of the Sancgreal is encheved now ryght in yow, that never shalle ye see of the Sancgreal nomore than ye have sene." "Now I thanke God," said Launcelot, "of his grete mercy, of that I have sene, for it suffyseth me; for, as I suppose, no man in this world hath lyved better than I have done to enchere[1] that I have done." And ther with he took the hayre and clothed hym in hit, and above that he put a lynen sherte, and after a robe of scarlet fresshe and newe. And whanne he was soo arayed they merveylled alle, for they knewe hym that he was Launcelot, the good knyghte. And thenne they sayd alle, "O my lord Sir Launcelot, be that ye?" And he sayd, "Truly I am he." Thenne

[1] Read *encheve*.

came word to kyng Pelles, that the knyght that had layne soo longe dede was Sir Launcelot. Thenne was the kynge ryght glad, and wente to see hym. And whanne Launcelot sawe hym come, he dressid hym ageynste hym, and there made the kyng grete joye of hym, and there the kynge told hym tydynges, that his fayre doughter was dede. Thenne Launcelot was ryght hevy of hit, and sayd, "Syre, me forthynketh of the dethe of your doughter, for she was a ful fayre lady, fresshe and yonge, and wel I wote she bere the best knyghte that is now on erthe or that ever was sith God was borne." So the kynge held hym there four dayes, and on the morowe he took his leve at kynge Pelles, and at al the felauship, and thanked them of the grete labour. Ryghte soo as they sat at her dyner in the chyef sale, thenne was so befalle that the Sancgreal had fulfylled the tables with al maner of metes that ony herte myghte thynke. Soo as they sate, they sawe alle the dores and the wyndowes of the place were shitte withoute mannys hand; wherof they were al abasshed, and none wyste what to doo.

And thenne it happed sodenly a knyghte cam to the chyefe dore, and knocked, and cryed, "Undo the dore," but they wold not. And ever he cryed, "Undoo!" but they wold not. And atte laste it noyed hem soo moche that the kynge hym self arose and came to a wyndowe there where the knyght called. Thenne he said, "Syr knyght, ye shall not entre at this tyme, whyle the Sancgreal is here, and therfor goo in to another. For certes ye be none of the kny*gh*tes of the quest, but one of them whiche hath served the fende, and hast lefte the servyse of oure Lord"; and he was passynge wrothe at the kynges wordes. "Sir knyght," sayd the kynge, "syn ye wold so fayn entre, saye me of what cou*n*trey ye be." "Sir," sayd he, "I am of the realme of Logrys, and my

name is Ector de Marys, and broder unto my lord Sir Launcelot." "In the name of God," sayd the kynge, "me forthynketh of that I have sayd, for youre broder is here within." And whan Ector de Marys understood that his broder was there, for he was the man in the world that he moost dredde and loved, and thenne he sayd, "A, God now doubleth my sorowe and shame: ful truly sayd the good man of the hylle unto Gawayne and to me of oure dremes." Thenne wente he oute of the courte as fast as his hors myghte, and soo thurgh oute the castel.

Capitulum xvij.

THENNE kynge Pelles came to Sire Launcelot, and told hym tydynges of his broder, wherof he was sory that he wyste not what to doo. Soo Sir Launcelot departed, and toke his armes, and sayd he wold goo see the realme of Logrys, — "whiche I have not sene in twelve moneth." And there with commaunded the kynge to God, and soo rode thurgh many realmes. And at the last he came to a whyte abbay; and there they made hym that nyghte grete chere. And on the morne he aroos and herd masse, and afore an aulter he fond a ryche tombe whiche was newely made. And thenne he took hede, and sawe the sydes wryten with gold, whiche sayd: "Here lyeth kynge Bagdemagus of Gore, whiche kynge Arthurs nevew slewe," and named hym Syr Gawayn. Thenne was not he a lytel sory, for Launcelot loved hym moche more than ony other, and had it ben ony other than Gawayn, he shold not have escared[1] from dethe to lyf; and sayd to hym self, "A, Lord God, this is a grete hurte unto kynge Arthurs courte, the losse of suche a man." And thenne he departed, and came to the abbay where Gata-[2]

[1] Read *escaped*. [2] *Sic*.

had dyd the adventure of the tombes, and wanne the whyte sheld with the reed crosse, and there had he grete chere alle that nyghte. And on the morne he torned unto Camelot, where he fonde kynge Arthur and the quene. But many of the knyghtes of the Round Table were slayne and destroyed, more than half. And soo thre were come home, Ector, Gawayne, and Lyonel, and many other that neden not to be reherced, and alle the courte was passyng gladde of Syr Launcelot. And the kynge asked hym many tydynges of his sone Galahad, and ther Launcelot told the kynge of his adventures that had befallen hym syn he departed; and also he told hym of the adventures of Galahad, Percyvale, and Bors, whiche that he knewe by the letter of the dede damoysel, and as Galahad had told hym. "Now, God wold," sayd the kynge, "that they were all thre here." "That shalle never be," said Launcelot, "for two of hem shalle ye never see, but one of hem shalle come ageyne."

Now leve we this story and speke of Galahad.

Capitulum xviij.

Now saith the story, Galahad rode many journeyes invayne, and at the last he cam to the abbay where kyng Mordrayns was. And whan he herd that, he thoughte he wold abyde to see hym. And upon the morne, whanne he had herd masse, Galahad came unto kyng Mordrayns. And anon the kynge sawe hym, the whiche had leyne blynd of long tyme. And thenne he dressid hym ageynst hym, and said, "Galahad, the servaunt of Jhesu Cryste, whos comynge I have abyden so longe, now enbrace me, and lete me reste on thy brest, so that I may reste bitwene thyn armes, for thow arte a clene vyrgyn above all knyghtes, as the floure of the lyly, in whome vyrgynyte

is sygnefyed, and thou arte the rose, the whiche is the floure of al good vertu, and in coloure of fyre. For the fyre of the Holy Ghoost is take so in the, that my flesshe, which was al dede of oldenes, is become yonge ageyne." Thenne Galahad herd his wordes, thenne he enbraced hym and alle his body. Thenne sayd he, "Faire Lord Jhesu Cryst, now I have my wil, now I requyre the in this poynt that I am in, thow come and vysyte me." And anone oure Lord herd his prayer: there with the soule departed from the body. And thenne Galahad putte hym in the erthe as a kynge oughte to be; and soo departede, and soo came in to a perillous foreste, where he fond the welle, the whiche boylled with grete wawes, as the tale telleth to fore. And as soone as Galahad sette his hand therto it seaced, so that it brente no more, and the hete departed; for that it brente hit was a sygne of lechery, the whiche was that tyme moche used, but that hete myght not abyde his pure vyrgyntye; and this was taken in the countrey for a myrakle. And soo ever after was it called Callahadys welle.

Thenne by adventure he cam in to the countrey of Gore, and in to the abbay where Launcelot had ben to fore hand, and fonde the tombe of kynge Bagdemagus (but he was founder therof, Joseph of Armathyes sone) and the tombe of Symyan where Launcelot had fayled. Thenne he loked in to a crofte under the mynster, and there he sawe a tombe whiche brent ful merveyllously. Thenne asked he the bretheren what it was. "Sir," said they, "a merveyllous adventur that may not be broughte unto none ende but by hym that passeth of bounte and of knyghthode al them of the Round Table." "I wold," sayd Galahad, "that ye wold lede me ther to." "Gladly," sayd they; and soo ledde hym tyl a cave; and he went doune upon gresys, and cam nyghe the tombe, and thenne

the flammynge fayled and the fyre staunched, the whiche many a day had ben grete. Thenne came there a voyce that sayd, "Moche are ye beholde to thanke oure Lord, the whiche hath gyven yow a good houre, that ye may drawe oute the sowles of erthely payne and to putte them in to the joyes of Paradys. I am of your kynred, the whiche have dwelled in this hete thys thre honderd wynter and four and fyfty, to be purged of the synne that I dyd ageynst Joseph of Armathye." Thenne Galahad had toke the body in his armes, and bare it in to the mynster. And that nyghte lay Galahad in the abbay; and on the morne he gaf hym servyse, and putte hym in the erthe afore the hyghe aulter.

Capitulum xix.

Soo departed he from thens, and commaunded the bretheren to God, and soo he rode fyve dayes tyl that he came to the maymed kynge, and ever folowed Percyval the fyve dayes, askynge where he had ben, and soo one told hym how the adventures of Logrys were encheved. So on a daye it befelle that they cam oute of a grete foreste, and there they mette at travers with Sir Bors, the whiche rode alone. Hit is none nede to telle yf they were glad, and hem he salewed, and they yelded hym honour and good adventure; and everyche told other. Thenne said Bors, "Hit is more than a yere and an half that I ne lay ten tymes where men dwelled, but in wylde forestes and in montayns, but God was ever my comforte."

Thenne rode they a grete whyle tyl that they came to the castel of Carbonek. And whan they were entryd within the castel kynge Pelles knewe hem. Thenne there was grete joye, for they wyst wel by theire comynge that

they had fulfylled the quest of the Sancgreal. Thenne Elyazar, kynge Pelles sone, broughte to fore hem the broken suerd where with Joseph was stryken thurgh the thygh. Thenne Bors sette his hand therto, yf that he myght have souded hit ageyne, but it wold not be. Thenne he took it to Percyval, but he had no more power therto than he. "Now have ye hit ageyne," sayd Percyvall to Galahad, "for and it be ever encheved by ony bodely man, ye must doo hit." And thenne he took the pyeces and sette hem to gyders, and they semed that they had never ben broken, and as well as hit had ben fyrst forged. And whanne they within aspyed that the adventure of the suerd was encheved, thenne they gaf the suerd to Bors, for hit myght not be better set, for he was a good knyghte and a worthy man. And a lytel afore even the suerd arose grete and merveyllous, and was ful of grete hete, that many men felle for drede. And anone alyght a voys amonge them, and sayd, "They that ought not to sytte at the table of Jhesu Cryst aryse, for now shalle veray knyghtes ben fedde." Soo they wente thens, all sauf kynge Pelles and Elyazar his sone, the whiche were holy men, and a mayde which was his nece. And soo these thre felawes and they thre were there, no mo. Anone they sawe knyghtes al armed came in at the halle dore, and dyd of their helmes and their armes, and sayd unto Galahad, "Sire, we have hyed ryght moche for to be with yow at this table where the holy mete shalle be departed." Thenne sayd he, "Ye be welcome, but of whens be ye?" So thre of them sayd they were of Gaule, and other thre sayd they were of Irland, and the other thre sayd they were of Denmarke. So as they satte thus, there came oute a bed of tree of a chamber, the whiche four gentylwymmen broughte, and in the bed lay a good man seke, and a crowne of gold upon his hede,

and there in the myddes of the place they sette hym doune, and wente ageyne their waye. Thenne he lyfte up his hede and sayd, "Galahad, knyght, ye be welcome, for moche have I desyred your comynge, for in suche payne and in suche anguysshe I have ben longe. But now I truste to God the terme is come that my payn shall be alayed, that I shall passe oute of this world so as it was promysed me longe ago." There with a voyce sayd, "Ther be two amonge you that be not in the quest of the Sancgreal, and therfor departe ye."

Capitulum xx.

Thenne kynge Pelles and his sone departed; and there with alle besemed that there cam a man and four angels from heven clothed in lykenes of a bisshop, and had a crosse in his hand, and these foure angels bare hym up in a chayer, and sette hym doune before the table of sylver where upon the Sancgreal was, and it semed that he had in myddes of his forhede letters, the whiche sayd, "See ye here Joseph, the fyrst bisshop of Crystendome, the same whiche our Lord socoured in the cyte of Sarras, in the spyrytuel place." Thenne the knyghtes merveylled, for that bisshop was dede more than thre honderd yere to fore. "O knyghtes," sayde he, "merveyle not, for I was somtyme an erthely man." With that they herde the chamber dore open, and there they sawe angels, and two bare candels of waxe, and the thyrd a towel, and the fourthe a spere, whiche bled merveillously, that thre droppes felle within a boxe whiche he helde with [his] other hand. And they sette the candels upon the table, and the thyrd the towel upon the vessel, and the fourth the holy spere even up ryghte upon the vessel. And thenne the bisshop made semblaunt as though he

wold have gone to the sacrynge of the masse. And thenne he tooke an ubblye, whiche was made in lykenes of breed. And at the lyftynge up there came a fygur in lykenes of a chyld, and the vysage was as reed and as bryghte as ony fyre, and smote hym self in to the breed, so that they all sawe hit that the breed was formed of a flesshely man, and thenne he putte hit in to the holy vessel ageyne, and thenne he dyd that longed to a preest to doo to a masse. And thenne he wente to Galahad and kyssed hym, and badde hym goo and kysse his felawes, and soo he dyd anone. "Now," sayd he, "servauntes of Jhesu Cryste, ye shall be fedde afore this table with swete metes that never knyghtes tasted." And whanne he had sayd, he vanysshed awey.

And they sette hem at the table in grete drede, and made their prayers. Thenne loked they and sawe a man come oute of the holy vessel, that had alle the sygnes of the passion of Jhesu Cryste, bledynge alle openly, and sayd, "My knyghtes and my servauntes and my true children, whiche ben come oute of dedely lyf in to spyrytual lyf, I wyl now no lenger hyde me from yow, but ye shal see now a parte of my secretes and of my hydde thynges: now holdeth and receyveth the hyghe mete whiche ye have soo moche desyred." Thenne took he hym self the holy vessel and came to Galahad, and he kneled doune, and there he receyved his Saveour; and after hym soo receyved alle his felawes, and they thoughte it soo swete that hit was merveillous to telle. Thenne sayd he to Galahad, "Sone, wotest thow what I hold betwixe my handes?" "Nay," sayd he, "but yf ye will telle me." "This is," sayd he, "the holy dysshe wherin I ete the lambe on Sherthursdaye. And now hast thou sene that thou most desyred to see, but yet haste thou not sene hit soo openly as thow shalt see it in the cyte of

Sarras, in the spyrituel place. Therfore thow must go hens and bere with the this holy vessel, for this nyght it shalle departe from the realme of Logrys, that it shalle never be sene more here. And wotest thou wherfor? for he is not served nor worshypped to his ryghte by them of this land, for they be torned to evylle lyvynge; therfor I shall disheryte them of the honour whiche I have done hem. And therfore goo ye thre to morowe unto the see, where ye shal fynde your shyp redy, and with you take the suerd with the straunge gyrdels, and no mo with yow but Sire Percyval and Syre Bors. Also I will that ye take with you of the blood of this spere, for to enoynte the maymed kynge, bothe his legges and alle his body, and he shalle have his hele." "Sire," sayd Galahad, "why shalle not these other felawes goo with us?" "For this cause; for ryght as I departed my postels, one here and another there, soo I wille that ye departe. And two of yow shalle dye in my servyse, but one of yow shal come ageyne, and telle tydynges." Thenne gaf he hem his blessynge and vanysshed awaye.

Capitulum xxj.

And Galahad wente anone to the spere whiche lay upon the table, and touched the blood with his fyngers, and came after to the maymed kynge, and anoynted his legges. And there with he clothed hym anone, and starte upon his feet oute of his bedde as an hole man, and thanked oure Lorde that he had helyd hym. And that was not to the world ward; for anone he yelded hym to a place of relygyon of whyte monkes, and was a ful holy man. That same nyghte aboute mydnyght came a voyce amonge hem whiche sayde, "My sones and not my chyef sones, my frendes and not my werryours, goo ye hens

where ye hope best to doo and as I bad yow." "A, thanked be thou, Lord, that thou wilt vouchesaufe to calle us thy synners. Now maye we wel preve that we have not lost our paynes."

And anone in alle haste they took their harneis and departed. But the thre knyghtes of Gaule, one of them hyghte Claudyne, kynge Claudas sone, and the other two were grete gentylmen. Thenne praid Galahad to everyche of them, that yf they come to kynge Arthurs court, that they sholde salewe "my lorde Sir Launcelot my fader," and of hem of the Round Table, and prayed hem yf that they cam on that party that they shold not forgete it. Ryght soo departed Galahad, Percyval, and Bors with hym, and soo they rode thre dayes, and thenne they came to a ryvage and fonde the shyp wherof the tale speketh of to fore. And whanne they cam to the borde, they fonde in the myddes the table of sylver whiche they had lefte with the maymed kynge, and the Sancgreal whiche was coverd with rede samyte. Thenne were they gladde to have suche thynges in theyr felaushyp, and soo they entryd, and maade grete reverence ther to, and Galahad felle in his prayer longe tyme to oure Lord, that at what tyme he asked that he shold passe out of this world. Soo moche he prayd, tyl a voyce sayd to hym, "Galahad, thou shalt have thy request, and whan thow askest the dethe of thy body thou shalt have it, and thenne shalt thow fynde the lyf of the soule." Percyval herd this, and prayd hym of felaushyp that was bitwene them, to telle hym wherfor he asked suche thynges. "That shalle I telle yow," said Galahad: "thother day whanne we sawe a parte of the adventures of the Sancgreal, I was in suche a joye of herte that I trowe never man was that was erthely, and therfore I wote wel whan my body is dede my sowle shalle be in grete joye to see the blessid

Trynyte every day, and the mageste of oure Lord Jhesu Cryst." Soo longe were they in the shyp that they sayd to Galahad, "Syr, in this bedde ought ye to lye, for soo saith the scrypture"; and soo he leyd hym doune and slepte a grete whyle. And whan he awaked he loked afore hym, and sawe the cyte of Sarras. And as they wold have landed, they sawe the shyp wherein Percyval had putte his syster in. "Truly," sayd Percyval, "in the name of God, wel hath my syster holden us covenaunt."

Thenne toke they out of the ship the table of sylver, and he tooke it to Percyval and to Bors to goo to fore, and Galahad came behynde, and ryght soo they went to the cyte, and at the gate of the cyte they sawe an old man croked. Thenne Galahad called hym and bad hym, "Helpe to bere this hevy thynge." "Truly," said the old man, "it is ten yere ago that I myght not goo but with crouchys." "Care thou not," sayd Galahad, "and aryse up and shewe thy good wille." And soo he assayed, and fonde hym self as hole as ever he was. Thenne ranne he to the table, and took one parte ageynst Galahad. And anone arose there grete noyse in the cyte, that a cryppyl was maade hole by knyghtes merveyls that entryd in to the cyte. Thenne anon after, the thre knyghtes wente to the water, and broughte up in to the paleys Percyvals syster, and buryed her as rychely as a kynges doughter oughte to be. And whan the kynge of the cyte, whiche was cleped Estorause, sawe the felaushyp, he asked hem of whens they were, and what thyng it was that they had broughte upon the table of sylver. And they told hym the trouthe of the Sancgreal, and the power whiche that God had sette there. Thenne the kynge was a tyraunt, and was come of the lyne of paynyms, and toke hem, and putte hem in pryson in a depe hole.

Capitulum xxij.

BUT as soone as they were there, oure Lord sente hem the Sancgreal, thorow whoos grace they were al waye fulfylled whyle that they were in pryson. Soo at the yeres ende hit befelle that this kynge Estourause lay seke, and felte that he shold dye. Thenne he sente for the thre knyghtes, and they came afore hym, and he cryed hem mercy of that he had done to them, and they forgaf hit hym goodely, and he dyed anone. Whanne the kynge was dede, alle the cyte was desmayed, and wyst not who myghte be her kynge. Ryght soo as they were in counceille, there came a voyce amonge them, and badde hem chese the yongest knyght of them thre to be her kynge, "for he shalle wel mayntene yow and all yours." Soo they made Galahad kynge by alle the assente of the hole cyte, and els they wold have slayne hym. And whanne he was come to beholde the land, he lete make above the table of sylver a cheste of gold and of precyous stones that hylled the holy vessel. And every day erly the thre felawes wold come afore hit and make their prayers.

Now at the yeres ende, and the self daye after Galahad had borne the croune of gold, he arose up erly, and his felawes, and came to the palais, and sawe to fore hem the holy vessel, and a man knelynge on his knees in lykenes of a bisshop, that had aboute hym a grete felaushyp of angels as it had ben Jhesu Cryst hym self. And thenne he arose and beganne a masse of Oure Lady. And whan he cam to the sacrament of the masse, and had done, anone he called Galahad, and sayd to hym, "Come forthe, the servaunt of Jhesu Cryst, and thou shalt see that thou hast moche desyred to see." And

thenne he beganne to tremble ryght hard, whan the dedely flesshe beganne to beholde the spyrytuel thynges. Thenne he helde up his handes toward heven and sayd, "Lord, I thanke the, for now I see that that hath ben my desyre many a daye. Now, blessyd Lord, wold I not lenger lyve, yf it myghte please the Lord." And there with the good man tooke oure Lordes body betwixe hys handes, and proferd it to Galahad, and he receyved hit ryghte gladly and mekely. "Now, wotest thow what I am?" sayd the good man. "Nay," said Galahad. "I am Joseph of Armathye, the whiche oure Lord hath sente here to the to bere the felaushyp. And wotest thou wherfor that he hath sente me more than ony other? For thou hast resemblyd [me?] in to thynges, in that thou hast sene the merveyles of the Sancgreal, in that thou hast ben a clene mayden, as I have ben and am." And whanne he had said these wordes, Galahad went to Percyval and kyssed hym, and commaunded hym to God. And soo he wente to Sire Bors and kyssed hym, and commaunded hym to God, and sayd, "Fayre lord, salewe me to my lord Syr Launcelot, my fader, and as soone as ye see hym byd hym remembre of this unstable world." And there with he kneled doune tofore the table and made his prayers, and thenne sodenly his soule departed to Jhesu Crist, and a grete multitude of angels bare his soule up to heven, that the two felawes myghte wel behold hit. Also the two felawes sawe come from heven an hand, but they sawe not the body. And thenne hit cam ryght to the vessel, and took it and the spere, and soo bare hit up to heven. Sythen was there never man soo hardy to saye that he had sene the Sancgreal.

Capitulum xxiij.

Whanne Percyval and Bors sawe Galahad dede, they made as moche sorowe as ever dyd two men: and yf they had not ben good men, they myght lyghtly have fallen in despair. And the peple of the countrey and of the cyte were ryght hevy. And thenne he was buryed. And as soone as he was buryed, Sire Percyval yelded hym to an hermytage oute of the cyte, and took a relygyous clothynge; and Bors was alwaye with hym, but never chaunged he his seculer clothyng, for that he purposed hym to goo ageyne in to the realme of Logrys. Thus a yere and two monethes lyved Sir Percyval in the hermytage a ful holy lyf, and thenne passed oute of this world. And Bors lete bery hym by his syster and by Galahad in the spyrytueltees.

Whanne Bors sawe that he was in so fer countreyes as in the partyes of Babyloyne, he departed from Sarras, and armed hym, and cam to the see, and entryd in to a shyp. And soo it befelle hym in good adventure he cam in to the realme of Logrys, and he rode so fast tyl he came to Camelot where the kynge was, and thenne was there grete joye made of hym in the courte; for they wend alle he had ben dede, for as moche as he had ben soo longe oute of the countrey. And whan they had eten, the kynge made grete clerkes to come afore hym, that they shold cronycle of the hyghe adventures of the good knyghtes. Whanne Bors had told hym of the adventures of the Sancgreal, suche as had befalle hym, and his thre felawes, that was Launcelot, Percyval, Galahad, and hym self, there Launcelot told the adventures of the Sancgreal that he had sene. Alle this was made in grete bookes, and put up in almeryes at Salysbury.

And anone Sir Bors sayd to Syre Launcelot, "Galahad your owne sone salewed yow by me, and after yow kynge Arthur, and alle the courte, and soo dyd Sir Percyval, for I buryed hem with myn owne handes in the cyte of Sarras. Also, Sire Launcelot, Galahad prayed yow to remembre of this unsyker world, as ye behyght hym whan ye were to gyders more than half a yere." "This is true," sayd Launcelot; "now I truste to God his prayer shalle avayle me." Thenne Launcelot took Syr Bors in his armes, and sayd, "Gentyl cosyn, ye are ryght welcome to me, and alle that ever I maye doo for yow and for yours, ye shalle fynde my poure body redy atte all tymes whyles the spyryte is in hit, and that I promyse yow feythfully, and never to fayle. And wete ye wel, gentyl cosyn Syre Bors, that ye and I wylle never departe in sonder whylest oure lyves may laste." "Sir," sayd he, "I wylle as ye wylle."

Thus endeth thistory of the Sancgreal that was brevely drawen oute of Frensshe in to Englysshe / the whiche is a story cronycled for one of the truest and the holyest that is in thys world / the whiche is the xvij book /

And here foloweth the eyghtenth book.

Capitulum Octavum.

Thus it passed on tyl Oure Lady Daye, Assu*m*pcyon. Within a xv dayes of that feest the kynge lete crye a grete justes and a turnement that shold be at that daye att Camelot, that is, Wynchester. And the kynge lete crye that he and the kynge of Scottes wold juste ageynst alle that wold come ageynst hem. And whan this crye was made, thydder cam many knyghtes. Soo there came thyder the kyng of Northgalys, and kyng Anguysshe of Irland, and the kyng with the honderd knyghtes, and Galahaut the haute prynce, and the kynge of Northumberland, and many other noble dukes and erles of dyverse countreyes. Soo kynge Arthur made hym redy to departe to thise justys and wold have had the quene with hym; but at that tyme she wold not, she said, for she was seke and myghte not ryde at that tyme. "That me repenteth," sayd the kynge, "for this seven yere ye sawe not suche a noble felaushyp to gyders, excepte at Wytsontyde whan Galahad departed from the courte." "Truly," sayd the quene to the kynge, "ye muste holde me excused. I maye not be there, and that me repenteth." And many demed the quene wold not be there by cause of Sir Launcelot du Lake, for Sire Launcelot wold not ryde with the kynge; for he said that he was not hole of the wound the whiche Sire Mador had gyven hym. Wherfor the kynge was hevy and passynge wrothe, and soo he departed toward Wynchestre with his felaushyp. And soo by the way the kynge lodged in a towne called

Astolot, that is now in Englyssh called Gylford, and there the kynge lay in the castel. Soo whan the kynge was departed, the quene called Sir Launcelot to her, and said thus, "Sire Launcelot, ye are gretely to blame thus to holde yow behynde my lord. What trowe ye, what will youre enemyes and myne saye and deme? noughte els but, 'See how Sire Launcelot[1] holdeth hym ever behynde the kyng, and soo doth the quene, for that they wold have their pleasyr to gyders'; and thus wylle they saye," sayd the quene to Syr Launcelot, "have ye noo doubte therof."

Capitulum ix.

"Madame," said Syr Launcelot, "I allowe your wytte, it is of late come syn ye were wyse, and therfor, madame, at this tyme I wille be rulyd by your counceylle, and thys nyghte I wylle take my rest, and to morowe by tyme I wyll take my waye toward Wynchestre. But wete yow wel," sayd Sir Launcelot to the quene, "that at that justes I wille be ageynst the kynge and ageynste al his felaushyp." "Ye maye there doo as ye lyst," sayd the quene, "but by my counceylle ye shalle not be ageynst youre kyng and youre felaushyp, for therin ben ful many hard knyghtes of youre blood, as ye wote wel ynough, hit nedeth not to reherce them." "Madame," said Syre Launcelot, "I praye yow that ye be not displeasyd with me, for I wille take the adventure that God wylle sende me."

And soo upon the morne erly Syre Launcelot herd masse, and brake his fast, and soo toke his leve of the quene, and departed. And thenne he rode soo moche untyl he came to Astolat, that is, Gylford, and there hit

[1] *Sic.*

happed hym in the eventyde he cam to an old barons place, that hyght Sir Bernard of Astolat. And as Syre Launcelot entryd in to his lodgynge, kynge Arthur aspyed hym as he dyd walke in a gardyn besyde the castel, how he took his lodgynge, and knewe hym ful wel. "It is wel," sayd kynge Arthur unto the knyghtes that were with hym in that gardyn besyde the castel, "I have now aspyed one knyghte that wylle playe his playe at the justes to the whiche we be gone toward; I undertake he wil do merveils." "Who is that? we pray you telle us," sayd many knyghtes that were there at that tyme. "Ye shal not wete for me," said the kynge, "as at this tyme." And soo the kyng smyled, and wente to his lodgynge. Soo whan Sire Launcelot was in his lodgynge, and unarmed hym in his chamber, the olde baron and heremyte came to hym makynge his reverence, and welcomed hym in the best maner, but the old knyght knewe not Sire Launcelot. "Fair sir," said Sir Launcelot to his hooste, "I wold praye yow to lene me a shelde that were not openly knowen, for myn is wel knowen." "Sir," said his hoost, "ye shalle have your desyre, for me semeth ye be one of the lykelyest knyghtes of the world, and therfor I shall shewe you frendship. Sire, wete yow wel I have two sones that were but late made knyghtes, and the eldest hyghte Sir Tirre, and he was hurt that same day he was made knyghte that he may not ryde, and his sheld ye shalle have; for that is not knowen, I dare saye, but here and in no place els. And my yongest sone hyght Lavayne, and yf hit please yow he shalle ryde with yow unto that justes, and he is of his age x, stronge and wyght; for moche my herte gyveth unto yow that ye shold be a noble knyghte, therfor I praye yow telle me your name," said Sir Bernard. "As for that," sayd Sire Launcelot, "ye must holde me

excused as at this tyme, and yf God gyve me grace to spede wel att the justes, I shall come ageyne and telle yow, but I praye yow," said Sir Launcelot, "in ony wyse lete me have youre sone Sire Lavayne with me, and that I maye have your[1] broders shelde." "Alle this shalle be done," said Sir Bernard.

This old baron had a doughter that tyme that was called that tyme the faire mayden of Astolat. And ever she beheld Sir Launcelot wonderfully. And as the book sayth, she cast suche a love unto Sir Launcelot that she coude never withdrawe her love; wherfore she dyed, and her name was Elayne le Blank. Soo thus as she cam to and fro, she was soo hote in her love that she besoughte Syr Launcelot to were upon hym at the justes a token of hers. "Faire damoysel," said Sir Launcelot, "and yf I graunte yow that, ye may saye I doo more for youre love than ever I dyd for lady or damoysel." Thenne he remembryd hym that he wold goo to the justes desguysed; and by cause he had never fore that tyme borne noo manere of token of noo damoysel, thenne he bethoughte hym that he wold bere one of her that none of his blood there by myghte knowe hym. And thenne he said, "Faire mayden, I wylle graunte yow to were a token of yours upon myn helmet, and therfor what it is shewe it me." "Sir," she said, "it is a reed sleve of myn, of scarlet wel enbroudred with grete perlys"; and soo she brought it hym. Soo Syre Launcelot receyved it and sayd, "Never dyd I erst soo moche for no damoysel." And thenne Sir Launcelot bitoke the fair mayden his shelde in kepyng, and praid her to kepe that untyl that he came ageyne. And soo that nyghte he had mery rest and grete chere, for ever the damoysel Elayne was aboute Sire Launcelot, alle the whyle she myghte be suffred.

[1] *Sic.*

Capitulum x.

Soo upon a daye on the morne, kynge Arthur and al his knyghtes departed, for theire kynge had taryed thre dayes to abyde his noble knyghtes. And soo whanne the kynge was ryden, Sir Launcelot and Sire Lavayne made hem redy to ryde, and eyther of hem had whyte sheldes, and the reed sleve Sir Launcelot lete cary with hym. And soo they tooke their leve at Syr Bernard the old baron, and att his doughter the faire mayden of Astolat. And thenne they rode soo long til that they came to Camelot, that tyme called Wynchestre. And there was grete prees of kynges, dukes, erles, and barons, and many noble knyghtes. But there Sir Launcelot was lodged pryvely, by the meanes of Sir Lavayne, with a ryche burgeis, that no man in that toune was ware what they were, and soo they reposed them there til oure Lady Day, Assumpcyon, as the grete feest sholde be.

Soo thenne trumpets blewe unto the felde, and kynge Arthur was sette on hyghe upon a skafhold to beholde who dyd best. But, as the Frensshe book saith, the kynge wold not suffer Syre Gawayn to goo from hym, for never had Sir Gawayn the better and Sire Launcelot were in the felde; and many tymes was Sir Gawayn rebuked whan Launcelot cam in to ony justes desguysed. Thenne som of the kynges, as kynge Anguysshe of Irland and the kynge of Scottes, were that tyme torned upon the syde of kynge Arthur. And thenne on the other party was the kynge of Northgalys, and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes, and the kynge of Northumberland, and Syre Galahad the haut prynce. But these thre kynges and this duke were passyng weyke to holde ageynst kynge Arthurs party, for with hym were the

noblest knyghtes of the world. Soo thenne they withdrewe hem eyther party from other, and every man made hym redy in his best maner to doo what he myghte. Thenne Syre Launcelot made hym redy, and putte the reed sleve upon his hede, and fastned it fast; and soo Syre Launcelot and Syre Lavayne departed out of Wynchestre pryvely, and rode untyl a lytel levyd wood, behynde the party that held ageynst kyng Arthurs party, and there they helde them stylle tyl the partyes smote to gyders. And thenne cam in the kynge of Scottes and the kyng of Irland on Arthurs party; and ageynst them came the kynge of Northumberland, and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes smote doun the kynge of Northumberland; and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes smote doune kynge Anguysshe of Irland. Thenne Syre Palomydes that was on Arthurs party encountred with Syre Galahad, and eyther of hem smote doune other, and eyther party halpe their lordes on horsbak ageyne. Soo there began a stronge assaile upon bothe partyes. And thenne came in Syr Brandyles, Syre Sagramor le Desyrus, Sire Dodynas le Saveage, Sir Kay le Seneschal, Sir Gryflet le Fyse de Dieu, Sir Mordred, Sir Melyot de Logrys, Syr Ozanna le Cure Hardy, Sir Safyr, Sir Epynogrys, Syr Galleron of Galway. Alle these xv knyghtes were knyghtes of the Table Round. Soo these with moo other came in to gyders, and bete on bak the kynge of Northumberland and the kynge of Northwalys. Whan Sir Launcelot sawe this, as he hoved in a lytil leved woode, thenne he sayd unto Syre Lavayn, "See, yonder is a company of good knyghtes, and they hold them to gyders as bores that were chauffed with dogges." "That is trouthe," said Syre Lavayne.

Capitulum xj.[1]

"Now," sayd Syre Launcelot, "and ye wille helpe me a lytel, ye shalle see yonder felauship that chaseth now these men in oure syde, that they shal go as fast bakward as they wente forward." "Sir, spare not," said Sire Lavayne, "for I shall doo what I maye." Thenne Sire Launcelot and Sire Lavayne cam in at the thyckest of the prees, and there Syre Launcelot smote doune Syr Brandyles, Syre Sagramore, Syre Dodynas, Sir Kay, Syr Gryflet, and alle this he dyd with one spere. And Sire Lavayne smote doune Sire Lucan the Buttelere, and Sir Bedevere. And thenne Sire Launcelot gat another spere, and there he smote doune Sir Agravayne, Sire Gaherys, and Sir Mordred, and Sir Melyot de Logrys. And Sir Lavayne smote doune Ozanna le Cure Hardy. And thenne Sir Launcelot drewe his suerd, and there he smote on the ryght hand and on the lyfte hand, and by grete force he unhorced Syr Safyr, Sire Epynogrys, and Sir Galleron. And thenne the knyghtes of the Table Round withdrewe them abak, after they had goten their horses as wel as they myghte. "O mercy, Jhesu," said Sire Gawayne, "what knyght is yonder, that doth soo merveyllous dedes of armes in that felde?" "I wote not what he is," sayd kynge Arthur, "but as att this tyme I wille not name hym." "Syre," sayd Sire Gawayne, "I wold say it were Syr Launcelot by his rydynge and his buffets that I see hym dele; but ever me semeth it shold not be he, for that he bereth the reed sleve upon his hede, for I wyst hym never bere token at no justes of lady nor gentilwoman." "Lete hym be," said kynge Arthur, "he wille be better knowen and do more or ever he departe."

[1] The heading is repeated.

Thenne the party that was ayenst kynge Arthur were wel comforted, and thenne they helde hem to gyders that before hand were sore rebuked. Thenne Sir Bors, Sir Ector de Marys, and Sir Lyonel called unto them the knyghtes of their blood, as Sir Blamor de Ganys, Syre Bleoberys, Syr Alyduke, Sir Galyhud, Sire Galyhodyn, Sir Bellangere le Beuse. Soo these nyne knyghtes of Sir Launcelots skynne[1] threste in myghtely, for they were al noble knyghtes; and they, of grete hate and despyte that they had unto hym, thoughte to rebuke that noble knyght Sir Launcelot and Sir Lavayne, for they knewe hem not. And soo they cam hurlynge to gyders and smote doune many knyghtes of Northgalys and of Northumberland. And whanne Sire Launcelot sawe them fare soo, he gat a spere in his hand, and there encountred with hym al attones Syr Bors, Sir Ector, and Sire Lyonel, and alle they thre smote hym atte ones with their speres. And with fors of them self they smote Sir Launcelots hors to the erthe, and by mysfortune Sir Bors smote Syre Launcelot thurgh the shelde in to the syde, and the spere brake, and the hede lefte stylle in his syde. Whan Sir Lavayne sawe his maister lye on the ground, he ranne to the kynge of Scottes and smote hym to the erthe, and by grete force he took his hors and brought hym to Syr Launcelot, and maulgre of them al he made hym to mounte upon that hors; and thenne Launcelot gat a spere in his hand, and there he smote Syre Bors hors and man to the erthe. In the same wyse he served Syre Ector and Syre Lyonel, and Syre Lavayne smote doune Sir Blamore de Ganys. And thenne Sir Launcelot drewe his suerd, for he felte hym self so sore y-hurte that he wende there to have had his dethe. And thenne he smote Sire Bleoberys suche a buffet on the helmet that

[1] Read *kynne?*

he felle doune to the erthe in a swoun. And in the same wyse he served Sir Alyduk and Sir Galyhud. And Sire Lavayne smote doune Syr Bellangere, that was the sone of Alysaunder le Orphelyn; and by this was Sire Bors horsed, and thenne he came with Sire Ector and Syr Lyonel, and alle they thre smote with suerdes upon Syre Launcelots helmet. And whan he felte their buffets and his wounde, the whiche was soo grevous, than he thought to doo what he myght whyle he myght endure. And thenne he gaf Syr Bors suche a buffet that he made hym bowe his heed passynge lowe, and there with al he raced of his helme, and myght have slayne hym, and soo pulled hym doune, and in the same wyse he served Syre Ector and Sire Lyonel. For, as the book saith, he myghte have slayne them, but whan he sawe their vysages his herte myght not serve hym therto, but lefte hem there.

And thenne afterward he hurled in to the thyckest prees of them alle, and dyd there the merveyloust dedes of armes that ever man sawe or herde speke of; and ever Sire Lavayne the good knyghte with hym. And there Sire Launcelot with his suerd smote doune and pulled doune, as the Frensshe book maketh mencyon, moo than thyrtty knyghtes, and the moost party were of the Table Round. And Sire Lavayne dyd ful wel that day, for he smote doune ten knyghtes of the Table Round.

Capitulum xij.

"Mercy, Jhesu," said Syr Gawayne to Arthur, "I merveil what knyghte that he is with the reed sleve." "Syr," saide kynge Arthur, "he wille be knowen or he departe." And thenne the kynge blewe unto lodgynge, and the pryce was gyven by herowdes unto the knyghte with the whyte shelde, that bare the reed sleve. Thenne

came the kynge with the honderd knyghtes, the kynge of Northgalys, and the kynge of Northumberland, and Sir Galahaut the haute prynce, and sayd unto Sire Launcelot, "Fayre knyght, God the blesse, for moche have ye done this day for us, therfor we praye yow that ye wille come with us, that ye may receyve the honour and the pryce as ye have worshipfully deserved it." "My faire lordes," saide Syre Launcelot, "wete yow wel yf I have deserved thanke, I have sore bought hit, and that me repenteth, for I am lyke never to escape with my lyf: therfor, faire lordes, I pray yow that ye wille suffer me to departe where me lyketh, for I am sore hurte. I take none force of none honour, for I had lever to repose me than to be lord of alle the world." And there with al he groned pytously, and rode a grete wallop away ward fro them, untyl he came under a woodes syde. And whan he sawe that he was from the felde nyghe a myle, that he was sure he myghte not be sene, thenne he said with an hygh voys, "O gentyl knyght Sir Lavayne, helpe me that this truncheon were oute of my syde, for it stycketh so sore that it nyhe sleeth me." "O myn owne lord," said Sir Lavayne, "I wold fayn do that myght please yow, but I drede me sore, and I pulle oute the truncheon, that ye shalle be in perylle of dethe." "I charge you," said Sir Launcelot, "as ye love me drawe hit oute." And there with alle he descended from his hors and ryght soo dyd Sir Lavayn, and forth with al Sir Lavayn drewe the truncheon out of his syde; and [he] gaf a grete shryche and a merveillous grysely grone, and the blood braste oute nyghe a pynt at ones, that at the last he sanke doun upon his buttoks, and so swouned pale and dedely. "Allas," sayd Sire Lavayne, "what shalle I doo?" And thenne he torned Sir Launcelot in to the wynde, but soo he laye there nyghe half an houre as he had ben dede.

And so at the laste Syre Launcelot caste up his eyen, and sayd, "O Lavayn, helpe me that I were on my hors, for here is fast by within this two myle a gentyl heremyte, that somtyme was a fulle noble knyghte and a grete lord of possessions. And for grete goodenes he hath taken hym to wylful poverte and forsaken many landes, and his name is Sire Baudewyn of Bretayn, and he is a ful noble surgeon and a good leche. Now lete see, helpe me up that I were there; for ever my herte gyveth me that I shalle never dye of my cosyn germayns handes." And thenne with grete payne Sir Lavayne halpe hym upon his hors; and thenne they rode a grete wallop to gyders, and ever Syr Launcelot bledde that it ranne doune to the erthe. And so by fortune they came to that hermytage, the whiche was under a wood, and a grete clyf on the other syde, and a fayre water rennynge under it. And thenne Sire Lavayn bete on the gate with the but of his spere, and cryed fast, "Lete in for Jhesus sake." And there came a fair chyld to them, and asked hem what they wold. "Faire sone," said Syr Lavayne, "goo and pray thy lord the heremyte for Goddes sake to lete in here a knyghte that is ful sore wounded, and this day telle thy lord I sawe hym do more dedes of armes than ever I herd say ony man dyd." Soo the chyld wente in lyghtely, and thenne he brought the heremyte, the whiche was a passynge good man. Whan Syr Lavayne sawe hym he prayd hym for Goddes sake of socour. "What knyght is he," sayd the heremyte, "is he of the hows of kyng Arthur or not?" "I wote not," said Sire Lavayne, "what is he, nor what is his name, but wel I wote I sawe hym doo merveylously this daye, as of dedes of armes." "On whos party was he?" sayd the heremyte. "Syre," said Syre Lavayne, "he was this daye ageynst kynge Arthur, and there he wanne the pryce of alle the knyghtes

of the Round Table." "I have sene the daye," sayd the heremyte, "I wold have loved hym the werse by cause he was ageynst my lord kynge Arthur, for somtyme I was one of the felauship of the Round Table, but I thanke God now I am otherwyse disposed. But where is he? lete me see hym." Thenne Sir Lavayne broughte the heremyte to hym.

Capitulum xiij.

And whan the heremyte beheld hym as he sat lenynge upon his sadel bowe, ever bledynge pytously, and ever the knyghte heremyte thoughte that he shold knowe hym, but he coude not brynge hym to knouleche, by cause he was soo pale for bledynge, "What knyghte are ye," sayd the heremyte, "and where were ye borne?" "My fayre lord," sayd Syre Launcelot, "I am a straunger and a knyghte aventurous that laboureth thur*gh* oute many realmes for to wynne worship." Thenne the heremyte advysed hym better, and sawe by a wound on his cheke that he was Syr Launcelot. "Allas," sayd the heremyte, "myn owne lord, why layne you your name from me? For sothe I oughte to knowe yow of ry*gh*t, for ye are the moost noblest knyghte of the world, for wel I knowe yow for Sire Launcelot." "Sire," said he, "sythe ye knowe me, helpe me and ye may for Goddes sake; for I wold be oute of this payne at ones outher to dethe or to lyf." "Have ye no doubte," sayd the heremyte, "ye shall lyve and fare ryght wel." And soo the heremyte called to hym two of his servauytes[1]; and so he and his servauntes bare hym in to the hermytage, and lyghtely unarmed hym and leyd hym in his bedde. And thenne anone the heremyte staunched his blood, and made hym to drynke

[1] *Sic.*

good wyn, so that Sir Launcelot was wel refresshed and knewe hym self. For in these dayes it was not the guyse of heremytes as is now a dayes. For there were none heremytes in tho dayes but that they had ben men of worshyp and of prowesse, and tho heremytes helde grete housholde, and refresshyd peple that were in distresse.

Now torne we unto kynge Arthur, and leve we Sir Launcelot in the hermytage. Soo whan the kynges were comen to gyders on bothe partyes, and the grete feeste shold be holden, kynge Arthur asked the kynge of Northgalys and theyr felaushyp where was that knyghte that bare the reed sleve. "Brynge hym afore me, that he may have his lawde and honour and the pryce, as it is ryght." Thenne spake Sir Galahad the haute prynce and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes, "We suppose that knyght is mescheved, and that he is never lyke to see yow nor none of us alle, and that is the grettest pyte that ever we wyste of ony knyghte." "Allas," sayd Arthur, "how may this be? is he soo hurte? what is his name?" sayd kynge Arthur. "Truly," said they all, "we knowe not his name, nor from whens he cam, nor whyder he wold." "Allas," sayd the kynge, "this be to me the werst tydynges that came to me this seven yere; for I wold not for alle the londes I welde, to knowe and wete it were so that that noble knyght were slayne." "Knowe ye hym?" sayd they al. "As for that," sayd Arthur, "whether I knowe hym or knowe hym not, ye shal not knowe for me what man he is, but Almyghty Jhesu sende me good[1] tydynges of hym," and soo said they alle. "By my hede," said Sire Gawayn, "yf it soo be that the good knyghte be so sore hurte, hit is grete dommage and pyte to alle this land, for he is one of the noblest knyghtes that ever I sawe in a felde

[1] Repeated.

handle a spere or a suerd. And yf he maye be founde, I shalle fynde hym, for I am sure he nys not fer fro this towne." "Bere yow wel," sayd kynge Arthur, "and ye may fynde hym, onles that he be in suche a plyte that he may not welde hym self." "Jhesu defende," sayd Sir Gawayne, "but wete I shalle what he is, and I may fynde hym." Ryght soo Syre Gawayne took a squyer with hym, upon hakneis, and rode al aboute Camelot within vj or seven myle. But soo he came ageyne, and coude here no word of hym.

Thenne within two dayes kynge Arthur and alle the felaushyp retorned unto London ageyne. And soo as they rode by the waye hit happed Sir Gawayne at Astolat to lodge wyth Syr Bernard, there as was Syr Launcelot lodged. And soo as Sire Gawayn was in his chamber to repose hym, Syr Barnard the old baron came unto hym, and his doughter Elayne, to chere hym and to aske hym what tydynges and who dyd best at that turnement of Wynchester. "Soo God me help," said Syre Gawayne, "there were two knyghtes that bare two whyte sheldes; but the one of hem bare a reed sleve upon his hede, and certaynly he was one of the best knyghtes that ever I sawe juste in felde. For I dare say," sayd Sire Gawayne, "that one knyght with the reed sleve smote doune fourty knyghtes of the Table Round, and his felawe dyd ryght wel and worshypfully." "Now blessid be God," sayd the fayre mayden of Astolat, "that that knyght sped soo wel, for he is the man in the world that I fyrst loved, and truly he shalle be laste that ever I shalle love." "Now, fayre mayde," sayd Sir Gawayne, "is that good knyght your love?" "Certaynly, sir," sayd she, "wete ye wel he is my love." "Thenne knowe ye his name," sayd Sire Gawayne. "Nay, truly," said the damoysel, "I knowe not his name nor from whens he cometh, but to

say that I love hym, I promyse you and God that I love hym." "How had ye knouleche of hym fyrst?" said Sire Gawayne.

Capitulum xiiij.

THENNE she told hym as ye have herd to fore, and hou her fader betoke hym her broder to doo hym servyse, and how her fader lente hym her broders Syr Tyrreis shelde, "And here with me he lefte his owne sheld." "For what cause dyd he so?" said Sir Gawayne. "For this cause," sayd the damoysel, "for his sheld was to wel knowen amonge many noble knyghtes." "A, fayr damoysel," sayd Sir Gawayne, "please hit yow lete me have a syghte of that sheld." "Syre," said she, "it is in my chamber coverd with a caas, and yf ye wille come with me, ye shalle see hit." "Not soo," sayd Syre Barnard tyl his doughter, "lete sende for it." Soo whan the sheld was comen, Sir Gawayne took of the caas; and whanne he beheld that sheld he knewe anone that hit was Sir Launcelots shelde and his owne armes. "A, Jhesu mercy," sayd Syr Gawayne, "now is my herte more hevyer than ever it was tofore." "Why?" sayd Elayne. "For I have grete cause," sayd Sire Gawayne. "Is that knyght that oweth this shelde your love?" "Ye, truly," said she, "my love he is: God wold I were his love." "Soo God me spede," sayd Sire Gawayne, "fair damoysel, ye have ryght, for, and he be your love, ye love the moost honourable knyghte of the world, and the man of moost worshyp." "So me thoughte ever," said the damoysel, "for never or that tyme, for no knyghte that ever I sawe loved I never none erst." "God graunte," sayd Sire Gawayne, "that eyther of yow maye rejoyse other, but that is in a grete adventure. But truly," said

Sir Gawayne unto the damoysel, "ye may saye ye have a fayre grace, for why, I have knowen that noble knyght this four and twenty yere, and never or that day I nor none other knyghte, I dare make good, sawe nor herd saye that ever he bare token or sygne of no lady, gentilwoman, ne mayden, at no justes nor turnement. And therfor, fayre mayden," saide Sire Gawayne, "ye ar moche beholden to hym to gyve hym thankes. But I drede me," sayd Sire Gawayne, "that ye shalle never see hym in thys world, and that is grete pyte that ever was of erthely knyght." "Allas," sayd she, "how may this be? is he slayne?" "I say not soo," said Sire Gawayne, "but wete ye wel, he is grevously wounded by alle maner of sygnes, and by mens syghte more lykelyer to be dede than to be on lyve; and wete ye wel he is the noble knyghte Sire Launcelot, for by this sheld I knowe hym." "Allas," said the fayre mayden of Astolat, "how maye this be, and what was his hurte?" "Truly," said Sire Gawayne, "the man in the world that loved hym best hurte hym soo; and I dare say," sayd Sir Gawayne, "and that knyghte that hurte hym knewe the veray certaynte that he had hurte Sire Launcelot, it wold be the moost sorowe that ever came to his herte." "Now, fair fader," said thenne Elayne, "I requyre yow gyve me leve to ryde and to seke hym, or els I wote wel I shalle go oute of my mynde, for I shalle never stynte tyl that I fynde hym and my broder Syre Lavayne." "Doo as it lyketh yow," sayd her fader, "for me sore repenteth of the hurte of that noble knyghte."

Ryghte soo the mayde made her redy, and before Syre Gawayne makynge grete dole. Thenne on the morne Syr Gawayne came to kynge Arthur, and told hym how he had fonde Sire Launcelots shelde in the kepynge of the fayre mayden of Astolat. "Alle that knewe I afore

hand," sayd kynge Arthur, "and that caused me I wold not suffer you to have adoo atte grete justes, for I aspyed," said kynge Arthur, "whan he cam in tyl his lodgynge, ful late in the evenynge in Astolat. But merveille have I," said Arthur, "that ever he wold bere ony sygne of ony damoysel; for, or now, I never herd say nor knewe that ever he bare ony token of none erthely woman." "By my hede," said Sir Gawayne, "the fayre mayden of Astolat loveth hym merveyllously wel; what it meaneth I can not saye; and she is ryden after to seke hym." Soo the kynge and alle cam to London, and there Sire Gawayne openly disclosed to alle the courte that it was Sire Launcelot that justed best.

Capitulum xv.

AND whanne Sir Bors herd that, wete ye wel he was an hevy man, and soo were alle his kynnesmen. But whan quene Guenever wyste that Syre Launcelot bare the reed sleve of the fayre mayden of Astolat, she was nyghe oute of her mynde for wrathe. And thenne she sente for Syr Bors de Ganys in alle the hast that myghte be. Soo whanne Sire Bors was come to fore the quene, thenne she sayd, "A, Sire Bors, have ye herd say how falsly Sir Launcelot hath bytrayed me?" "Allas, madame," said Sire Bors, "I am aferd he hath bytrayed hym self and us alle." "No force," said the quene, "though he be destroyed, for he is a fals traytour knyghte." "Madame," sayd Sir Bors, "I pray yow saye ye not so, for wete yow wel I maye not here suche langage of hym." "Why, Sire Bors," sayd she, "shold I not calle hym traytour, whan he bare the reed sleve upon his hede at Wynchestre at the grete justes?" "Madame," sayd Syre Bors, "that sleeve beryng repent-

eth me sore, but I dar say he dyd it to none evylle entente, but for this cause he bare the reed sleve, that none yf[1] his blood shold knowe hym; for, or thenne, we nor none of us alle never knewe that ever he bare token or sygne of mayde, lady, ne gentylwoman." "Fy on hym," said the quene, "yet for all his pryde and bobaunce there ye proved your self his better." "Nay, madame, saye ye never more soo, for he bete me and my felawes, and myghte have slayne us, and he had wold." "Fy on hym," sayd the quene, "for I herd Sir Gawayne saye bifore my lord Arthur that it were merveil to telle the grete love that is bitwene the fayre mayden of Astolat and hym." "Madame," saide Syre Bors, "I maye not warne Syr Gawayne to say what it pleasyd hym, but I dare say as for my lord Syre Launcelot that he loveth no lady, gentilwoman, nor mayde, but all he loveth in lyke moche, and therfor, madame," said Sir Bors, "ye may saye what ye wylle, but wete ye wel I wille haste me to seke hym, and fynde hym where somever he be, and God sende me good tydynges of hym." And soo leve we them there and speke we of Sire Launcelot that lay in grete perylle.

Soo as fayr Elayne cam to Wynchestre she soughte there al aboute, and by fortune Syr Lavayne was ryden to playe hym to enchauffe his hors. And anone as Elayne sawe hym she knewe hym, and thenne she cryed on loude untyl hym. And whan he herd her, anone he came to her, and thenne she asked her broder, "How dyd my lord Sire Launcelot?" "Who told yow, syster, that my lordes name was Sir Launcelot?" Thenne she told hym how Sire Gawayne by his sheld knewe hym. Soo they rode to gyders tyl that they cam to the hermytage, and anone she alyghte. So Sir Lavayne broughte

[1] Read *of*.

her in to Sire Launcelot. And whanne she sawe hym lye so seke and pale in his bedde, she myght not speke, but sodenly she felle to the erthe doune sodenly in a swoun, and there she lay a grete whyle. And whanne she was relevyd she shryked and saide, "My lord, Sire Launcelot, allas, why be ye in this plyte?" and thenne she swouned ageyne. And thenne Sir Launcelot prayd Syre Lavayne to "take her up and brynge her to me."[1] And whan she cam to her self, Sire Launcelot kyst her, and said, "Fair mayden, why fare ye thus? Ye put me to payne; wherfor make ye nomore suche chere, for, and ye be come to comforte me, ye be ryght welcome; and of this lytel hurte that I have I shal be ryghte hastely hole by the grace of God. But I merveylle," sayd Sir Launcelot, "who told yow my name." Thenne the fayre mayden told hym alle how Sire Gawayne was lodged with her fader: "And there by your sheld he discoverd your name." "Allas," sayd Sir Launcelot, "that me repenteth that my name is knowen, for I am sure it wille torne unto angre." And thenne Sir Launcelot compast in his mynde that Syre Gawayne wold telle quene Guenever how he bare the reed sleve, and for whome, that he wyst wel wold torne unto grete angre. Soo this mayden Elayne never wente from Sir Launcelot, but watched hym day and nyght, and dyd suche attendaunce to hym that the Frensshe book saith there was never woman dyd more kyndelyer for man than she. Thenne Sir Launcelot prayd Sir Lavayne to make aspyes in Wynchestre for Sire Bors yf he came there, and told hym by what tokens he shold knowe hym, by a wound in his forhede, "For wel I am sure," sayd Sire Launcelot, "that Syre Bors wille seke me, for he is the same good knyght that hurte me."

[1] By amending *me* to *hym* this quotation becomes, of course, indirect.

Capitulum xvj.

Now torne we unto Sire Bors de Ganys, that cam unto Wynchestre to seke after his cosyn, Syre Launcelot; and soo whanne he cam to Wynchestre anone there were men that Sire Lavayne had made to lye in a watche for suche a man, and anone Sir Lavayne had warnynge, and thenne Sire Lavayne came to Wynchestre and fond Sir Bors; and there he told hym what he was, and with whome he was, and what was his name. "Now, fayr knyghte," said Sire Bors, "I requyre yow that ye wille brynge me to my lord Sir Launcelot." "Syre," sayd Sir Lavayne, "take your hors, and within this houre ye shall see hym"; and soo they departed and came to the hermytage.

And whan Sir Bors sawe Sir Launcelot lye in his bedde pale and discoloured, anone Sir Bors lost his countenaunce, and for kyndenes and pyte he myghte not speke, but wepte tendirly a grete whyle. And thenne whanne he myght speke he said thus: "O my lord Sire Launcelot, God yow blysse, and send yow hasty recover; and ful hevy am I of my mysfortune and of myn unhappynes, for now I may calle my self unhappy, and I drede me that God is gretely displeasyd with me that he wold suffre me to have suche a shame for to hurte yow, that ar alle oure leder and alle oure worshyp, and therfor I calle my self unhappy. Allas, that ever suche a caytyf knyghte as I am shold have power by unhappynes to hurte the moost noblest knyghte of the world; where I soo shamefully set upon yow and overcharged yow, and where ye myghte have slayne me ye saved me, and so dyd not I; for I and your blood did to yow our utteraunce. I merveyle," sayd Sire Bors, "that my herte or my blood wold serve me; wherfor, my lord Sir Launcelot,

I aske your mercy." "Fair cosyn," said Sire Launcelot, "ye be ryght welcome, and wete ye wel over moche ye say for to please me, the whiche pleaseth me not; for why? I have the same y-sought, for I wold with pryde have overcome yow alle, and there in my pryde I was nere slayne, and that was in myn owne defaute; for I myghte have gyve yow warnyng of my beynge there. And thenne had I had noo hurte; for it is an old sayd sawe, 'there is hard bataille there as kynne and frendes doo bataille eyther ageynste other, there maye be no mercy but mortal warre.' Therfor, fair cosyn," said Sir Launcelot, "lete thys speche overpasse, and alle shalle be welcome that God sendeth, and lete us leve of this mater, and lete us speke of somme rejoycynge, for this that is done maye not be undone, and lete us fynde a remedy how soone that I may be hole."

Thenne Sire Bors lened upon his beddes syde, and told Sire Launcelot how the quene was passynge wrothe with hym by cause he ware the reed sleve at the grete justes. And there Sir Bors told hym alle how Sir Gawayne discovered hit "by youre sheld that ye lefte with the fayre mayden of Astolat." "Thenne is the quene wrothe," said Sir Launcelot, "and therfor am I ryght hevy, for I deserved no wrath, for alle that I dyd was by cause I wold not be knowen." "Ryght so excused I yow," said Sir Bors, "but alle was in vayne, for she sayd more largelyer to me than I to yow now. But is this she," said Sire Bors, "that is so besy aboute yow, that men calle the fayre mayden of Astolat?" "She it is," said Sire Launcelot, "that by no meanes I can not putte her from me." "Why shold ye putte her from you?" said Sire Bors, "she is a passynge fayre damoysel, and a wel bisene and wel taughte; and God wold, fayre cosyn," said Syre Bors, "that ye coude love her, but as

to that I may not, nor I dare not counceyle yow. But I see wel," sayd Sir Bors, "by her dylygence aboute you that she loveth you entierly." "That me repenteth," said Sir Launcelot. "Syr," said Syr Bors, "she is not the fyrst that hath loste her payn upon yow, and that is the more pyte." And soo they talked of many moo thynges. And soo within thre dayes or four Sire Launcelot was bygge and stronge ageyne.

Capitulum xvij.

Thenne Sire Bors told Sire Launcelot how there was sworne a grete turnement and justes betwixe kynge Arthur and the kynge of Northgalys, that sholde be upon Al-halowmasse day besyde Wynchestre. "Is that trouthe," said Sir Launcelot, "thenne shalle ye abyde with me styl a lytyll whyle untyl that I be hole, for I fele my self ryght bygge and stronge." "Blessid be God," said Syr Bors. Thenne were they there nygh a moneth to gyders, and ever this mayden Elayn dyd ever her dylygente labour nyghte and daye unto Syr Launcelot, that ther was never child nor wyf more meker to her fader and husband than was that fayre mayden of Astolat; wherfore Sir Bors was gretely pleasyd with her.

Soo upon a day, by the assente of Syr Launcelot, Syre Bors, and Syre Lavayne, they made the heremyte to seke in woodes for dyverse herbes, and soo Sir Launcelot made fayre Elayne to gadre herbes for hym to make hym a bayne. In the meane whyle Syr Launcelot made hym to arme hym at alle pyeces, and there he thoughte to assaye his armour and his spere, for his hurte or not. And soo whan he was upon his hors, he stered hym fyersly; and the hors was passynge lusty and fresshe by cause he was not laboured a moneth afore. And thenne Syr Launcelot

couched that spere in the reest, that courser lepte myghtely whan he felte the spores; and he that was upon hym, the whiche was the noblest hors of the world, strayned hym myghtely and stably, and kepte stylle the spere in the reest. And ther with Syre Launcelot strayned hym self soo straytly, with soo grete force, to gete the hors forward that the buttom of his wound brast bothe within and withoute, and there with alle the blood cam oute so fyersly that he felte hym self soo feble that he myghte not sytte upon his hors. And thenne Syr Launcelot cryed unto Syr Bors, "A, Syr Bors and Syr Lavayne, helpe! for I am come to myn ende." And there with he felle doun on the one syde to the erthe lyke a dede corps. And thenne Syr Bors and Syr Lavayne came to hym with sorowe makyng out of mesure.

And soo by fortune the mayden Elayn herd their mornyng, and thenne she came thyder, and whan she fond Syr Launcelot there armed in that place, she cryed and wepte as she had ben woode; and thenne she kyst hym and dyd what she myghte to awake hym. And thenne she rebuked her broder and Sir Bors, and called hem fals traytours, why they wold take hym out of his bedde. There she cryed and sayd she wold appele them of his deth. With this came the holy heremyte, Syr Bawdewyn of Bretayne. And whan he fond Syr Launcelot in that plyte, he sayd but lytel, but wete ye wel he was wrothe, and thenne he bad hem, "Lete us have hym in." And so they alle bare hym unto the hermytage, and unarmed hym, and layd hym in his bedde, and ever more his wound bledde pytously, but he stered no lymme of hym. Thenne the knyghte heremyte put a thynge in his nose, and a lytel dele of water in his mouthe. And thenne Sir Launcelot waked of his swoune, and thenne

the heremyte staunched his bledynge. And whan he myghte speke, he asked Sir Launcelot why he putte his lyf in jeopardy. "Sir," said Syre Launcelot, "by cause I wende I had ben stronge, and also Syre Bors told me that there shold be at Al-halowmasse a grete justes betwixe kynge Arthur and the kynge of Northgalys, and therfor I thoughte to assaye hit my self, whether I myght be there or not." "A, Syr Launcelot," sayd the heremyte, "your herte and your courage wille never be done untyl your last day, but ye shal doo now by my counceylle: lete Sire Bors departe from yow, and lete hym doo at that turnement what he may, and by the grace of God," sayd the knyghte heremyte, "by that the turnement be done, and ye come hydder ageyne, Syr Launcelot shall be as hole as ye, soo that he wil be governed by me."

Capitulum xviij.

Thenne Sire Bors made hym redy to departe from Syre Launcelot, and thenne Sire Launcelot sayd, "Faire cosyn Syr Bors, recommaunde me unto all them unto whome me oughte to recommaunde me unto, and I pray yow enforce your self at that justes that ye maye be best for my love, and here shalle I abyde yow, at the mercy of God, tyl ye come ageyne." And so Sir Bors departed and came to the courte of kyng Arthur, and told hem in what place he had lefte Syre Launcelot. "That me repenteth," said the kynge, "but syn he shall have his lyf we all may thanke God." And there Syre Bors told the quene in what jeopardy Syre Launcelot was, whanne he wold assaye his hors: "And alle that he dyd, madame, was for the love of yow, by cause he wold have ben at this turnement." "Fy on hym, recreaunt knyghte," sayd the quene; "for wete ye wel I am ryght sory and he

shalle have his lyf." "His lyf shalle he have," said Syr Bors, "and who that wold other wyse, excepte you, madame, we that ben of his blood shold helpe to shorte theire lyves. But, madame," sayd Syr Bors, "ye have ben oftymes displesyd with my lord Syr Launcelot, but at all tymes at the ende ye fynde hym a true knyghte"; and soo he departed. And thenne every knyghte of the Round Table that were there at that tyme present made them redy to be at that justes at All-halowmasse, and thyder drewe many knyghtes of dyverse countreyes. And as Al-halowemasse drewe nere thydder came the kynge of Northgalys, and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes, and Syr Galahaut the haute prynce of Surluse, and thydder came kynge Anguysshe of Irland, and the kynge of Scottes. Soo these thre kynges came on kynge Arthurs party. And soo that daye Syre Gawayne dyd grete dedes of armes, and began fyrst, and the herowdes nombred that Sir Gawayne smote doune xx knyghtes. Thenne Syr Bors de Ganys came to the same tyme, and he was nombred that he smote doune twenty knyghtes. And therfor the pryce was gyven betwixe them bothe, for they began fyrst and lengest endured.

Also Syr Gareth, as the book sayth, dyd that daye grete dedes of armes, for he smote doune and pulled doune thyrtty knyghtes. But whan he had done these dedes he taryed not, but soo departed, and therfor he lost his pryce. And Sir Palomydes did grete dedes of armes that day, for he smote doun twenty kny*gh*tes; but he departed sodenly; and men demed Syre Gareth and he rode to gyders to somme maner adventures. Soo whan this turnement was done, Syr Bros departed, and rode tyl he came to Syre Launcelot his cosyn, and thenne he fonde hym walkynge on his feet, and ther eyther made grete joye of other, and so Sire Bors tolde Syr Launcelot

of all the justes lyke as ye have herde. "I merveille," said Sir Launcelot, "that Syre Gareth, whan he had done suche dedes of armes, that he wolde not tary." "Therof we merveyled al," saide Syr Bors, "for but yf it were yow, or Syr Tristram, or Syre Lamorak de Galys, I sawe never kny*gh*t bere doune soo many in so lytel a whyle as dyd Syr Gareth. And anone as he was gone we wyste not where." "By my hede," said Sir Launcelot, "he is a noble knyghte, and a myghty man, and wel brethed, and yf he were wel assayed," said Sir Launcelot, "I wold deme he were good ynough for ony knyghte that bereth the lyf, and he is a gentyl knyghte, curtois, true, and bounteuous, meke and mylde, and in hym is no maner of male engyn, but playne, feythful, and trewe." Soo thenne they made hem redy to departe from the heremyte, and so upon a morne they took their horses and Elayne le Blank with them. And whan they came to Astolat, there were they wel lodged, and had grete chere of Syre Bernard the old baron and of Sir Tyrre his sone, and so upon the morne, whan Syr Launcelot shold departe, fayre Elayne brou*gh*t her fader with her and Sir Lavayne and Sir Tyrre, and thus she said:

Capitulum xix.

"My lord Syr Launcelot, now I see ye wylle departe. Now, fayre knyghte and curtois knyghte, have mercy upon me and suffer me not to dye for thy love." "What wold ye that I dyd?" said Syr Launcelot. "I wold have you to my husbond," sayd Elayne. "Fair damoysel, I thanke yow," sayd Syr Launcelot, "but truly," sayd he, "I cast me never to be wedded man." "Thenne, fair knyght," said she, "wylle ye be my peramour?" "Jhesu defende me," said Syr Launcelot, "for thenne I rewarded

your fader and your broder ful evylle for their grete goodenes." "Allas," sayd she, "thenne must I dye for your love." "Ye shal not so," said Syre Launcelot, "for wete ye wel, fayr mayden, I myght have ben maryed and I had wolde, but I never applyed me to be maryed yet; but by cause, fair damoysel, that ye love me as ye saye ye doo, I wille, for your good wylle and kyndenes, shewe yow somme goodenes, and that is this, that were somever ye wille beset youre herte upon somme goode knyghte that wylle wedde yow, I shalle gyve yow to gyders a thousand pound yerely, to yow and to your heyres; thus moche will I gyve yow, faire madame, for your kyndenes, and alweyes whyle I lyve to be your owne knyghte." "Of alle this," saide the mayden, "I wille none, for, but yf ye wille wedde me, or ellys be my peramour at the leest, wete yow wel, Sir Launcelot, my good dayes are done." "Fair damoysel," sayd Sir Launcelot, "of these ij thynges ye must pardonne me." Thenne she shryked shyrly and felle doune in a swoune; and thenne wymmen bare her in to her chamber, and there she made over moche sorowe. And thenne Sir Launcelot wold departe, and there he asked Sir Lavayn what he wold doo. "What shold I doo," said Syre Lavayne, "but folowe yow, but yf ye dryve me from yow, or commaunde me to goo from yow?" Thenne came Sir Bernard to Sir Launcelot, and sayd to hym, "I can not see but that my doughter Elayne wille dye for your sake." "I maye not doo with alle," said Sir Launcelot, "for that me sore repenteth; for I reporte me to youre self that my profer is fayre, and me repenteth," said Syr Launcelot, "that she loveth me as she doth. I was never the causer of hit, for I reporte me to youre sone, I erly ne late profered her bounte nor faire byhestes; and as for me," said Sir Launcelot, "I dare do alle that a knyght shold doo that

she is a clene mayden for me, bothe for dede and for wille. And I am ryght hevy of her distresse, for she is a ful fayre mayden, good, and gentyl, and well taughte." "Fader," said Sir Lavayne, "I dar make goood[1] she is a clene mayden as for my lord Sir Launcelot, but she doth as I doo; for sythen I fyrst sawe my lord Sir Launcelot I coude never departe from hym, nor nought I wylle, and I maye folowe hym." Thenne Sir Launcelot took his leve, and soo they departed, and came unto Wynchestre. And whan Arthur wyste that Syr Launcelot was come hole and sound, the kynge maade grete joye of hym, and soo dyd Sir Gawayn and all the kny*gh*tes of the Round Table excepte Sir Agravayn and Sire Mordred. Also quene Guenever was woode wrothe with Sir Launcelot, and wold by no meanes speke with hym, but enstraunged her self from hym, and Sir Launcelot made alle the meanes that he myght for to speke with the quene, but hit wolde not be.

Now speke we of the fayre mayden of Astolat that made suche sorowe daye and nyght that she never slepte, ete, nor drank, and ever she made her complaynt unto Sir Launcelot. So when she had thus endured a ten dayes, that she febled so that she must nedes passe out of thys world, thenne she shryved her clene, and receyved her Creatoure. And ever she complayned stylle upon Sire Launcelot. Thenne her ghoostly fader bad her leve suche thoughtes. Thenne she sayd, "Why shold I leve suche thoughtes? am I not an erthely woman? And alle the whyle the brethe is in my body I may complayne me, for my byleve is I doo none offence though I love an erthely man, and I take God to my record I loved none but Sir Launcelot du Lake, nor never shall, and a clene mayden I am for hym and for alle other, and sythen hit

[1] *Sic.*

is the sufferaunce of God that I shalle dye for the love of soo noble a knyghte, I byseche the Hyghe Fader of heven to have mercy upon my sowle, and upon myn innumerable paynes that I suffred may be allygeaunce of parte of my synnes. For, swete Lord Jhesu," sayd the fayre mayden, "I take the to record, on the I was never grete offenser ageynst thy lawes, but that I loved this noble knyght Sire Launcelot out of mesure, and of my self, good Lord, I myght not withstande the fervent love wherfor I have my dethe." And thenne she called her fader Sire Bernard and her broder Sir Tyrre, and hertely she praid her fader that her broder myght wryte a letter lyke as she did endyte hit; and so her fader graunted her. And whan the letter was wryten word by word lyke as she devysed, thenne she prayd her fader that she myght be watched untyl she were dede. "And whyle my body is hote, lete this letter be putt in my ryght hand, and my hande bounde fast with the letter untyl that I be cold, and lete me be putte in a fayre bedde with alle the rychest clothes that I have aboute me, and so lete my bedde and alle my rychest clothes be laide with me in a charyot unto the next place where Temse is, and there lete me be putte within a barget, and but one man with me, suche as ye trust to stere me thyder, and that my barget be coverd with blak samyte over and over. Thus, fader, I byseche yow lete hit be done." Soo her fader graunted hit her feythfully, alle thynge shold be done lyke as she had devysed. Thenne her fader and her broder made grete dole, for when this was done, anone she dyed. And soo whan she was dede, the corps, and the bedde, alle was ledde the next way unto Temse, and there a man, and the corps, and alle, were put in to Temse, and soo the man styred the barget unto Westmynster, and there he rowed a grete whyle to and fro or ony aspyed hit.

Capitulum xx.

Soo by fortune kynge Arthur and the quene Guenever were spekynge to gyders at a wyndowe; and soo as they loked in to Temse, they aspyed this blak barget, and hadde merveylle what it mente. Thenne the kynge called Sire Kay and shewed hit hym. "Sir," said Sir Kay, "wete you wel there is some newe tydynges." "Goo thyder," sayd the kynge to Sir Kay, "and take with yow Sire Brandyles and Agravayne, and brynge me redy word what is there." Thenne these four knyghtes departed, and came to the barget, and wente in; and there they fond the fayrest corps lyenge in a ryche bedde, and a poure man sittyng in the bargets ende, and no word wold he speke. Soo these foure knyghtes retorned unto the kyng ageyne, and told hym what they fond. "That fayr corps wylle I see," sayd the kynge. And soo thenne the kyng took the quene by the hand and went thydder. Thenne the kynge made the barget to be holden fast, and thenne the kyng and *th*e quene entred with certayn kny*gh*tes wyth them, and there he sawe the fayrest woman lye in a ryche bedde coverd unto her myddel with many ryche clothes, and alle was of clothe of gold, and she lay as though she had smyled. Thenne the quene aspyed a letter in her ryght hand, and told it to the kynge. Thenne the kynge took it and sayd, "Now am I sure this letter wille telle what she was, and why she is come hydder." Soo thenne the kynge and the quene wente oute of the barget, and soo commaunded a certayne wayte upon the barget.

And soo whan the kynge was come within his cha*m*ber, he called many knyghtes aboute hym, and saide that he wold wete openly what was wryten within that letter.

Thenne the kynge brake it, and made a clerke to rede hit, and this was the entente of the letter: "Moost noble knyghte, Sir Launcelot, now hath dethe made us two at debate for your love. I was your lover that men called the fayre mayden of Astolat; therfor unto alle ladyes I make my mone. Yet praye for my soule, and bery me atte leest, and offre ye my masse peny; this is my last request. And a clene mayden I dyed, I take God to wytnes. Pray for my soule, Sir Launcelot, as thou art pierles." This was alle the substance in the letter. And whan it was redde, the kyng, the quene, and alle the knyghtes wepte for pyte of the doleful co*m*playntes.

Thenne was Sire Launcelot sente for. And whan he was come, kynge Arthur made the letter to be redde to hym. And whanne Sire Launcelot herd hit word by word, he sayd, "My lord Arthur, wete ye wel I am ryghte hevy of the dethe of this fair damoysel. God knoweth I was never causer of her dethe by my wyllynge, and that wille I reporte me to her own broder, — here he is, Sir Lavayne. I wille not saye nay," sayd Syre Launcelot, "but that she was bothe fayre and good, and moche I was beholden unto her, but she loved me out of mesure." "Ye myght have shewed her," sayd the quene, "somme bounte and gentilnes that myghte have preserved her lyf." "Madame," sayd Sir Launcelot, "she wold none other wayes be ansuerd, but that she wold be my wyf outher els my peramour, and of these two I wold not graunte her, but I proferd her, for her good love that she shewed me, a thousand pound yerly to her and to her heyres, and to wedde ony manere knyghte that she coude fynde best to love in her herte. For, madame," said Sir Launcelot, "I love not to be constrayned to love; for love muste aryse of the herte, and not by no constraynte." "That is trouth," sayd the kynge, "and many knyghtes

love is free in hym selfe and never wille be bounden, for where he is bounden he looseth hym self." Thenne sayd the kynge unto Sire Launcelot, "Hit wyl be your worshyp that ye over see that she be entered worshypfully." "Sire," sayd Sire Launcelot, "that shalle be done as I can best devyse."

And soo many knyghtes yede thyder to behold that fayr mayden. And soo upon the morne she was entered rychely, and Sir Launcelot offryd her masse peny, and all the knyghtes of the Table Round that were there at that tyme offryd with Syr Launcelot. And thenne the poure man wente ageyne with the barget. Thenne the quene sente for Syr Launcelot, and prayd hym of mercy, for why that she had ben wrothe with hym causeles. "This is not the fyrste tyme," said Sir Launcelot, "that ye have ben displeasyd with me causeles; but, madame, ever I must suffre yow, but what sorowe I endure I take no force." Soo this paste on alle that wynter with alle manere of huntynge and haukyng, and justes and torneyes were many betwixe many grete lordes, and ever in al places Sir Lavayne gate grete worshyp, soo that he was nobly renomed amonge many knyghtes of the Table Round.

Capitulum xxj.

Thus it past on tyl Crystmasse; and thenne every day there was justes made for a dyamond, who that justed best shold have a dyamond. But Syr Launcelot wold not juste but yf it were at a grete justes cryed. But Syr Lavayne justed there alle that Crystemasse passyngly wel, and best was praysed, for there were but fewe that dyd so wel; wherfore alle manere of knyghtes demed that Sir Lavayne shold be made knyghte of the Table Round at the nexte feeste of Pentecost. Soo at after

Crystmasse kynge Arthur lete calle unto hym many knyghtes, and there they advysed to gyders to make a party and a grete turnement and justes. And the kynge of Northgalys sayd to Arthur he wold have on his party kynge Anguysshe of Irland, and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes, and the kynge of Northumberland, and Sire Galahad the haute prynce: and soo these foure kynges and this myghty duke took party ageynst kynge Arthur and the knyghtes of the Table Round. And the crye wás made that the day of the justes shold be besyde Westmynstre upon Candylmas day, wherof many knyghtes were glad, and made them redy to be at that justes in the freyssheyst maner. Thenne quene Guenever sent for Syr Launcelot, and said thus: "I warne yow that ye ryde ny more in no justes nor turnementys, but that youre kynnesmen may knowe yow. And at thise justes that shall be ye shalle have of me a sleve of gold, and I pray yow for my sake enforce your self there that men may speke of yow worship. But I charge yow as ye will have my love that ye warne youre kynnesmen that ye wille bere that daye the sleve of gold upon your helmet." "Madame," said Sir Launcelot, "it shalle be don"; and soo eyther made grete joye of other. And whan Syre Launcelot sawe his tyme, he told Sir Bors that he wold departe, and have no more with hym but Sir Lavayne, unto the good heremyte that dwellid in that forest of Wyndsoore, his name was Sire Brastias; and there he thoughte to repose hym, and to take alle the rest that he myghte by cause he wold be fresshe at that daye of justes. Soo Sire Launcelot and Sire Lavayne departed, that noo creature wyst where he was become, but the noble men of his blood. And whanne he was come to the hermytage, wete yow wel he had good chere, and soo dayly Syr Launcelot wold goo to a welle fast by the

hermytage, and there he wold lye doune and see the welle sprynge and burbyl, and somtyme he slepte there.

So at that tyme there was a lady dwellid in that forest, and she was a grete huntresse, and dayly she used to hunte, and ever she bare her bowe with her; and no man wente never with her, but alwayes wymmen, and they were shoters, and coude wel kylle a dere bothe at the stalke and at the trest; and they dayly bare bowes and arowes, hornes and wood knyves, and many good dogges they had, both for the strynge and for a bate. So hit happed this lady, the huntresse, had abated her dogge for the bowe at a barayne hynde, and so this barayne hynde took the flyghte over hedges and woodes. And ever this lady and parte of her wymmen costed the hynde and chekked it by the noyse of the houndes to have mette with the hynde at somme water. And soo hit happed the hynde came to the welle where as Sire Launcelot was slepyng and slomberynge. And soo whan the hynde came to the welle, for hete she wente to soyle, and there she lay a grete whyle. And the dogges came after, and umbecast aboute, for she had lost the veray parfyte feaute of the hynde. Ryghte so came that lady the huntres, that knewe by thy[1] dogge that she had that the hynde was at the soyle in that welle; and there she cam styfly and fonde the hynde, and she put a brode arowe in her bowe, and shot atte hynde, and over shotte the hynde, and soo by mysfortune the arowe smote Sir Launcelot in the thyck of the buttok, over the barbys. Whanne Sir Launcelot felte hym self so hurte, he hurled up woodely, and sawe the lady that had smyten hym. And whan he sawe she was a woman, he sayd thus, "Lady or damoysel, what that thow be, in an evylle tyme bare ye a bowe; the devylle made yow a shoter."

[1] Read *the*.

Capitulum xx. [xxij.]

"Now mercy, fair sir," said the lady, "I am a gentilwoman that useth here in this forest huntynge, and God knoweth I sawe yow not, but as here was a barayn hynde at the soyle in this welle, and I wend to have done wel, but my hand swarved." "Allas," said Syre Launcelot, "ye have mescheved me." And soo the lady departed, and Sir Launcelot as he myghte pulled oute the arowe, and lefte that hede styll in his buttok, and soo he wente weykely to the hermytage ever more bledynge as he went. And whan Sir Lavayne and the heremyte aspyed that Sir Launcelot was hurte, wete yow wel they were passynge hevy, but Sire Lavayne wyst not how that he was hurte, nor by whome. And thenne were they wrothe out of mesure. Thenne with grete payne the heremyte gat oute the arowes hede oute of Syr Launcelots buttok, and moche of his blood he shedde, and the wound was passynge sore, and unhappyly smyten, for it was in suche a place that he myght not sytte in noo sadyl. "A, mercy, Jhesu," said Sir Launcelot, "I may calle my self the moost unhappyest man that lyveth, for ever whan I wold faynest have worshyp, there befalleth me ever somme unhappy thynge. Now, soo Jhesu me helpe," said Sir Launcelot, "and yf no man wold but God, I shalle be in the felde upon Candelmasse daye at the justes what somever falle of hit." Soo alle that myght be goten to hele Sir Launcelot was had.

Soo whan the day was come, Sir Launcelot lete devyse that he was arayed, and Sir Lavayne and their horses as thou*gh* they had ben Sarazyns; and soo they departed and cam nygh to the felde. The kynge of Northgalys with an honderd knyghtes with hym, and the kynge of

Northumberland broughte with hym an honderd good knyghtes, and kynge Anguysshe of Irland brought with hym an honderd good knyghtes redy to juste, and Sir Galahalt the haute prynce broughte with hym an honderd good knyghtes, and the kynge with the honderd knyghtes brought with hym as many; and alle these were proved good knyghtes. Thenne cam in kyng Arthurs party, and there came in the kynge of Scottes with an honderd knyghtes, and kynge Uryens of Gore brought with hym an honderd knyghtes, and kynge Howel of Bretayne brou*ght*e with hym an honderd knyghtes, and Chalaunce of Claraunce broughte with hym an honderd knyghtes, and kynge Arthur hym self came in to the felde with two honderd knyghtes, and the moost party were knyghtes of the Table Round that were proved noble knyghtes; and there were old knyghtes sette in skaffoldes for to juge with the quene who dyd best.

Capitulum xxij. [xxiij.]

Thenne they blewe to the felde, and there the kyng of Northgalys encountred with the kynge of Scottes, and there the kynge of Scottes had a falle, and the kyng of Irland smote doune kynge Uryens, and the kyng of Northumberland smote doune kynge Howel of Bretayne, and Sir Galahaut the haute prynce smote doune Chalenge of Claraunce. And thenne kynge Arthur was woode wroth, and ranne to the kynge with the honderd kny*ght*es, and there kyng Arthur smote hym doune; and after with that same spere kynge Arthur smote doune thre other knyghtes. And thenne whan his spere was broken kynge Arthur dyd passyngly wel. And soo there with alle came in Syr Gawayne and Sir Gaheryse, Sire Agravayne and Sir Mordred, and there everyche of them smote

doune a knyghte, and Sir Gawayne smote doune four knyghtes. And thenne there beganne a stronge medle, for thenne there came in the knyghtes of Launcelots blood, and Sir Gareth and Sire Palomydes with them, and many knyghtes of the Table Round, and they beganne to holde the foure kynges and the myghty duke soo hard that they were discomfyte; but this duke Galahad the haut prynce was a noble knyght, and by his myghty prowesse of armes he helde the knyghtes of the Table Round strayte ynough. Alle this doynge sawe Sir Launcelot, and thenne he came in to the felde with Syr Lavayne, as hit had ben thonder. And thenne anone Syre Bors and the knyghtes of his blood aspyed Sir Launcelot, and said to them alle, "I warne yow beware of hym with the sleve of gold upon his hede, for he is hym self Sir Launcelot du Lake." And for grete goodenes Sir Bors warned Syr Gareth. "I am wel apayed," said Sir Gareth, "that I may knowe hym." "But who is he," sayd they alle, "that rydeth with hym in the same aray?" "That is the good and gentyl knyght Sir Lavayne," said Sir Bors. Soo Sire Launcelot encountred with Sir Gawayne; and there by force Syr Launcelot smote doune Sir Gawayne and his hors to the erthe, and soo he smote doune Sir Agravayne and Sire Gaherys, and also he smote doune Sir Mordred, and alle this was with one spere.

Thenne Sir Lavayne mette with Sir Palomydes, and eyther mette other soo hard and so fyersly that bothe their horses felle to the erthe. And thenne were they horsed ageyne, and thenne mette Sir Launcelot with Sir Palomydes, and there Sire Palomydes had a falle. And soo Sir Launcelot, or ever he stynte, as fast as he myghte gete speres, he smote doun thyrtty knyghtes, and the moost party of them were knyghtes of the Table Round.

And ever the knyghtes of his blood withdrewe them, and made hem adoo in other places where Sir Launcelot came not. And thenne kyng Arthur was wrothe whan he sawe Sir Launcelot doo suche dedes. And thenne the kynge called unto hym Sir Gawayn, Sir Mordred, Sir Kay, Sir Gryflet, Sir Lucan the Butteler, Syre Pedever, Sir Palomydes, Sir Safyr his broder; and so the kynge with these nyne knyghtes made hem redy to sette upon Sir Launcelot and upon Syr Lavayne. Alle this aspyed Sir Bors and Sir Gareth. "Now I drede me sore," said Sir Bors, "that my lord Syr Launcelot wylle hard be matched." "By my hede," sayd Syr Gareth, "I wylle ryde unto my lord Sir Launcelot for to helpe hym, falle of hym what falle may, for he is the same man that made me knyghte." "Ye shalle not soo," said Sir Bors, "by my counceylle, onles that ye were desguysed." "Ye shalle see me dysguysed," said Syre Gareth; and there with al he aspyed a Walysshe knyghte where he was to repose hym, and he was sore hurte afore, hurte by Syr Gawayne, and to hym Syre Gareth rode, and praid hym of his knyghthode to lene hym his shelde for his. "I wille wel," said the Walysshe knyghte. And whanne Sir Gareth had his shelde, the book saith, it was grene, wyth a mayden that semed in hit. Thenne Syr Gareth came dryvynge to Sir Launcelot al that he myghte, and said, "Knyghte, kepe thy self, for yonder cometh kyng Arthur with nyne noble knyghtes with hym to putte yow to a rebuke, and so I am come to bere yow felaushyp for old love ye have shewed me." "Gramercy," said Sir Launcelot. "Syr," sayd Sir Gareth, "encountre ye with Sir Gawayne, and I shalle encountre with Syre Palomydes, and lete Sir Lavayne matche with the noble kynge Arthur. And whan we have delyverd hem, lete us thre hold us sadly to gyders."

Thenne came kynge Arthur with his nyne kny*ght*es with hym, and Sir Launcelot encountred with Sir Gawayne, and gafe hym suche a buffet that the arson of his sadel brast, and Syre Gawayne felle to the erthe. Thenne Sir Gareth encountred with the good knyghte Sir Palomydes, and he gaf hym suche a buffet that bothe his hors and he dasshed to the erthe. Thenne encountred kynge Arth[u]r with Sire Lavayne, and there eyther of hem smote other to the erthe, hors and alle, that they lay a grete whyle. Thenne Sir Launcelot smote doune Syr Agravayne, and Syre Gaheryse, and Syr Mordred, and Syr Gareth smote doune Syr Kay, and Syr Safyr, and Syr Gryflet. And thenne Syr Lavayne was horsed ageyne, and he smote doune Syre Lucan the Butteler and Syr Bedever, and thenne there beganne grete thrange of good knyghtes. Thenne Syre Launcelot hurtlyd here and there, and racyd and pulled of helmes, soo that at that tyme there myght none sytte hym a buffet with spere nor with suerd. And Syr Gareth dyd suche dedes of armes that all men merveylled what knyghte he was with the grene sheld; for he smote doune that daye and pulled doune moo than thyrtty knyghtes. And, as the Frensshe book sayth, Syr Launcelot merveylled, whan he beheld Syr Gareth doo suche dedes, what knyghte he myghte be; and Syr Lavayne pulled doune and smote doune twenty knyghtes. Also Syr Launcelot knewe not Syr Gareth, for, and Syr Tristram de Lyones outher Syr Lamorak de Galys had ben alyve, Syr Launcelot wold have demed he had ben one of them tweyne. Soo ever as Syr Launcelot, Syr Gareth, Syr Lavayn faughte, and on the one syde Syr Bors, Syr Ector de Marys, Syr Lyonel, Syr Lamorak de Galys, Syr Bleoberys, Syr Galyhud, Syr Galyhodyn, Syr Pelleas, and wyth moo other of kynge Bans blood foughte

upon another party, and helde the kynge with the honderd knyghtes, and the kyng of Northumberland, ryght strayte.

Capitulum xxiiij.

Soo this turnement and this justes dured longe, tyl hit was nere nyghte, for the knyghtes of the Round Table releved ever unto kynge Arthur; for the kynge was wrothe oute of mesure that he and his knyghtes myght not prevaile that day. Thenne Sire Gawayne said to the kynge, "I merveile where alle this day Syr Bors de Ganys and his felaushyp of Syre Launcelots blood [be]; I merveylle all this day they be not aboute yow. Hit is for somme cause," sayd Syr Gawayne. "By my hede," said Sire Kay, "Syre Bors is yonder all this day upon the ryghte hand of this felde, and ther he and his blood done more worshypfully than we doo." "It may wel be," sayd Syr Gawayne, "but I drede me ever of gyle, for on payne of my lyf," said Sir Gawayne, "this knyghte with the reed sleve of gold is hym self Syr Launcelot, I see wel by his rydynge and by his grete strokes, and the other knyghte in the same colours is the good yonge knyght Sir Lavayne. Also that knyghte with the grene shelde is my broder Syr Gareth, and yet he hath desguysed hym self, for no man shalle never make hym be ageynst Sir Launcelot, by cause he made hym knyghte." "By my hede," said Arthur, "nevewe, I byleve yow; therfore telle me now what is youre best counceyll." "Sir," said Sir Gawayne, "ye shalle have my counceylle; lete blowe unto lodgynge, for, and he be Syr Launcelot du Lake and my broder Syr Gareth with hym with the helpe of that good yong knyghte Syr Lavayne, trust me truly it wyll be no bote to stryve with them, but yf we

shold falle ten or xij upon one knyghte, and that were no worship but shame." "Ye saye trouthe," sayd the kyng, "and for to saye sothe," said the kynge, "it were shame to us, soo many as we be, to sette upon them ony more; for wete ye wel," sayd kyng Arthur, "they ben thre good knyghtes, and namely that knyght with the sleve of gold."

Soo thenne they blewe unto lodgyng; but forth with all kyng Arthur lete sende unto the four kynges, and to the myghty duke, and praid hem that the knyghte with the sleve of gold departe not fro them, but that the kyng may speke with hym. Thenne fourthe with alle kyng Arthur alighte, and unarmed hym, and took a litill hakney, and rode after Sire Launcelot, for ever he had a spye upon hym. And soo he fonde hym amonge the four kynges and the duke, and there the kyng prayd hem alle unto souper, and they sayd they wold with good wylle. And whan they were unarmed, thenne kyng Arthur knewe Sire Launcelot, Sir Lavayne, and Sir Gareth. "A, Syre Launcelot," sayd kynge Arthur, "this daye ye have heted me and my knyghtes." Soo they yede unto Arthurs lodgynge al to gyder, and there was a grete feest and grete revel, and the pryce was gyven unto Syr Launcelot, and by herowdes they named hym that he had smyten doune fyfty knyghtes, and Sire Gareth fyve and thyrtty, and Sir Lavayne four and twenty knyghtes. Thenne Sir Launcelot told the kynge and the quene how the lady huntresse shote hym in the foreste of Wyndesoore in the buttok with a brood arowe, and how the wound therof was that tyme syxe inches depe, and in lyke longe. Also Arthur blamed Syr Gareth, by cause he lefte his felaushyp and helde with Sir Launcelot. "My lord," sayd Sir Gareth, "he maade me a knyghte, and whanne I sawe hym soo hard bestadde me thought

it was my worshyp to helpe hym, for I sawe hym do soo moche, and soo many noble knyghtes ageynst hym; and whan I understood that he was Sir Launcelot du Lake I shamed to see soo many knyghtes ageynst hym alone." "Truly," sayd kynge Arthur unto Syre Gareth, "ye saye wel, and worshypfully have ye done and to your self grete worshyp, and alle the dayes of my lyf," sayd kynge Arthur unto Sir Gareth, "wete yow wel I shalle love yow and truste yow the more better; for ever," sayd Arthur, "hit is a worshypful knyghtes dede to helpe an other worshypful knyghte whanne he seeth hym in a grete daunger, for ever a worshipful man will be lothe to see a worshipful shamed, and he that is of no worship and fareth with cowardyse, never shall he shewe gentilnes, nor no maner of goodnes, where he seeth a man in ony daunger, for thenne ever wylle a coward shewe no mercy, and alwayes a good man wille doo ever to another man as he wold ben done to hym self." Soo thenne there were grete feestes unto kynges and dukes, and revel, game, and playe, and al maner of noblesse was used; and he that was curtois, true, and feythful to his frende was that tyme cherysshed.

Capitulum xxv.

And thus it past on from Candylmas untyl after Ester that the moneth of May was come, whan every lusty herte begynneth to blosomme and to brynge forth fruyte; for lyke as herbes and trees bryngen forth fruyte and florysshen in May, in lyke wyse every lusty herte that is in ony maner a lover spryngeth and florysshetb in lusty dedes. For it gyveth unto al lovers courage, that lusty moneth of May, in some thyng to constrayne hym to some maner of thyng more in that moneth than in ony

other moneth for dyverse causes. For thenne alle herbes and trees renewen a man and woman, and lyke wyse lovers callen ageyne to their mynde old gentilnes and old servyse, and many kynde dedes were forgeten by neclygence. For lyke as wynter rasure doth alway a rase and deface grene somer, soo fareth it by unstable love in man and woman. For in many persons there is no stabylyte. For we may see al day, for a lytel blast of wynters rasure, anone we shalle deface and lay a parte true love for lytel or noughte, that cost moch thynge. This is no wysedome nor stabylyte, but it is feblenes of nature and grete disworshyp who somever used this. Therfore, lyke as May moneth floreth and florysshеth in many gardyns, soo in lyke wyse lete every man of worship florysshe his herte in this world, fyrst unto God and next unto the joye of them that he promysed his feythe unto, for there was never worshypful man or worshipfull woman, but they loved one better than another; and worshyp in armes may never be foyled, but fyrst reserve the honour to God, and secondly the quarel must come of thy lady; and suche love I calle vertuous love. But now adayes men can not love seven ny*gh*te but they must have alle their desyres, that love may not endure by reason; for where they ben soone accorded and hasty hete, soone it keleth. Ryghte soo fareth love now a dayes, sone hote, soone cold. This is noo stabylyte, but the old love was not so. Men and wymmen coude love to gyders seven yeres, and no lycours lustes were bitwene them, and thenne was love trouthe and feythfulnes; and loo in lyke wyse was used love in kynge Arthurs dayes. Wherfor I lyken love now adayes unto somer and wynter, for lyke as the one is hote and the other cold, so fareth love now a dayes. Therfore, alle ye that be lovers, calle unto your remembraunce the moneth of May, lyke as dyd quene Guenever,

for whome I make here a lytel mencyon, that whyle she lyved she was a true lover, and therfor she had a good ende.

Explicit liber Octodecimus.

Here foloweth the xxj book.

Capitulum Primo.

As Syr Mordred was rular of alle Englond, he dyd do make letters as though that they came from beyonde the see, and the letters specefyed that kynge Arthur was slayn in bataylle wyth Syr Launcelot. Wherfore Syr Mordred made a Parlemente, and called the lordes togyder, and there he made them to chese hym kyng, and soo was he crowned at Caunterburye, and helde a feest there xv dayes; and afterward he drewe hym unto Wynchester, and there he took the quene Guenever, and sayd playnly that he wolde wedde hyr, whyche was his unkyls wyf and his faders wyf. And soo he made redy for the feest, and a day prefyxt that they shold be wedded; wherfore quene Gwenever was passyng hevy. But she durst not dyscover hyr herte, but spake fayre, and agreyd to Syr Mordredes wylle.

Thenne she desyred of Syr Mordred for to goo to London, to bye alle manere of thynges that longed unto the weddyng. And by cause of hyr fayre speche Syr Mordred trusted hyr wel ynough, and gaf her leve to goo. And soo whan she came to London, she took the toure of London, and sodeynlye in alle haste possyble she stuffed hyt wyth alle manere of vytaylle, and wel garnysshed it with men, and soo kepte hyt. Than whan Syr Mordred wyste and understode how he was begyled, he was passyng wrothe oute of mesure. And a shorte tale for to make, he wente and layed a myghty syege aboute the toure of London, and made many grete

assaultes therat. And threwe many grete engynes unto theym, and shotte grete gonnes. But alle myght not prevaylle Syr Mordred; for quene Guenever wolde never, for fayre speche nor for foule, wold never truste to come in hys handes ageyn.

Thenne came the bysshop of Caunterburye, the whyche was a noble clerke and an holy man, and thus he sayd to Syr Mordred: "Syr, what wyl ye doo? wyl ye fyrst dysplese God and sythen shame your self and al knyghthode? Is not kyng Arthur your uncle, no ferther but your moders broder, and on hir hym self kyng Arthur bygate you upon his own syster? Therfor how may you wedde your faders wyf? Syr," sayd the noble clerke, "leve this oppynyon, or I shall curse you wyth book, and belle, and candell." "Do thou thy werst," said Syr Mordred, "wyt thou wel I shal defye the." "Sir," sayd the bysshop, "and wyt you wel I shal not fere me to do that me ought to do. Also where ye noyse where my lord Arthur is slayne, and that is not so, and therfore ye wyl make a foule werke in this londe." "Pees, thou fals preest," sayd Syr Mordred, "for, and thou chauffe me ony more, I shal make stryke of thy heed." So the bysshop departed, and dyd the cursyng in the moost orgulist wyse that myght be doon. And than Syr Mordred sought the bysshop of Caunterburye for to have slayne hym. Than the bysshop fledde, and toke parte of his goodes with hym, and went nygh unto Glastynburye, and there he was as preest eremyte in a chapel, and lyved in poverte and in holy prayers; for wel he understode that myschevous warre was at honde. Than Syr Mordred sought on quene Guenever by letters and sondes, and by fayr meanes and foul meanys, for to have hir to come oute of the toure of London, but al this avaylled not, for she answerd hym shortelye, openlye,

and pryvelye, that she had lever slee hyr self than to be maryed wyth hym. Than came worde to Syr Mordred that kyng Arthur had araysed the syege for[1] Syr Launcelot, and he was comyng homeward wyth a grete hoost to be avenged upon Syr Mordred. Wherfore Syr Mordred maad wryte wryttes to al the barownry of thys londe, and moche peple drewe to hym; for than was the comyn voys emonge them that wyth Arthur was none other lyf but warre and stryffe, and wyth Syr Mordred was grete joye and blysse. Thus was Syr Arthur depraved and evyl sayd of. And many ther were that kyng Arthur had made up of nought, and gyven them landes, myght not than say hym a good worde.

Lo ye al Englissh men, see ye not what a myschyef here was? for he that was the moost kyng and knyght of the world, and moost loved the felyshyp of noble knyghtes, and by hym they were al upholden; now myght not this Englyssh men holde them contente wyth hym. Loo thus was the olde custome and usage of this londe. And also men saye that we of thys londe have not yet loste ne foryeten that custome and usage. Alas! thys is a grete defaulte of us Englysshe men; for there may no thynge plese us noo terme. And soo faryd the people at that tyme; they were better plesyd with Sir Mordred than they were with kyng Arthur, and moche peple drewe unto Sir Mordred, and sayd they wold abyde with hym for better and for werse. And soo Syr Mordred drewe with a grete hoost to Dover, for there he herd saye that Sir Arthur wold arryve, and soo he thoughte to bete his owne fader from his landes, and the moost party of alle Englond helde with Sire Mordred, the peple were soo newe fangle.

[1] Read *from?* or read *Gawayn* in place of *Launcelot?* The former seems preferable. See Notes.

Capitulum ij.

And soo as Sire Mordred wat[1] at Dover with his host, there came kyng Arthur with a grete navye of shyppes and galeyes and carryks; and there was Syr Mordred redy awaytynge upon his londage, to lette his owne fader to lande up the lande that he was kyng over. Thenne there was launcynge of grete botes and smal, and ful of noble men of armes, and there was moche slaughter of gentyl knyghtes, and many a full bolde baron was layd ful lowe on bothe partyes. But kynge Arthur was soo couragyous that there myght no maner of knyghtes lette hym to lande, and his knyghtes fyersly folowed hym, and so they landed maulgre Sir Mordreds and alle his power, and put Sir Mordred abak, that he fledde and alle his peple. Soo whan this batail was done, kyng Arthur lete burye his peple that were dede, and thenne was noble Syr Gawayne fonde in a grete bote lyenge more than half dede.

Whan Syr Arthur wyst that Syre Gawayne was layd so lowe, he wente unto hym, and there the kyng made sorowe oute of mesure, and took Sire Gawayne in his armes, and thryes he there swouned. And thenne whan he awaked he sayd, "Allas! Sir Gawayne, my systers sone, here now thow lyggest, the man in the world that I loved moost, and now is my joye gone; for now, my nevewe Syre Gawayne, I will discover me unto your persone; in Syr Launcelot and you I moost had my joye and myn affyaunce, and now have I lost my joye of you bothe, wherfor alle myn erthely joye is gone from me." "Myn unkel kyng Arthur," said Sir Gawayn, "wete you wel, my deth day is come, and alle is thorou myn owne

[1] Read *was?*

hastynes and wilfulnes, for I am smyten upon thold wounde the which Sir Launcelot gaf me, on the whiche I fele wel I must dye; and had Sir Launcelot ben with you as he was, this unhappy werre had never begonne, and of alle this am I causer; for Sir Launcelot and his blood thorou their prowes helde alle your cankeryd enemyes in subjectyon and daungere. And now," sayd Sir Gawayne, "ye shalle mysse Sir Launcelot. But allas! I wold not accorde with hym, and therfor," sayd Syr Gawayne, "I praye yow, fayre unkel, that I may have paper, pen, and ynke, that I may wryte to Syre Launcelot a cedle with myn owne handes." And thenne whan paper and ynke was broughte, thenne Gawayn was set up weykely by kynge Arthur, for he was shryven a lytel tofore, and thenne he wrote thus as the Frensshe book maketh mencyon: "Unto Syre Launcelot, floure of alle noble knyghtes that ever I herd of, or sawe by my dayes, I Syre Gawayne, kynge Lottes sone of Orkeney, syster sone unto the noble kyng Arthur, sende the gretynge, and lete the have knowleche, that the tenth day of May I was smyten upon the old wound that thou gavest me afore the cyte of Benwyck, and thorow the same wound that thou gavest me I am come to my dethe day. And I wil that alle the world wete that I Sir Gawayne, knyghte of the Table Round, soughte my dethe, and not thorou thy deservynge, but it was myn owne sekynge, wherfor I byseche the, Sir Launcelot, to retorne ageyne unto this realme, and see my tombe, and praye some prayer more or lesse for my soule. And this same day that I wrote this sedyl, I was hurte to the dethe in the same wound, the whiche I had of thy hand, Syr Launcelot; for a[1] of a more nobler man myghte I not be slayne. Also, Sir Launcelot, for alle the love that ever

[1] Omit *a*.

was betwyxe us, make no taryenge, but come over the see in al haste, that thow mayst with thy noble knyghtes rescowe that noble kynge that made the knyghte, that is my lord Arthur, for he is ful streyghtly bestadde with a fals traytour, that is my half broder Syr Mordred, and he hath lete croune hym kynge, and wold have wedded my lady quene Guenever, and soo had he done, had she not put her self in the toure of London. And soo the x day of May last past, my lord Arthur and we alle landed upon them at Dover, and there we putte that fals traytour Syre Mordred to flyghte, and there it mysfortuned me to be stryken upon thy stroke. And at the date of this letter was wryten but two houres and an half afore my dethe, wryten with myn owne hand, and soo subscrybed with parte of my hertes blood. And I requyre the, moost famous knyghte of the world, that thou wylt see my tombe." And thenne Sir Gawayne wept, and kynge Arthur wepte, and thenne they swouned both. And whan they awaked bothe, the kynge made Syr Gawayn to receyve his Saveour. And thenne Sir Gawayne praid the kynge for to sende for Sir Launcelot, and to cherysshe hym above alle other knyghtes. And so at the houre of none, Syr Gawayn yelded up the spyryte, and thenne the kynge lete entiere hym in a chappel within Dover Castel, and there yet alle men maye see the sculle of hym, and the same wound is sene that Syr Launcelot gaf hym in bataill. Thenne was it told the kynge that Syr Mordred had pyghte a newe feld upon Baramdoune. And upon the morne the kynge rode thyder to hym, and there was a grete bataille betwixe them, and moche peple was slayne on bothe partyes, but at the last Syr Arthurs party stode best, and Sir Mordred and his party fledde unto Cauⁿturbery.

Capitulum iij.

And thenne the kyng lete serche all the townes for his knyghtes that were slayne, and enteryd them, and salved them with softe salves that so sore were wounded. Thenne moche peple drewe unto kynge Arthur. And thenne they sayd that Sir Mordred warred upon kyng Arthur with wronge, and thenne kynge Arthur drewe hym with his hoost doune by the see syde, westward toward Salysbury, and ther was a day assygned betwixe kyng Arthur and Sire Mordred that they shold mete upon a doune besyde Salysbury, and not ferre from the see syde; and this day was assygned on a Monday after Trynyte Sonday, wherof kyng Arthur was passyng glad that he myghte be avengyd upon Sire Mordred. Thenne Syr Mordred areysed moche peple aboute London, for they of Kente, Southsex, and Surrey, Estsex, and of Southfolke, and of Northfolk, helde the most party with Sir Mordred, and many a ful noble knyghte drewe unto Syr Mordred and to the kynge, but they [that] loved Sir Launcelot drewe unto Syr Mordred.

Soo upon Trynyte Sonday at nyghte kynge Arthur dremed a wonderful dreme, and that was this, that hym semed he satte upon a chaflet in a chayer, and the chayer was fast to a whele, and therupon satte kynge Arthur in the rychest clothe of gold that myghte be made; and the kyng thoughte ther was under hym, fer from hym, an hydous depe blak water, and there in were alle maner of serpentes and wormes and wylde bestes foule and horryble; and sodenly the kynge thoughte the whele torned up soo doune, and he felle amonge the serpentys, and every beest took hym by a lymme, and thenne the kynge cryed as he lay in his bedde and slepte, "Helpe!"

And thenne knyghtes, squyers, and yomen awaked the kynge, and thenne he was soo amased that he wyst not where he was.

And thenne he felle on slomberynge ageyn, not slepynge nor thorouly wakynge. So the kynge semed veryly that there came Syr Gawayne unto hym with a nombre of fayre ladyes with hym. And whan kynge Arthur sawe hym, thenne he sayd, "Welcome, my systers sone, I wende thou haddest ben dede, and now I see the on lyve, moche am I beholdynge unto almyghty Jhesu. O fayre nevewe and my systers sone, what ben these ladyes that hydder be come with yow?" "Sir," said Sir Gawayne, "alle these ben ladyes for whome I have foughten whanne I was man lyvynge, and alle these are tho that I dyd batail for in ryghteuous quarel, and God hath gyven hem that grace at their grete prayer, by cause I dyd bataille for hem, that they shold brynge me hydder unto yow. Thus moche hath God gyven me leve for to warne yow of youre dethe, for, and ye fyghte as to morne with Syre Mordred, as ye bothe have assygned, doubte ye not ye must be slayne, and the moost party of your peple on bothe partyes, and for the grete grace and goodenes that Almyghty Jhesu hath unto yow, and for pyte of yow and many moo other good men there shalle be slayne, God hath sente me to yow, of his specyal grace, to gyve yow warnynge, that in no wyse ye doo bataille as to morne, but that ye take a treatyce for a moneth day, and profer yow largely, so as to morne to be putte in a delaye. For within a monethe shalle come Syr Launcelot, with alle his noble knyghtes, and rescowe yow worshipfully, and slee Sir Mordred and alle that ever wylle holde with hym."

Thenne Syr Gawayne and al the ladyes vaynquysshed.[1]

[1] Read *vanysshed.*

And anone the kyng callyd upon hys knyghtes, squyers, and yemen, and charged them wyghtly to fetche his noble lordes and wyse bysshoppes unto hym. And whan they were come, the kyng tolde hem his avysyon what Sir Gawayn had tolde hym, and warned hym that yf he faught on the morne he shold be slayn. Than the kyng comaunded Syr Lucan de Butlere, and his broder Syr Bedwere, with two bysshoppes wyth hem, and charged theym in ony wyse and they myght take a traytyse for a monthe day wyth Syr Mordred. "And spare not, proffre hym londes and goodes, as moche as ye thynke best." So than they departed and came to Syr Mordred, where he had a grymme hoost of an hondred thousand men. And there they entreted Syr Mordred longe tyme, and at the laste Syr Mordred was agreyd for to have Cornwayl and Kente by Arthures dayes; after, alle Englond after the dayes of kyng Arthur.

Capitulum iiij.

THAN were they condesended that kyng Arthure and Syr Mordred shold mete betwyxte bothe theyr hoostes, and everyche of them shold brynge fourtene persones; and they came wyth thys word unto Arthure. Than sayd he, "I am glad that thys is done." And so he wente in to the felde. And whan Arthure shold departe, he warned al hys hoost that, and they see ony swerde drawen, "Look ye come on fyersly, and slee that traytour Syr Mordred, for I in noo wyse truste hym." In lyke wyse Syr Mordred warned his hoost that, "And ye see ony swerde drawen, look that ye come on fyersly, and soo slee alle that ever before you stondeth, for in no wyse I wyl not truste for thys treatyse; for I knowe wel my fader wyl be avenged on me." And soo they mette

as theyr poyntemente was, and so they were agreyd and accorded thorouly; and wyn was fette and they dranke. Ryght soo came an adder oute of a lytel hethe busshe, and hyt stonge a knyght on the foot; and whan the knyght felte hym stongen, he looked doun and sawe the adder, and than he drewe his swerde to slee the adder, and thought of none other harme. And whan the hoost on bothe partyes saw that swerde drawen, than they blewe beamous, trumpettes, and hornes, and shouted grymly. And so bothe hoostes dressyd hem to gyders. And kyng Arthur took his hors and sayd, "Allas! thys unhappy day," and so rode to his partye; and Syr Mordred in like wyse. And never was there seen a more doolfuller bataylle in no Crysten londe; for there was but russhyng and rydyng, fewnyng and strykyng, and many a grymme worde was there spoken eyder to other, and many a dedely stroke. But ever kyng Arthur rode thorugh oute the bataylle of Syr Mordred many tymes, and dyd ful nobly as a noble kyng shold, and at al tymes he faynted never, and Syr Mordred that day put hym in devoyr and in grete perylle.

And thus they faughte alle the longe day, and never stynted tyl the noble knyghtes were layed to the colde erthe; and ever they faught stylle tyl it was nere nyghte, and by that tyme was there an hondred thousand layed deed upon the down. Thenne was Arthure wode wrothe oute of mesure, whan he sawe his peple so slayn from hym. Thenne the kyng loked aboute hym, and thenne was he ware of al hys hoost and of al his good knyghtes were lefte no moo on lyve but two knyghtes, that one was Syr Lucan de Butlere, and his broder Syr Bedwere; and they were ful sore wounded. "Jhesu, mercy," sayd the kyng, "where are al my noble knyghtes becomen? Alas! that ever I shold see thys dolefull day, for now,"

sayd Arthur, "I am come to myn ende. But wolde to God that I wyste where were that traytour Syr Mordred that hath caused alle thys meschyef." Thenne was kyng Arthure ware where Syr Mordred lenyd upon his swerde emonge a grete hepe of deed men. "Now gyve me my spere," sayd Arthur unto Syr Lucan, "for yonder I have espyed the traytour that alle thys woo hath wrought." "Syr, late hym be," sayd Syr Lucan, "for he is unhappy; and yf ye passe thys unhappy day, ye shalle be ryght wel revengyd upon hym. Good lord, remembre ye of your nyghtes dreme, and what the spyryte of Syr Gauwayn tolde you this nyght, yet God of his grete goodnes hath preserved you hyderto; therfore for Goddes sake, my lord, leve of by thys, for blessyd by God ye have wonne the felde; for here we ben thre on lyve, and wyth Syr Mordred is none on lyve. And yf ye leve of now, thys wycked day of desteynye is paste." "Tyde me deth, betyde me lyf," sayth the kyng, "now I see hym yonder allone, he shal never escape myn handes; for at a better avaylle shal I never have hym." "God spede you wel," sayd Syr Bedwere. Thenne the kyng gate hys spere in bothe his handes, and ranne toward Syr Mordred cryeng, "Tratour, now is thy deth day come." And whan Syr Mordred herde Syr Arthur he ranne untyl hym with his swerde drawen in his hande. And there kyng Arthur smote Syr Mordred under the shelde wyth a foyne of his spere thorughoute the body more than a fadom. And whan Syr Mordred felte that he had hys dethes wounde, he thryst hym self wyth the myght that he had up to the bur of kynge Arthurs spere. And right so he smote his fader Arthur wyth his swerde holden in bothe his handes, on the syde of the heed, that the swerde persyd the helmet and the brayne panne, and therwythall Syr Mordred fyl starke deed to the erthe. And the nobyl

Arthur fyl in a swoune to the erthe, and there he swouned ofte tymes. And Syr Lucan de Butlere and Syr Bedwere oftymes heve hym up; and soo waykely they ledde hym betwyxte them bothe to a lytel chapel not ferre from the see syde. And whan the kyng was there, he thought hym wel eased.

Thenne herde they people crye in the felde. "Now goo thou, Syr Lucan," sayd the kyng, "and do me to wyte what bytokenes that noyse in the felde." So Syr Lucan departed, for he was grevously wounded in many places. And so as he yede, he sawe and herkened by the mone lyght, how that pyllars and robbers were comen in to the felde to pylle and robbe many a ful noble knyghte of brochys and bedys, of many a good rynge, and of many a ryche jewel; and who that were not deed al oute, there they slewe theym for theyr harneys and theyr rychesse. Whan Syr Lucan understode thys werke, he came to the kyng assone as he myght, and tolde hym al what he had herde and seen. "Therfore, be my rede," sayd Syr Lucan, "it is beste that we brynge you to somme towne." "I wolde it were soo," sayd the kyng.

Capitulum v.

"But I may not stonde, myn hede werches soo. A, Syr Launcelot," sayd kyng Arthur, "thys day have I sore myst the. Alas! that ever I was ayenst the, for now have I my dethe, wherof Syr Gauwayn me warned in my dreme." Than Syr Lucan took up the kyng the one parte, and Syr Bedwere the other parte, and in the lyftyng the kyng sowned, and Syr Lucan fyl in a sowne wyth the lyfte, that the parte of his guttes fyl oute of his bodye. And therwyth the noble knyghtes herte braste. And whan the kyng awake, he behelde Syr Lucan how

he laye foomyng at the mowth, and parte of his guttes laye at his feet. "Alas!" sayd the kyng, "thys is to me a ful hevy syght to see thys noble duke so deye for my sake, for he wold have holpen me that had more nede of helpe than I. Alas! he wold not complayne hym, hys herte was so sette to helpe me. Now Jhesu have mercy upon hys soule." Than Syr Bedwere wepte for the deth of his brother. "Leve thys mornyng and wepyng," sayd the kyng, "for al this wyl not avaylle me; for wyte thou wel, and I myght lyve my self, the deth of Syr Lucan wolde greve me ever more, but my tyme hyeth fast," sayd the kyng. "Therfore," sayd Arthur unto Syr Bedwere, "take thou Excalybur, my good swerde, and goo with it to yonder water syde, and whan thou comest there, I charge the throwe my swerde in that water, and come ageyn and telle me what thou there seest." "My lord," sa[y]d Bedwere, "your commaundement shal be doon, and lyghtly brynge you worde ageyn."

So Syr Bedwere departed, and by the waye he behelde that noble swerde, that the pomel and the hafte was al of precyous stones; and thenne he sayd to hym self, "Yf I throwe this ryche swerde in the water, therof shal never come good, but harme and losse." And thenne Syr Bedwere hydde Excalybur under a tree. And so as sone as he myght he came ageyn unto the kyng, and sayd he had ben at the water, and had throwen the swerde in to the water. "What sawe thou there?" sayd the kyng. "Syr," he sayd, "I sawe no thynge but wawes and wyndes." "That is untrewly sayd of the," sayd the kynge. "Therfore goo thou lyghtelye ageyn, and do my commaundemente; as thou arte to me leef and dere, spare not but throwe it in." Than Syr Bedwere retorned ageyn, and took the swerde in hys hande, and than hym thought synne and shame to throwe awaye that nobyl

swerde; and so efte he hydde the swerde, and retorned ageyn and tolde to the kyng that he had ben at the water, and done his commaundemente. "What sawe thou there?" sayd the kyng. "Syr," he sayd, "I sawe no thynge but the waters wappe and wawes wanne." "A, traytour, untrewe," sayd kyng Arthur, "now hast thou betrayed me twyse. Who wold have wente that thou that hast been to me so leef and dere, and thou arte named a noble knyghte, and wold betraye me for the richesse of the swerde? But now goo ageyn lyghtly, for thy longe taryeng putteth me in grete jeopardye of my lyf, for I have taken colde; and but yf thou do now as I byd the, yf ever I may see the I shal slee the [with] myn owne handes, for thou woldest for my ryche swerde see me dede." Thenne Syr Bedwere departed, and wente to the swerde, and lyghtly took hit up, and wente to the water syde, and there he bounde the gyrdyl aboute the hyltes, and thenne he threwe the swerde as farre in to the water as he myght. And there cam an arme and an hande above the water and mette it, and caught it, and so shoke it thryse and braundysshed; and than vanysshed awaye the hande wyth the swerde in the water. So Syr Bedwere came ageyn to the kyng and tolde hym what he sawe.

"Alas!" sayd the kyng, "helpe me hens, for I drede me I have taryed over longe." Than Syr Bedwere toke the kyng upon his backe, and so wente wyth hym to that water syde, and whan they were at the water syde, evyn fast by the banke hoved a lytyl barge wyth many fayr ladyes in hit, and emonge hem al was a quene, and al they had blacke hoodes, and al they wepte and shryked whan they sawe kyng Arthur. "Now put me in to the barge," sayd the kyng; and so he dyd softelye. And there receyved hym thre quenes wyth grete mornyng, and

soo they sette hem doun, and in one of their lappes kyng Arthur layed hys heed, and than that quene sayd, "A, dere broder, why have ye taryed so longe from me? Alas! this wounde on your heed hath caught overmoche colde." And soo than they rowed from the londe, and Syr Bedwere behelde all tho ladyes goo from hym. Than Syr Bedwere cryed, "A, my lord Arthur, what shal become of me, now ye goo from me and leve me here allone emonge myn enemyes?" "Comfort thy self," sayd the kyng, "and doo as wel as thou mayst, for in me is no truste for to truste in. For I wyl in to the vale of Avylyon, to hele me of my grevous wounde. And yf thou here never more of me, praye for my soule." But ever the quenes and ladyes wepte and shryched, that hit was pyte to here. And assone as Syr Bedwere had loste the syght of the baarge, he wepte and waylled, and so took the foreste; and so he wente al that nyght, and in the mornyng he was ware betwyxte two holtes hore af[1] a chapel and an ermytage.

Capitulum vj.

THAN was Syr Bedwere glad, and thyder he wente; and whan he came in to the chapel, he sawe where laye an heremyte grovelyng on al foure, there fast by a tombe was newe graven. Whan the eremyte sawe Syr Bedwere, he knewe hym wel, for he was but lytel tofore bysshop of Caunterburye that Syr Mordred flemed. "Syr," sayd Syr Bedwere, "what man is there entred that ye praye so fast fore?" "Fayr sone," sayd the heremyte, "I wote not verayly but by my demyyng.[2] But thys nyght, at mydnyght, here came a nombre of ladyes and broughte hyder a deed cors, and prayed me to berye hym, and

[1] Read *of*. [2] Read *demyng*.

here they offeryd an hondred tapers, and they gaf me an hondred besauntes." "Alas," sayd Syr Bedwere, "that was my lord kyng Arthur that here lyeth buryed in thys chapel." Than Syr Bedwere swowned, and whan he awoke he prayed the heremyte he myght abyde wyth hym stylle there, to lyve wyth fastyng and prayers: "For from hens wyl I never goo," sayd Syr Bedwere, "by my wylle, but al the dayes of my lyf here to praye for my lord Arthur." "Ye are welcome to me," sayd the heremyte, "for I knowe you better than ye wene that I doo. Ye are the bolde Bedwere, and the ful noble duke Syr Lucan de Butlere was your broder." Thenne Syr Bedwere tolde the heremyte alle as ye have herde to fore. So there bode Syr Bedwere with the hermyte that was tofore bysshop of Caunterburye, and there Syr Bedwere put upon hym poure clothes, and servyd the hermyte ful lowly in fastyng and in prayers.

Thus of Arthur I fynde never more wryton in boookes[1] that ben auctorysed, nor more of the veray certente of his deth herde I never redde, but thus was he ledde aweye in a shyppe wherin were thre quenes: that one was kyng Arthurs syster quene Morgan le Fay, the other was the quene of North Galys, the thyrd was the quene of the Waste Londes. Also there was Nynyve the chyef Lady of the Lake, that had wedded Pelleas the good knyght, and this lady had doon moche for kyng Arthur, for she wold never suffre Syr Pelleas to be in noo place where he shold be in daunger of his lyf, and so he lyved to the uttermest of his dayes wyth hyr in grete reste. More of the deth of kyng Arthur coude I never fynde, but that ladyes brought hym to his buryellys, and suche one was buryed there that the hermyte bare wytnesse, that somtyme was bysshop of Caunterburye, but yet the

[1] *Sic.*

heremyte knewe not in certayn that he was verayly the body of kyng Arthur, for thys tale Syr Bedwer, knyght of the Table Rounde, made it to be wryton.

Capitulum vij.

YET somme men say in many partyes of Englond that kyng Arthur is not deed, but had by the wylle of our Lord Jhesu in to another place; and men say that he shal come ageyn, and he shal wynne the holy crosse. I wyl not say that it shal be so, but rather I wyl say here in thys world he chaunged his lyf. But many men say that there is wryton upon his tombe this vers: "Hic iacet Arthurus Rex quondam Rex que futurus." Thus leve I here Syr Bedwere with the hermyte, that dwellyd that tyme in a chapel besyde Glastynburye, and there was his ermytage, and they lyvyd in theyr prayers and fastynges and grete abstynence. And whan quene Guenever understood that kyng Arthur was slayn, and al the noble knyghtes, Syr Mordred and al the remenaunte, than the quene stale aweye and v ladyes wyth hyr, and soo she wente to Almesburye, and there she let make hir self a nonne, and ware whyte clothes and blacke, and grete penaunce she toke as ever dyd synful lady in thys londe; and never creature coude make hyr mery, but lyved in fastyng, prayers, and almes dedes, that al maner of peple mervaylled how vertuously she was chaunged. Now leve we quene Guenever in Almesburye, a nonne in whyte clothes and blacke, and there she was abbesse and rular, as reason wolde; and torne we from hyr, and speke we of Syr Launcelot du Lake.

Capitulum viij.

And whan he herde in his contreye that Syr Mordred was crowned kyn̄g in Englond, and maad warre ayenst kyng Arthur his owne fader, and wolde lette hym to lande in hys owne londe; also it was tolde Syr Launcelot how that Syr Mordred had layed syege aboute the toure of London by cause the quene wold not wedde hym; than was Syr Launcelot wroth oute of mesure, and sayd to his kynnesmen, "Alas! that double traytour Syr Mordred, now me repenteth that ever he escaped my handes, for moche shame hath he done unto my lord Arthur: for alle I fele by the doleful letter that my lord Syr Gauwayn sente me, on whos soule Jhesu have mercy, that my lord Arthur is ful harde bestadde. Alas!" sayd Syr Launcelot, "that ever I shold lyve to here that moost noble kyng that maad me knyght thus to be oversette wyth his subjecte in his owne royame. And this doleful letter that my lord Syr Gauwayn hath sente me afore his deth, prayeng me to see his tombe, wyt you wel his doleful wordes shal never goo from myn herte. For he was a ful noble knyght as ever was borne, and in an unhappy houre was I borne, that ever I shold have that unhappe to slee fyrst Syr Gauwayn, Syr Gaheris the good knyght, and myn owne frende Syr Gareth, that ful noble knyght. Alas! I may say I am unhappy," sayd Syr Launcelot, "that ever I shold do thus unhappely. And alas! yet myght I never have happe to slee that traytour Syr Mordred." "Leve your complayntes," sayd Syr Bors, "and fyrst revenge you of the deth of Syr Gauwayn, and hit wyl be wel done that ye see Syr Gauwayns tombe; and, secondly, that ye revenge my lord Arthur and my lady quene Guenever." "I thanke you," sayd Syr Launcelot, "for ever ye wyl my worshyp."

Than they made them redy in al the haste that myght be, with shyppes and galeyes, wyth Syr Launcelot and his hoost to passe in to Englond. And so he passyd over the see tyl he came to Dover, and there he landed wyth seven kynges, and the nombre was hydous to beholde. Than Syr Launcelot spyrred of men of Dover where was kyng Arthur become. Than the peple tolde hym how that he was slayn; and Syr Mordred and an C thousand deyed on a day, and how Sir Mordred gaf kyng Arthur there the fyrste bataylle at his landyng, and there was good Syr Gawayn slayn, and on the morne Syr Mordred faught with the kyng upon Baram Doun, and there the kyng put Syr Mordred to the wers. "Alas," said Syr Launcelot, "this is the hevyest tydynges that ever cam to me. Now, fayr syrs," sayd Syr Launcelot, "shewe me the tombe of Syr Gawayn." And than certeyn peple of the towne brought hym in to the castel of Dover, and shewed hym the tombe. Than Syr Launcelot knelyd doun and wepte, and prayeed hertelye for his soule. And that nyght he made a dole, and al they that wold come had as moche flesshe, fysshe, wyn, and aale, and every man and woman had xij pens, come who wold. Thus with his owne hande dalte he this money in a moornyng gowne, and ever he wepte, and prayed hem to praye for the sowle of Syr Gawayn. And an the morne al the preestys and clerkys that myght be goten in the contreye were there, and sange masse of requyem. And there offeryd fyrst Syr Launcelot, and he offred an C pounde, and than the seven kynges offeryd fourty pounde a pees, and also there was a M knyghtes, and eche of hem offred a pounde, and the offeryng dured fro morne tyl nyght. And Syr Launcelot laye two nyghtes on his tombe in prayers and wepyng. Than on the thyrd day Syr Launcelot callyd the kynges, dukes,

erles, barons, and knyghtes, and sayd thus: "My fayr lordes, I thanke you al of your comyng in to this contreye with me, but we came to late, and that shal repente me whyle I lyve, but ayenst deth may no man rebelle. But sythen it is so," said Sir Launcelot, "I wyl my self ryde and seke my lady quene Guenever; for as I here say, she hath had grete payne and moche dysease, and I herd say that she is fledde in to the weste; therfore ye alle shal abyde me here, and but yf I come ageyn wythin xv dayes, than take your shyppes and your felawshyp, and departe in to your contraye, for I wyl do as I say to you."

Capitulum ix.

Than came Syr Bors de Ganys and sayd, "My lord Syr Launcelot, what thynke ye for to doo, now to ryde in this royame? wyt you wel, ye shal fynde fewe frendes." "Be as be may," sayd Syr Launcelot, "kepe you stylle here, for I wyl forth on my journey; and noo man nor chylde shall goo with me." So it was no bote to stryve, but he departed and rode westerly, and there he sought a vij or viij dayes, and atte last he cam to a nonnerye, and than was quene Guenever ware of Sir Launcelot as he walked in the cloystre, and whan she sawe hym there, she swouned thryse, that al the ladyes and jentyl wymmen had werke ynough to holde the quene up. So whan she myght speke she callyd ladyes and jentyl wymmen to hir and sayd, "Ye mervayl, fayr ladyes, why I make this fare. Truly," she said, "it is for the syght of yonder knyght that yender standeth. Wherfore I praye you al calle hym to me." Whan Syr Launcelot was brought to hyr, than she sayd to al the ladyes, "Thorowe this man and me hath al this warre be wrought, and the deth of the moost noblest knyghtes

of the world, for thorugh our love that we have loved to gyder is my moost noble lord slayn. Therfor, Syr Launcelot, wyt thou wel I am sette in suche a plyte to gete my soule hele, and yet I truste thorugh Goddes grace that after my deth to have a syght of the blessyd face of Cryst, and at domes day to sytte on his ryght syde, for as synful as ever I was are sayntes in heven. Therfore, Syr Launcelot, I requyre the and beseche the hertelye for al the love that ever was betwyxte us, that thou never see me more in the vysage; and I comande the on Goddes behalfe, that thou forsake my companye, and to thy kyngdom thou torne ageyn, and kepe wel thy royame from warre and wrake; for as wel as I have loved the, myn hert wyl not serve me to see the; for thorugh the and me is the flour of kynges and knyghtes destroyed. Therfor, Sir Launcelot, goo to thy royame and there take the a wyf, and lyve with hir with joye and blysse, and I praye the hertelye, praye for me to our Lord that I may amende my myslyvyng." "Now, swete madam," sayd Syr Launcelot, "wold ye that I shold torne ageyn unto my cuntreye, and there to wedde a lady? Nay, madam, wyt you wel that shal I never do, for I shal never be soo fals to you of that I have promysed, but the same deystenye that ye have taken you to, I wyl take me unto, for to plese Jhesu, and ever for you I cast me specially to praye." "Yf thou wylt do so," sayd the quene, "holde thy promyse, but I may never byleve but that thou wylt torne to the world ageyn." "Wel, madam," sayd he, "ye say as pleseth you, yet wyst you me never fals of my promesse, and God defende but I shold forsake the world as ye have do; for in the quest of the Sank Greal I had fo[r]saken the vanytees of the world, had not your lord ben. And yf I had done so at that tyme wyth my herte, wylle, and thought, I had passed al

the knyghtes that were in the Sanke Greal, excepte Syr Galahad my sone, and therfore, lady, sythen ye have taken you to perfeccion, I must nedys take me to perfection of ryght. For I take recorde of God in you I have had myn erthly joye, and yf I had founden you now so dysposed, I had caste me to have had you in to myn owne royame."

Capitulum x.

"But sythen I fynde you thus desposed, I ensure you faythfully I wyl ever take me to penaunce, and praye whyle my lyf lasteth, yf that I may fynde ony heremyte other graye or whyte that wyl receyve me. Wherfore, madame, I praye you kysse me and never nomore." "Nay," sayd the quene, "that shal I never do, but absteyne you from suche werkes." And they departed, but there was never so harde an herted man but he wold have wepte to see the dolour that they made, for there was laementacyon as they had be stungyn wyth sperys, and many tymes they swouned; and the ladyes bare the quene to hir chambre. And Syr Launcelot awok, and went and took his hors, and rode al that day and al nyght in a forest, wepyng. And atte last he was ware of an ermytage and a chappel stode betwyxte two clyffes, and than he herde a lytel belle rynge to masse, and thyder he rode and alyght, and teyed his hors to the gate, and herd masse. And he that sange masse was the bysshop of Caunterburye. Bothe the bysshop and Sir Bedwer knewe Syr Launcelot, and they spake to gyders after masse, but whan Syr Bedwere had tolde his tale al hole, Syr Launcelottes hert almost braste for sorowe, and Sir Launcelot threwe hys armes abrode, and sayd, "Alas! who may truste thys world?" And than he knelyd doun on his

knee, and prayed the bysshop to shryve hym and assoyle hym; and than he besought the bysshop that he myght be hys brother. Than the bysshop sayd, "I wyll gladly," and there he put an habyte upon Syr Launcelot, and there he servyd God day and nyght with prayers and fastynges.

Thus the grete hoost abode at Dover, and than Sir Lyonel toke fyftene lordes with hym, and rode to London to seke Sir Launcelot; and there Syr Lyonel was slayn, and many of his lordes. Thenne Syr Bors de Ganys made the grete hoost for to goo hoome ageyn. And Syr Boors, Syr Ector de Maris, Syr Blamour, Syr Bleoboris, with moo other of Syr Launcelottes kynne, toke on hem to ryde al Englond overthwart and endelonge to seek Syr Launcelot. So Syr Bors by fortune rode so longe tyl he came to the same chapel where Syr Launcelot was, and so Syr Bors herde a lytel belle knylle that range to masse, and there he alyght and herde masse. And whan masse was doon the bysshop, Syr Launcelot, and Sir Bedwere came to Syr Bors, and whan Syr Bors sawe Sir Launcelot in that maner clothyng, than he preyed the bysshop that he myght be in the same sewte. And so there was an habyte put upon hym, and there he lyved in prayers and fastyng. And wythin halfe a yere there was come Syr Galyhud, Syr Galyhodyn, Sir Blamour, Syr Bleoheris, Syr Wyllyars, Syr Clarras, and Sir Gohaleanjyne. So al these vij noble knyghtes there abode styll, and whan they sawe Syr Launcelot had taken hym to suche perfeccion, they had no last to departe, but toke suche an habyte as he had. Thus they endured in grete penaunce syx yere, and than Syr Launcelot took thabyte of preesthod of the bysshop, and a twelve monthe he sange masse, and there was none of these other knyghtes but they redde in bookes, and holpe for to synge masse, and range bellys,

and dyd bodoly al maner of servyce. And soo their horses wente where they wolde, for they toke no regarde of no worldly rychesses, for whan they sawe Syr Launcelot endure suche penaunce in prayers and fastynges, they toke no force what payne they endured for to see the nobleste knyght of the world take suche abstynaunce that he waxed ful lene. And thus upon a nyght there came a vysyon to Syr Launcelot, and charged hym in remyssyon of his synnes to haste hym unto Almysbury, "And by thenne then[1] come there, thou shall fynde quene Guenever dede. And therfore take thy felowes with the, and parcuey them of an hors bere, and fetche thou the cors of hir, and burye hir by her husbond, the noble kyng Arthur." So this avysyon came to Launcelot thryse in one nyght.

Capitulum xi.

Than Syr Launcelot rose up oe[2] day and tolde the heremyte. "It were wel done," sayd the heremyte, "that ye made you redy, and that ye dyshobeye not the avysyon." Than Syr Launcelot toke his vij felowes with hym, and on fore they yede from Glastynburye to Almysburye, the whyche is lytel more than xxx myle, and thyder they came within two dayes, for they were wayke and feble to goo. And whan Syr Launcelot was come to Almysburye within the nunerye, quene Guenever deyed but halfe an oure afore. And the ladyes tolde Syr Launcelot that quene Guenever tolde hem al, or she passyd, that Syr Launcelot had ben preest nere a twelve monthe. "And hyder he cometh as faste as he may to fetche my cors: and besyde my lord kyng Arthur he shal berye me." Wherfore the quene sayd in heryng of hem

[1] Read *thou*. [2] Read *or*.

al, "I beseche Almyghty God that I may never have power to see Syr Launcelot wyth my worldly eyen." "And thus," said al the ladyes, "was ever hir prayer these two dayes, tyl she was dede." Than Syr Launcelot sawe hir vysage, bat[1] he wepte not gretelye but syghed, and so he dyd al the observaunce of the servyce hym self, bothe the Dyryge, and on the morne he sange masse. And there was ordeyned an hors bere; and so wyth an hondred torches ever brennyng aboute the cors of the quene, and ever Syr Launcelot with his viij felowes wente aboute the hors bere, syngyng and redyng many an holy oryson, and frankensens upon the corps encensed.

Thus Syr Launcelot and his eyght felowes wente on foot from Almysburye unto Glastynburye, and whan they were come to the chapel and the hermytage, there she had a Dyryge wyth grete devocyon, and on the morne the heremyte that somtyme was bysshop of Canterburye sange the masse of requyem wyth grete devocyon; and Syr Launcelot was the fyrst that offeryd, and than als his eyght felowes. And than she was wrapped in cered clothe of Raynes, from the toppe to the too, in xxx folde, and after she was put in a webbe of leed, and than in a coffyn of marbyl. And whan she was put in therth, Syr Launcelot swouned, and laye longe stylle, whyle the hermyte came and awaked hym, and sayd, "Ye be to blame, for ye dysplese God with suche maner of sorow makyng." "Truly," sayd Syr Launcelot, "I trust I do not dysplese God, for he knoweth myn entente; for my sorow was not nor is not for ony rejoysyng of synne, but my sorow may never have ende. For whan I remembre of hir beaulte and of hir noblesse, that was bothe wyth hyr kyng and wyth hyr, so whan I sawe his corps and hir corps so lye togyders, truly myn herte wold not serve to

[1] Read *but*.

susteyne my careful body. Also whan I remembre me, how by my defaute and myn orgule and my pryde, that they were bothe layed ful lowe, that were pereles that ever was lyvyng of Cristen people, wyt you wel," sayd Syr Launcelot, "this remembred, of there kyndenes and myn unkyndenes, sanke so to myn herte that I myght not susteyne my self." So the Frensshe book maketh mencyon.

Capitulum xii.

Thenne Syr Launcelot never after ete but lytel mete, nor dranke, tyl he was dede, for than he seekened more and more, and dryed and dwyned awaye; for the bysshop nor none of his felowes myght not make hym to ete, and lytel he dranke, that he was waxen by a kybbet shorter than he was, that the peple coude not knowe hym; for evermore day and nyght he prayed, but somtyme he slombred a broken slepe. Ever he was lyeng grovelyng on the tombe of kyng Arthur and quene Guenever, and there was no comforte that the bysshop nor Syr Bors nor none of his felowes coude make hym, it avaylled not. Soo wythin syx wekye after, Syr Launcelot fyl seek, and laye in his bedde; and thenne he sente for the bysshop that there was heremyte and al his trewe felowes. Than Syr Launcelot sayd wyth drery steven, "Syr bysshop, I praye you gyve to me al my ryghtes that longeth to a Chrysten man." "It shal not nede you," sayd the heremyte and al his felowes. "It is but hevynesse of your blood. Ye shal be wel mended, by the grace of God, to morne." "My fayr lordes," sayd Syr Launcelot, "wyt you wel my careful body wyl in to therthe; I hove warnyng more than now I wyl say, therfore gyve me my ryghtes." So whan he was howselyd and enelyd, and

had al that a Crysten man ought to have, he prayed the bysshop that his felowes myght bere his body to Joyous Garde. Somme men say it was Anwyk, and somme may say it was Hamborow. "How be it," sayd Syr Launcelot, "me repenteth sore, but I made myn avowe somtyme that in Joyous Garde I wold be buryed, and by cause of brekyng of myn avowe I praye you al lede me thyder."

Than there was wepyng and wryngyng of handes among his felowes. So at a seson of the nyght they al wente to theyr beddes, for they alle laye in one chambre. And so after mydnyght, ayenst day, the bysshop then was hermyte, as he laye in his bedd a slepe, he fyl upon a grete laughter, and therwyth al the felyshyp awoke and came to the bysshop, and asked hym what he eyled. "A, Jhesu, mercy," sayd the bysshop, "why dyd ye awake me? I was never in al my lyf so mery and so wel at ease." "Wherfore?" sayd Syr Bors. "Truly," sayd the bysshop, "here was Syr Launcelot with me with mo angellis than ever I sawe men in one day; and I sawe the angellys heve up Syr Launcelot unto heven, and the yates of heven opened ayenst hym." "It is but dretchyng of swevens," sayd Syr Bors, "for I doubte not Syr Launcelot ayleth no thynge but good." "It may wel be," sayd the bysshop, "goo ye to his bedde, and than shall ye prove the soth." So whan Syr Bors and his felowes came to his bedde, they founde hym starke dede; and he laye as he had smyled, and the swettest savour aboute hym that ever they felte.

Than was there wepyng and wryngyng of handes, and the grettest dole they made that ever made men. And on the morne the bysshop dyd his masse of Requyem, and after the bysshop and al the ix knyghtes put Syr Launcelot in the same hors bere that quene Guenevere was layed in tofore that she was buryed. And soo the

bysshop and they al togydere wente wyth the body of Syr Launcelot dayly tyl they came to Joyous Garde, and ever they had an C torches bernnyng aboute hym. And so within xv dayes they came to Joyous Garde. And there they layed his corps in the body of the quere, and sange and redde many saulters and prayes over hym and aboute hym, and ever his vysage was layed open and naked that al folkes myght beholde hym, for suche was the custom in tho dayes, that al men of worshyp shold so lye wyth open vysage tyl that they were buryed. And ryght thus as they were at theyr servyce, there came Syr Ector de Maris, that had vij yere sought al Englond, Scotland, and Walys, sekyng his brother Syr Launcelot.

Capitulum xiii.

And whan Syr Ector herde suche noyse and lyghte in the quyre of Joyous Garde, he alyght and put his hors from hym, and came in to the quyre, and there he sawe men synge [and] wepe. And al they knewe Syr Ector, but he knewe not them. Than wente Syr Bors unto Syr Ector, and tolde hym how there laye his brother Syr Launcelot dede. And than Syr Ector threwe hys shelde, swerde, and helme from hym. And whan he behelde Syr Launcelottes vysage, he fyl doun in a swoun. And whan he waked, it were harde ony tonge to telle the doleful complayntes that he made for his brother. "A, Launcelot," he sayd, "thou were hede of al Crysten knyghtes. And now I dare say," sayd Syr Ector, "thou Sir Launcelot, there thou lyest, that thou were never matched of erthely knyghtes hande, and thou were the curtest knyght that ever bare shelde, and thou were the truest frende to thy lovar that ever bestrade hors, and thou were the trewest lover of a synful man that ever loved woman, and

thou were the kyndest man that ever strake wyth swerde, and thou were the godelyest persone *tha*t ever cam emonge prees of knyghtes, and thou was the mekest man and the jentyllest that ever ete in halle emonge ladyes, and thou were the sternest knyght to thy mortal foo that ever put spere in the breste."

Than there was wepyng and dolour out of mesure. Thus they kepte Syr Launcelots corps on lofte xv dayes, and than they buryed it with grete devocyon. And than at leyser they wente al with the bysshop of Canterburye to his ermytage, and there they were to gyder more than a monthe. Than Syr Costantyn, that was Syr Cadores sone of Cornwayl, was chosen kyng of Englond, and he was a ful noble knyght, and worshypfully he rulyd this royame. And than thys kyng Costantyn sent for the bysshop of Caunterburye, for he herde saye where he was, and so he was restored unto his bysshopryche, and lefte that ermytage. And Syr Bedwere was there ever stylle heremyte to his lyves ende. Than Syr Bors de Ganys, Syr Ector de Maris, Syr Gahalantyne, Syr Galyhud, Sir Galyhodyn, Syr Blamour, Syr Bleoberys, Syr Wyllyats de Balyaunt, Syr Clartus of Clere Mounte, al these kny*ght*es drewe them to theyr contreyes. How be it, kyng Costantyn wold have had them wyth hym, but they wold not abyde in this royame. And there they al lyved in their cuntreys as holy men. And somme Englysshe bookes maken mencyon that they wente never oute of Englond after the deth of Syr Launcelot, but that was but favour of makers; for the Frensshe book maketh mencyon and is auctorysed that Syr Bors, Syr Ector, Syr Blamour, and Syr Bleoberis, wente in to the Holy Lande, there as Jhesu Cryst was quycke and deed, and anone as they had stablysshed theyr londes; for the book saith so Syr Launcelot commaunded them for to do or ever he

passyd oute of thys world. And these foure knyghtes dyd many bataylles upon the myscreantes or Turkes, and there they ded upon a good Fryday for Goddes sake.

Here is the end of the booke[1] of kyng Arthur and of his noble knyghtes of the Rounde Table, that whan they were hole togyders there was ever an C and xl. And here is the ende of the deth of Arthur. I praye you, all jentyl men and jentyl wymmen that redeth this book of Arthur and his knyghtes from the begynnyng to the endyng, praye for me whyle I am on lyve that God sende me good delyveraunce, and whan I am deed, I praye you all praye for my soule; for this book was ended the ix yere of the reygne of kyng Edward the Fourth by Syr Thomas Maleore, knyght, as Jhesu helpe hym for hys grete myght, as he is the servaunt of Jhesu bothe day and nyght.

Thus endeth thys noble and Joyous book entytled le morte Darthur / Notwythstondyng it treateth of the byrth / lyf / and actes of the sayd kyng Arthur / of his noble knyghtes of the rounde table / theyr mervayllous enquestes and adventures / thachyevyng of the sangreal / & in thende the dolorous deth & departyng out of thys world of them al / whiche book was reduced in to englysshe by syr Thomas Malory knyght as afore is sayd / and by me devyded in to xxi bookes, chapytred and enprynted / and fynysshed in thabbey westmestre the last day of Juyl the yere of our lord / M / CCCC / lxxxv.

Caxton me fieri fecit.

[1] Repeated in form *book*.

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NOTES.

BOOK I.

Source.

In the third volume of his edition of *Le Morte Darthur*, Sommer has made a minute comparison of Malory's text with the sources as far as they are accessible. Of the results of his investigations I have space for nothing more than a brief summary.

Book I is based upon the French prose romance of *Merlin*,[1] which has been preserved in a variety of forms. The original short romance extended only to the coronation of Arthur, and was based by some unknown prose writer upon a poem by Robert de Borron, who flourished at the end of the 12th century. To this romance were appended various anonymous continuations which we have in single manuscripts. These vary widely from the continuation most commonly found, which, by the way, appears in the English *Merlin* mentioned in the footnote.

For the details of Sommer's comparison, see iii, 14–70. Wechssler differs here and there from Sommer on some matters. Cf. *Ueber die verschiedenen Redactionen des Robert von Borron zugeschriebenen Graal-Lancelot-Cyclus*, Halle a. S., 1895, pp. 22–25. Malory very greatly shortened his original and introduced slight additions of his own.

[1] I may be allowed to refer for details concerning the romance of *Merlin* to my introduction to the 15th-century English prose *Merlin* (ed. Wheatley), Early English Text Society, London, 1899.

Sommer has printed the French *Merlin* from MS. Add. 10292 (British Museum), under the title, *Le Roman de Merlin*, London, 1894. There are numerous other MSS., a list of which is given in my discussion of the *Merlin*.

The various versions of the Merlin legend in Middle English literature should be consulted. The most important of these are: (1) *The Romance of Merlin*, 3 vols., E. E. T. S., ed. Wheatley; (2) *Arthour and Merlin*, a verse romance of the 14th century, ed. Kölbing, *Altenglische Bibliothek*, vol. iv; (3) the 15th-century versified romance of *Merlin* by Herry Lonelich, Skinner, announced by the Early English Text Society as in preparation.[1] This translation is based upon a French MS. differing somewhat from that which served as the basis for the *Merlin* edited by Wheatley, but in general presenting the same story.

1 1. *to procede forth.* In the portion of the Preface omitted from these selections, Caxton explains why he has printed *Le Morte Darthur*, and gives his reasons for believing that Arthur had actually existed.

1 6. *thenne callyd Brytaygne.* The name Great Britain, "originally applied to the whole island of Britain to distinguish it from Britannia Minor, or Britanny, and often used in poetry or exalted prose," was never used "for official purposes until after the accession of James I. . . . In 1604 James definitely styled himself King of Great Britain on his coins." Low and Pulling, *Dict. of Eng. Hist.*, p. 515.

1 7. *symple persone* = humble person, not of high birth. Those who belonged to the yeomanry were called simple in contrast with the nobles and gentles (gentry).

2 5. *Cote male taylle.* To king Arthur's court came a young man in an ill-fitting garment of cloth of gold. He gave his name as Breunor le Noire, but Kay said: "In mockage ye shalle be called la Cote male tayle, that is as moche to saye, the evil shapen cote." *Morte Darthur*, Bk. ix, ch. i.

4 10. *Garlyon.* Caxton's misprint for *Carlyon.* Cf. 34 11.

5 19. *two the best knyghtes.* For this construction, see Kellner, *Eng. Syntax*, §§ 174–176.

12 26. *came* = he came. The omission of a pronominal subject is common. Cf. Baldwin, 82; Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, pp. xxxii, xxxiii.

15 1. *Uther-pendragon.* Pendragon means *dragon's head*, as is explained in Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Hist. Regum Britanniæ*, viii, 17. On Uther's history, cf. Geoffrey of Monmouth, viii, 11–24, and especially the prose *Merlin*, pp. 41–95 (E. E. T. S.). In Rhŷs's *Studies in the Arthurian Legend* (Index) will be found important remarks on the Celtic relations of Uther-pendragon. According to Zimmer, *Nennius*

[1] Kölbing has published the first 1638 lines in his ed. of *Arthour and Merlin*,

Vindicatus, p. 286, note, *pendragon* is to be interpreted as *head of the dragons*, i.e., of the dragon standards used in war; in other words, *Uther dux bellorum*.

15 3. *duke of Tyntagil.* Geoffrey of Monmouth, viii, 19, calls him *Gorlois*.

15 5. *send.* For the form, cf. Baldwin, 166.

15 6. *to brynge his wyf.* The whole story is told somewhat differently, and with far more detail, in the prose *Merlin*, ch. iv.

15 7. *a fair lady, and a passynge wyse.* On the position of the adjectives, cf. Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, pp. cv, cvi.

15 9. *comyn.* "For *-en* of the preterit participle *-yn* appears as a rare variant." Baldwin, 188.

15 17. *that we departe.* For the subjunctive, cf. Baldwin, 232, 1 (c).

15 20. *Also* = just as. Cf. *N. E. D.*, s.v.

15 26. The abrupt change from indirect to direct speech is exceedingly common in Malory and other writers of the Middle English period. Cf. 39 14, 58 26, etc. The Icelandic sagas abound in the same construction. Cf. also *Libeaus Desconus*, ll. 955, 2167. In Kellner's *Blanch. and Egl.*, pp. xcviii–c, is an excellent discussion of this matter, with numerous examples.

16 2. *come at hym.* For the peculiar use of *at*, see Baldwin, 324, 2.

16 4. *badde hym be redy.* This warning is worth noting as being characteristic of the mediæval conception of chivalric warfare.

16 6. *wold fetche hym oute of the byggest castell that he hath.* Cf. a similar expression, *Morte Darthur*, xx, 10 (p. 814 20, Sommer). "The loose sequence . . . is due to the confusion between direct and indirect discourse." Baldwin, 263. Cf. also Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. lix.

16 9. *castels of his.* For similar genitives, cf. 17 26, 19 28, and Kellner's comments, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. xxii; Baldwin, 17.

16 9. *hyght.* Cf. Baldwin, 315.

16 9. For Tyntagil, see Bædeker's *Great Britain* (1887), pp. 146, 147. Cf. also the striking description in Swinburne's *Tristram of Lyonesse*, ii, 33–57.

16 10. *Terrabyl.* This castle is identified in *Notes and Queries*, series vii, vol. xii, pp. 41, 412, with Launceston Castle in Cornwall.

16 18. *seke.* Illness due to love is a common motive in the romances. A notable instance appears in the illness of Belisant in *Amis and Amiloun*, ll. 485 seq.; Guy of Warwick was ill a fortnight because Felice was scornful. *G. of W.*, version i, ll. 205 seq. Cf. also *William of Palerne*, ll. 890 seq., Arcite in Chaucer's *Knightes Tale*, ll. 500 seq., etc.

17 5. *more than a paas* = faster than a walk.

17 10. *pavelions dore.* For the genitive, see Baldwin, 18.

17 19. *it shall be delyverd to me.* Cf. the detailed account in the prose *Merlin*, p. 75. The promise of a child as a payment for some service is a not uncommon motive in folk-tales. Cf. *Rumpelstilzchen* in Grimm's *Hausmärchen*, No. 55, and Jacobs's *List of Incidents;* also *Indian Fairy Tales* (ed. Jacobs), "The Prince and the Fakir," p. 180.

17 25. The parts are assigned differently in the prose *Merlin*, p. 76, and in Geoffrey's *Historia*, viii, 19.

17 26. *knyghte of the dukes.* Cf. 16 9.

17 28. *wayte ye make not.* For the subjunctive, see Baldwin, 232, 1 (e).

18 3. *for to have distressid.* For the tense, see Baldwin, 260.

18 9. *on day.* Cf. Baldwin, 340.

18 23. *it were grete joye . . . and hit myghte please the kynge.* For the subjunctive, see Baldwin, 211. The use of *and* in the sense of *if* is very common in the *Morte Darthur.*

18 29. For all these names, up to the end of the chapter, see Rhŷs's *Studies* (Index). He devotes an entire chapter to "Urien and his Congeners." Cf. also Nutt's *Studies.*

18 33. *Morgan le Fey.* In the prose *Merlin*, p. 508, we are told why she was called *le Fey.* Merlin is there said to have been her teacher. In the *Zeitschrift für franz. Sprache und Lit.*, xii, 239, Zimmer points out that before Geoffrey of Monmouth the figure of Morgan le Fey was unknown to Welsh literature.

19 2. *nygromancye.* Cf. note, too long to quote, in Skeat's *Piers Plowman* (E. E. T. S.), vol. iv, sec. 1, p. 246. See also his note to Chaucer's *C. T.*, *Works*, v, 314, and a note by Ward to Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, p. 125. As necromancy had been under the ban of the church since the time of Constantine, one would hardly expect Morgan le Fey to be initiated into the black art in a nunnery.

19 3. *Syre Ewayns le Blaunche Maynys fader.* Variously known in the *Morte Darthur* as Uwayne, Ewayne, le fyse de roy Uryence, le *or* la blaunche maynys, les avoultres, les avoutres, etc. Ewein les Avoutres is frequently referred to in the prose *Merlin.* He is there described (p. 238) as the son of king Urien and the wife of his steward Cleodalis. The king's legitimate son also bears the name Ewein. The *Merlin* further distinguishes (p. 294) "Ewein white honde" from the other two Eweins.

19 7. *he asked hir.* See the same story with some variations in the prose *Merlin*, pp. 86, 87.

19 30. *Sir Ector.* In the prose *Merlin*, pp. 91 seq., he is called Antor. Tennyson prefers another form:

> Wherefore Merlin took the child,
> And gave him to Sir Anton, an old knight
> And ancient friend of Uther, and his wife
> Nursed the young prince, and reared him with her own.
>
> *The Coming of Arthur*, ll. 179–182.

20 3. *put his owne child to nourisshynge to another woman.* The prose *Merlin* (p. 135) remarks upon Kay's evil speech and attributes it to his being put out to be nursed by a woman of low rank. "This tecche hadde Kay take in his norice that he dide of sowke, ffor he hadde it nothinge of norture of his modere," etc. For similar instances, see G. Paris, Introd. to Huth *Merlin*, p. xxi (note).

20 11. *when the lady was delyvered.* The prosaic version that Malory gives of Arthur's birth should be compared with the more poetical account in Laȝamon's *Brut*, ll. 19,254 seq. where elves appear and present the child with gifts. On the wider relations of the story to folk-lore, see some remarks by Alfred Nutt in *Problems of Heroic Legend*, p. 122 (Proceedings of International Folk-Lore Congress, 1891).

20 13. *and that ye delyver hym*, etc. Cf. 15 26.

20 19. *Uther felle seke.* Cf. Geoffrey's *Historia*, viii, 24, and the prose *Merlin*, pp. 91–95.

20 24. *hors lyttar.* A cut of a horse litter from a late 14th-century French MS. is in Jusserand's *English Wayfaring Life in the Fourteenth Century*, p. 101.

20 25. *but yf* = unless. For the subjunctive, see Baldwin, 210 (b).

21 3. *what counceill were best.* Subjunctive of indirect question, cf. Baldwin, 228.

21 4. *nys* = ne ys, is not.

21 5. *loke ye . . . be.* Cf. Baldwin, 232 (e), and l. 14.

21 15. *yelde.* For the form, cf. Baldwin, 145.

21 22. *archebisshop of Caunterbury.* Some of the French versions of the *Merlin* give his name as *Dou Brice.* This is Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Dubricius*, who is *Archbishop of the City of Legions* (ix, 12).

21 26. *Jhesu.* Skeat objects, in a note in his *Chaucer*, vol. v, p. 179, to the form *Jhesu* as an expansion of *Ihu*, on the ground that the *h* is unnecessary. Kaluza holds to the *h*. Cf. note to *Libeaus Desconus*, l. 320. A sufficient justification for our expansion is the uncontracted form *Jhesu*, 79 5, 81 2, 84 17, etc.

21 31. *send.* Cf. 15 5.

21 33. *made hem clene of her lyf* = lived chastely.

22 1. *Powlis.* A little inquiry would have removed Malory's doubt. The earliest Christian church on the site of St. Paul's was founded by Ethelbert in 610. This was destroyed by fire in 1087, and was succeeded by the magnificent old St. Paul's, with a length of 720 feet, and the loftiest spire in England. The present building was erected by Sir Christopher Wren, 1675–97.

22 5. *a grete stone.* Cf. the whole story as here told (pp. 22–26) with that in the prose *Merlin* (pp. 97–107). The more detailed version is far more picturesque.

22 8. *stack.* For the form, see Baldwin, 149.

22 9. *saiden.* The ending *-en* is rare. Cf. Baldwin, 192.

22 10. *Who so pulleth oute this swerde*, etc. The accomplishment of set tasks as a condition of receiving a reward is one of the commonest motives of folk-tales and mediæval romances. Frequently a penalty is attached to the unsuccessful performance of the undertaking. In one form or another this motive recurs several times in the *Morte Darthur*. Cf. pp. 50, 85, 89, 126. With reference to Arthur's drawing out the sword Gaston Paris remarks (Introd. to *Merlin*, p. xx): "L'idée même de cette épreuve paraît puisée dans des légendes bibliques: elle rappelle, par exemple l'histoire de la verge de Joseph, qui désigne, en fleurissant seule, celui qui doit être l'époux de Marie. Il serait facile de remonter plus haut dans la recherche de ces désignations miraculeuses, et il suffit de rappeler le nœud gordien, ou dans un autre genre, le cheval de Darius. On retrouve d'ailleurs des récits analogues dans plusieurs contes bretons; nous citerons surtout un passage de la première continuation de *Perceval*, où il s'agit de retirer du corps d'un chevalier mort, pour pouvoir le venger, un tronçon de lance, et où celui qui réussit seul à le retirer le fait par inadvertance." The reference which M. Paris makes in a footnote to the *perron* before the palace of Charlemagne where the knights tried their swords is less to the point.

In the *Völsunga Saga*, iii, Sigmund shows his preëminence by pulling a sword out of the Branstock, a great tree that forms the central pillar of the royal hall. As an example from Märchen we may cite *Die Zwei Brüder*, Grimm's *Hausmärchen*, No. 60. An excellent parallel appears, too, in the Life of St. Wolston (Wulfstan), Bishop of Worcester: "After the English were defeated at Hastings, Wolston resisted William boldly. The king feared his power and threatened to depose him. They met at Westminster. The king and the Archbishop of Canterbury declared that his arrogance could no longer be tolerated; Wolston

replied mildly, and agreed to their wish that he should resign. His crosier miraculously stuck in the marble of Edward's tomb, and Wolston accepted this as a sign that the dignity could only be given up to its donor. The people were astonished at the miracle; no one was strong enough to draw out the crosier. The king and the archbishop craved permission to amend their mistake, and begged him to receive again his crosier as being most worthy. Wolston complied, and drew out his crosier from the marble with ease." *Early South Eng. Legendary* (E. E. T. S. No. 87), p. xxix.

22 11. *Enlond.* A mere printer's blunder in Caxton's text, due to the position of *En-* at the end of the line.

22 13. *that ye kepe yow.* Cf. Baldwin, 232 (c).

22 23. *and they to kepe this sword.* Cf. Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. lxix. Baldwin's explanation (241) is somewhat different. Note his comments, pp. 78, 79.

22 27. *a justes and a tournement.* In a joust only two persons were engaged; in a tournament, a number. In jousting the only weapon used was the lance. Cf. Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, ii, 127.

22 31. *knowe.* Not the infinitive, but the past participle, as in l. 21, *knowen.* Cf. Chaucer's "For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe." *Prol.*, l. 126.

24 7. *but he.* Cf. also 25 11. This use of *but* is old. In Ælfric's *Lives of Saints*, i, 242 (E. E. T. S.), l. 74, we find: "buton we feowertig þe on ðam feohte stodon."

24 13. *it wold not be.* Cf. Baldwin, 293 (a).

24 26. *woll.* For the form, cf. Baldwin, 200.

25 2. *most be holdyng to.* Cf. *I am beholden to them*, 63 11; *I am moche beholdyng unto hym*, 63 17; and Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. lxxii. The word *beholding* occurs in Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, xii, 33; xiii, 15. Cf. Abbott's *Shak. Gram.*, sec. 372.

25 9. *senceall.* On the duties of the seneschal, see Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, i, 204. *Seneschal* literally means *old servant.* In the old Frankish monarchy the seneschal was a person of great importance. His duties ranged from the supervision of the royal housekeeping to the exercise of judicial authority. Cf. 27 3.

25 15. *Twelfth Day.* The twelfth day after Christmas. For its importance as a popular festival, see Dyer's *British Pop. Customs*, pp. 24–36.

25 15. *and to assay.* Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. lxxxvii, cites this passage as an instance of redundant *and.* Yet cf. Kaluza, *Engl. Stud.*, xxii, 285, 286.

25 21. *Candelmas.* February 2, the festival of the Purification of the Virgin Mary. On this day many candles were burned in the churches and carried lighted in procession. See Dyer's *British Pop. Customs*, pp. 54–56.

25 32. *there were some . . . had indignacion.* Cf. *in a chirche they found one was fair.* For the omission of the relative, see Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. xlv, and an elaborate paper in the *Anglia*, iii, 115–150.

26 1. *Pentecoste.* The season of Pentecost was a favorite time for feasts in the Middle Ages, as abundant opportunity was then afforded for out-of-door sports. Cf. Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, i, 364. In *The Four Sons of Aymon*, part i, p. 16, Charlemagne keeps a solemn feast in Paris after his return from Lombardy. Another Pentecost feast is described, p. 59. Cf. also Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Hist. Reg. Brit.*, ix, 13. The old English kings used to hold a feast and wear their crowns in state at Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost. "Cf. also Child's Ballads, part ii, p. 257." K.

26 16. *who that holdeth.* Cf. *who saith nay*, 28 24. For the construction, see Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, pp. xl, xlv.

26 23. *coronacyon.* On the importance attached in the Middle Ages to the ceremony of coronation, see Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, Appendix, note II, to vol. iii. For the forms of the ceremony, see Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, i, 643 seq.

27 3–5. *sencial . . . constable . . . chamberlayn.* These three officials existed in the Norman Court. "The High Steward or Seneschal acted as supreme official in the royal court; the Chamberlain was the financial officer of the royal household; the Constable was the Quartermaster General of the royal army." Johnson, *The Normans in Europe*, p. 235.

27 12. *Round Table.* According to Malory, iii, 1, Arthur got the Round Table as a wedding gift from Guenever's father, Leodegraunce, who had received it from Uther-pendragon. In xiv, 2, we are told that Merlin made the Round Table in tokening of the roundness of the world, and ordained the Siege Perilous. The prose *Merlin*, pp. 60, 61, gives an elaborate account of its origin. See also the French prose *Perceval*, published by Hucher in *Le Saint-Graal*, i, 418. Geoffrey of Monmouth makes no reference to the Round Table, which is first mentioned by Wace. The two lines by Wace are greatly expanded by Laȝamon, *Brut*, ll. 22,735–22,974. For the possible signification of the term *Round Table*, see Rhŷs's *Studies*, p. 9.

27 14. *a grete feste.* For the earliest account of this famous feast

given by Arthur, see Geoffrey of Monmouth, ix, 12–14. For the form *holdyn*, cf. Baldwin, 188.

27 15. *Carlyon.* The prose *Merlin*, pp. 106–108, puts the coronation and the feast at Logres; but the feast does not come until after the middle of August.

27 16–26. The names of the kings and the number of the knights are given with wide variation in the different French MSS. of the prose *Merlin*. "The kinge of Scotland" is in Geoffrey, ix, 12, called Agusel; in the *Merlin*, p. 108, Aguysas. "The kyng of Cardos" figures in the *Merlin*, p. 108, as "Carados benbras, that was kynge of the londe of Strangore."

28 15. *Carlyon.* "At the once famous city, now the decayed village of Caerleon upon Usk, — the *Isca Silurum* of Antoninus, where the second Augustan Legion was, during a long period, in garrison, — are the remains of a Roman amphitheatre in a bank of earth heaped up in an oval form sixteen feet high, and now also called Arthur's Round Table." J. S. Stuart Glennie, *Arthurian Localities*, p. xxv. The condition of Cærleon in the 12th century, when the Arthurian romances were writing, is described by Giraldus Cambrensis, *Itinerarium Cambriae*, ch. v.

28 28. *moo reames.* According to Geoffrey of Monmouth, ix, x, Arthur subdues not only Great Britain, but Ireland, Iceland, Gothland, the Orkneys, Norway, Dacia, Gaul, Aquitaine, and overcomes Lucius, Emperor of Rome!

28 30. *lough.* For the form, see Baldwin, 150.

28 31. *a wytche.* Cf. Wyclif's *New Test.*: "But there was a man in that citee, whos name was Symount, a witche," *Acts*, viii, 9. Two O. E. words melted together in the M. E. form *witche*, — the O. E. *wicca* (m.) wizard, magician, and O. E. *wicce* (f.) witch.

29 7. *jesseraunte.* The French *Merlin* describes Arthur as having an *haberioun desous sa cote.* The *jesseraunt* appears to have been an Algerian form of the hauberk. The common explanation is that it was "a light armour composed of splints or small plates of metal riveted to each other, or to a lining of some stout material." Fairholt, *Costume in England*, ii, 260. But Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, ii, 44, remarks: "Im Chanson d'Antioche (ii, 29) heisst es klar und deutlich: 'desront et desmaillé tant auberc jaserant'; wenn aber der Halsberc desmaillé genannt werden kann, so ist er auch aus mailles, aus Ringen gefertigt." Cf. also Gautier, note to *Chanson de Roland*, 1604.

29 20. *though ye were x so many.* Kellner, *Eng. Syntax*, § 265, cites several instances of this use of cardinal numbers. Cf. Zupitza, *Herrig's Archiv*, lxxxiv, 329.

29 22. *vanysshed aweye.* See note on the power of suddenly vanishing away, in Ward's ed. of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* (2d ed.), p. 178.

29 27. *swerde ye had by myracle.* This evidently refers to the sword drawn from the stone (p. 22). Yet on p. 30 it is called Excalibur, which, however, is the name of the sword given to Arthur by the Lady of the Lake. Cf. pp. 45, 53.

30 13. *it gaf light lyke xxx torchys.* The prose *Merlin*, p. 118, reads: "It glistred as it hadde be the brightnesse of xx^ti^ tapres brennynge." The French, still more modest, reads, "doi chierge." Cf. Sommer, *Morte Darthur*, iii, 36. Very common in the romances are references to stones that give out light, especially the carbuncle. Cf. *Floris and Blanch.*, ll. 174, 644; *The Four Sons of Aymon*, part i, ch. iii, p. 75; *Huon of Burdeux*, pp. 442, 455, 771: "there was a great light in the Chamber as though there had been Thirtie Torches lighted by reason of the bright stones that were there," p. 780. See also Kölbing's *Sir Beves of Hamtoun*, p. 282. The transition to swords that give out light is sufficiently easy. Surtr, in the northern mythology, has a flaming sword. Swords that give out light are mentioned by Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, iii, 174. Kölbing quotes in the notes to *Sir Beves*, pp. 345, 346, a number of passages in which the battlefield is described as shining with the light from shields and helmets.

30 21. *Bleyse.* A visit to Bleyse for the purpose of getting him to write the story as Merlin relates it recurs frequently in the prose *Merlin*, pp. 23, 32, 41, 46, 47, 53, 56, 81, 88, 97, 143, etc. Bleyse is the hermit who saves Merlin's mother from being burnt, pp. 13 seq. For the possible origin of Bleyse, see Kölbing, note to *Arthour and Merlin*, p. cxiii.

30 30. *dyd . . . do wryte.* For this use of *do*, see Baldwin, 266; Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. liv.

31 4. *disguysed.* Cf. the prose *Merlin*, p. 168: "And the cherll hadde on grete boysteis shone of netes leder, and was clothed in cote and hoode of rosset, and he was girde with a thonge of a blakke shepes skyn; and he was grete and longe, and blake and rowe rympled."

31 15. *grete tresour.* Cf. *Merlin*, pp. 168, 370.

31 24. *erlys doughter.* This episode is somewhat differently related in the *Merlin*, p. 171. There the earl's name is Sevain, the daughter's name Lysanor, and the son's name Hoot.

31 31. *Ryence of Northen Walys.* Cf. 47 7.

31 32. *Lodegreance of Camylyard.* In the *Merlin*, where he figures largely, he is called king of Carmelide or Tamelide, p. 123.

32 2. *Benwyck.* In the prose *Merlin*, pp. 26, 124, identified with Bourges, in the Department of Cher, in France. Malory himself remarks,

xx, 18 : " Somme men calle it Bayen and somme men calle it Beaume, where the wine of Beaume is." Cf. also Rhŷs's *Studies*, p. 304.

32 2. *that were.* The *were* should perhaps be *was*, and *that* should perhaps refer to *ordenaunce ;* but the passage is apparently corrupt, and I can bring no consistent meaning into it.

32 3. In the *Merlin* King Claudas is the bitterest foe of King Ban (pp. 124 seq.). The other names appear in the *Merlin*, slightly disguised.

32 7. *a xx M.* Cf. Kellner, *Eng. Syntax*, § 259.

32 14. *the fyrst syght of Gwenever.* Cf. the prose *Merlin*, pp. 141, 177, 210, and particularly the beautiful passage, pp. 225–229.

32 15. *the kynges doughter of Camylyard* = the daughter of the king of C. Cf. " a knyghte the which was the kynges sone of Ireland " ; also Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. cviii.

32 16. *weddyd.* The account in the *Morte Darthur* is very brief. See iii, 1, 5. The prose *Merlin*, pp. 451–454, is much more detailed.

33 9. *Sorhaute.* For this name, see Rhŷs's *Studies*, pp. 324, 354.

33 9. *within kynge Uryens*, i.e., within his jurisdiction. For other examples, see Baldwin, 356, 2.

33 10–12. *they . . . hem . . . theyr . . . her.* The nominative plural is always *they*, never *hi ;* the genitive plural is either *their(e)*, *theyr(e)*, or *her ;* the accusative plural, *them*, *theym*, *hem*. Cf. Baldwin, 54.

33 14. *Sarasyns.* The term *Saracen* was loosely applied in the Middle Ages to any unbeliever or pagan. For example, the Emperor Trajan is called a Saracen in *Piers Plowman* (B. text), xi, 150. Fine distinctions were not drawn between idolators and Mohammedans, the Saracens proper. The unbaptized Palamydes is called a Saracen in the *Morte Darthur*, xii, 11, 12, 13. For the etymology, see Skeat's note to *Joseph of Arimathie*, p. 55. For the wide application of the word, cf. Wissmann, *Anglia*, iv, 383, 384.

33 25. *Idres.* Cf. the account in the prose *Merlin*, pp. 176 seq.

33 28. *Wyndesan.* Called Wydesante in the prose *Merlin*, p. 177, q. v.

34 3. *a myghty man of men.* Cf. the description of Rion in the prose *Merlin*, p. 339 : " He was xiiij foote of lengthe, and half a palme be-twene his browes, and was grete and lene and full of veynes and of senewes, and was also so grym a figure that he was dredefull for to be-holde."

34 11–12. *cam to hym kyng Lots wyf of Orkeney.* According to the version in the *Merlin*, pp. 179–181, she came with Lot just after Uther's death, before Arthur was chosen king. Geoffrey of Monmouth, ix, 9,

regards Mordred (Modred) as the legitimate son of King Lot. In Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 52, l. 1149, Mordred is said to be the son of Arthur and his sister, but Arthur imagined her to be the "Maiden of Ireland." Rhŷs gives a mythological interpretation to the story of Mordred's origin, and draws several parallels, *Studies* (Index), and particularly p. 38.

34 19. *on the moder syde Igrayne.* For the genitive, see Baldwin, 22 (c). For the genitive form *moder*, Baldwin, 10 (c).

34 22. *dreme.* Cf. this dream with that on p. 217. For the whole subject of dreams in the Arthurian romances, see Mentz, *Die Träume in den altfranzösischen Karls- und Artus-Epen*, Marburg, 1888; also Kölbing's note to *Sir Beves of Hamtoun*, p. 340, and Skeat's note to *Piers Plowman*, part iv, p. 197.

34 25. *Hym thought* = it seemed to him. *Thought* has nothing to do with the verb *to think*, O. E. *ðencean*, but is from O. E. *ðyncean*, *to seem*. The forms were early confused. For the construction with the dative, see Wülfing, *Die Syntax in den Werken Alfreds des Grossen*, p. 106, and Baldwin, 312.

35 14. *the straungest best.* Rhŷs, *Studies*, pp. 154, 155, attempts an explanation of this beast, comparing it with the cropped sow of Welsh tradition, and pointing out the parallel between the barking of the beast and the barking of Cerberus. . . . "On Welsh ground," he adds, "we should recognize Pellinore and his monster as another version of Gwyn ab Nuđ, king of the other world, hunting with his fierce hound."

35 17. *xxx coupyl houndes.* For the construction, see Baldwin, 16.

35 34. *after his deth.* Cf. p. 65.

35 34. *Palamydes folowed it.* "And this meane whyle there came Sire Palomydes the good knyght folowynge the questynge beest, that hadde in shap a hede lyke a serpentes hede, and a body lyke a lybard, buttocks lyke a lyon, and foted lyke an herte; and in his body there was suche a noyse as hit had ben the noyse of thyrtty coupel of houndes questyng, and suche a noyse that beest made where somever he wente. *And* this beest evermore Syr Palomydes folowed, for hit was called his quest." *Morte Darthur*, ix, 12; cf. also, x, 63.

36 15. *lyke a child.* Merlin was fond of appearing in the disguise of a child or of an old man. Cf. the prose romance, pp. 47, 48, 72, 73, 74, 261, 308, 615, 622, etc.

36 21. *to take thought* = to be anxious. Cf. Trench, *Eng. Past and Present*, p. 304.

37 17. *youre body to be punysshed.* For the construction, see Baldwin, 242; Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. lxx.

37 19. *to be put in the erthe quyck* (alive). Cf. *Morte Darthur*, iv, 1. The account in the prose *Merlin* is very different and much more beautiful (pp. 680, 681). Tennyson's *Merlin and Vivien* presents a version unlike either of these two, and largely the work of his own imagination.

38 6. *my glove.* "Le gant était surtout employé comme symbole. Jeter son gant, c'était provocation ; le présenter, c'était soumission." Quoted by Gautier, *Chanson de Roland*, l. 281. Mellyagraunce defies Launcelot with his glove, *Morte Darthur*, xix, 7.

38 21. *I may not fyghte.* Yet the conception was not very strange to the Middle Ages. Cf. Brunhilde in the *Nibelungenlied*, Joan of Arc, etc. Historical instances are cited by Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, ii, 173. For the judicial combat, or wager of battle, cf. further Freeman, *Norman Conquest*, v, 327 ; Schultz, ii, 172; Lea, *Superstition and Force ;* Neilson, *Trial by Combat.* Perhaps the most famous instance in England is the judicial duel between the Duke of Hereford and the Duke of Norfolk on Sept. 16, 1398. Cf. Shakespeare's *Richard II*, i, 3. The meaning of appealing for treason is explained, *Morte Darthur*, viii, 20. Cf. also Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 52.

39 10. *feest that lasted eyght dayes.* Cf. 211 8. Long feasts are very common in the romances and folk-tales. Reynawde's wedding feast lasts eight days, *The Foure Sons of Aymon*, part i, p. 154; so, too, does the feast at the marriage of Paris and Helen, *Destruction of Troy*, l. 3466. Arthur's Christmas feast at Carlylele lasts ten days, Huchown's *Morte Arthure*, ll. 64–73. Feasts lasting a fortnight occur in *Amis and Amiloun*, ll. 100, 433; in *Sir Eglamour*, l. 1332; in *Torrent of Portyngale*, l. 435; in *The King of Tars*, l. 559 (*Englische Stud.*, xi, 46). Feasts of fifteen days, *William of Palerne*, l. 5352; *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight*, l. 44. Feast of twenty days, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. 211. Feast of a month, *William of Palerne*, l. 5074. Feast of forty days, *Havelok*, ll. 2344, 2950; *Libeaus Desconus*, ll. 1048, 2221. In Jacobs's *Celtic Fairy Tales*, p. 177, a wedding feast lasts a year and a day. Cf. also Kölbing, note to *Sir Beves of Hamtoun*, p. 235, and to *Amis and Amiloun*, p. 231; Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, i, 363–368.

39 20. *a squyer.* A squire was a young man who was passing through the various grades of service leading to knighthood. He attended his knight, wore spurs of silver instead of gold, and wore a sword, but not the belt, of a knight. For many curious details, see Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, i, 179 seq.

40 2. *strengyst.* "*-yst* for *-est* in the superlative occurs very rarely." Baldwin, 33.

40 18. *smote on the sheld.* This form of challenge recurs, vi, 2, 10; viii, 19. "Im Felde hängt man die Schilde vor die Zelte; man stellt auch die der Kampflustigen aus und überlässt es dem Fremden, einen zu berühren und so dessen Herrn herauszufordern." Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, ii, 97. As an historical instance of this form of challenge Professor Kittredge cites the joust at St. Ingelbert described by Froissart, ed. Kervyn de Lettenhove, xiv, 108 ff.

40 26. *that is me loth.* For the dative, see Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. xliv.

40 29. *to shevered.* The *to* is equivalent of the German *zer* (= *entzwei, auseinander*), and is found in a score of compound verbs, — *to-breke, to-breste, to-cleve, to-rende, to-scatere*, etc. Skeat comments in his *Chaucer*, v. 229, on the verbs compounded with *to*, and is corrected in some points by Kaluza, *Engl. Studien*, xxii, 285, 286.

41 10–20. This very singular story first appears in Geoffrey of Monmouth, ix, 15 seq. It is variously told in the Arthurian romances, in the prose *Merlin*, pp. 639 seq., in Huchown's *Morte Arthure*, etc. Malory's version is found in Bk. v.

41 19. *my faders soule, Utherpendragon.* Cf. 34 19.

42 7. *to the deth ward.* Cf. 160 27. *Ward* is to be construed with *to*. Cf. Baldwin, 52 (f) (1). Note also: "bysmorlice flugon to heora lande weard," Ælfric's *Judith*, l. 371. Numerous examples occur in Caxton's *Reynard the Fox*. Sidney writes in his *Arcadia*, Bk. ii, p. 186 (ed. of 1598): "unfortunately borne to me wards."

42 34. *I assente me.* Kellner, referring to this passage, remarks: "There are a few verbs used reflexively which seem to be mere translations from the French." *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. liii. This explanation does not apply to this passage. Cf. Huth *Merlin*, i, 190. For a list of other reflexive verbs in Malory, see Baldwin, 313 (a).

43 1. *every knight* = each knight.

43 7. *the honour.* For this use of *the*, cf. Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. xxvii.

43 12. *he to be on horsbak and he on foot.* For the construction, cf. Baldwin, 250; Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. lxix. Tristram shows the same courtesy to Blamor de Ganis, *Morte Darthur*, viii, 22. In *Amis and Amiloun*, ll. 1330 seq., Amiloun kills the horse of the steward with whom he is fighting, and himself dismounts so as to fight on equal terms. Similar incidents occur, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. 27, Caxton's *Lif of Charles the Grete*, p. 70. Courtesy on a larger scale is pushed so far in *Lancelot of the Laik*, ll. 651–768, that Galiot, who invades Arthur's territory with 100,000 men, uses only 10,000 of them to fight Arthur's

army of 10,000 men. For other courtesies, see *Lif of Charles the Grete*, p. 58; *Libeaus Desconus*, l. 355, and Kaluza's note.

43 15. *the cantels flewe.* Cf.:

> Of Florentys scheld a kantell
> He cleft don ri3t.
>
> *Octavian*, l. 1113.

See also *Libeaus Desconus*, l. 370, and Kaluza's note; N. E. D., s. v. *cantle*.

44 8. *cast an enchauntement.* In the prose *Merlin* (pp. 607, 608), the enchanter puts to sleep the entire household of Agravadain, when Ban and Bors are on their way home.

44 15. *care ye not*, i.e., be not anxious.

44 17. *what a knyghte* = what sort of knight. Cf. Baldwin, 97 (a).

44 19. *than he is one.* Cf. 65 9, and Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. xxviii.

44 21. *Pellinore.* See Rhŷs, *Studies*, especially pp. 297, 298.

44 22. *save one.* Probably an allusion to Galahad.

44 24. *Persyval of Walys.* For the significance of this great hero of the Grail legends, see Rhŷs's *Studies*, chs. iv, v, vi, and Nutt's *Studies* (Index).

44 24. *Lamerak of Walis.* For his exploits, see *Morte Darthur*, Bks. viii, x. In vii, 9, he is ranked with Tristram and Launcelot.

44 26. *destruction of alle this royame.* Cf. Bk. xxi.

44 28. *untyl an ermyte.* Cf. Baldwin, 353. Skeat has a good note on hermits, *Piers Plowman* (E. E. T. S.), part iv, sec. 1, p. 10. Cf. Jusserand's *English Wayfaring Life in the Fourteenth Century*, pp. 137, 138, 140–143.

45 8. *an arme clothed in whyte samyte.* Cf. 224 19. For samite, see Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, i, 343. The other story about Arthur's getting Excalibur has been related. Cf. pp. 30, 53. The contradiction is evident.

45 12. *Lady of the Lake.* In commenting upon Morgan le Fay, Rhŷs, *Studies*, p. 348, remarks: "In a word, she is viewed at one time as kind and benevolent and at another as hostile and truculent. The same sort of remark applies to the same sort of person under the name of the Lady of the Lake, of whose figure Malory gives, so to say, widely different views. Accordingly, one Lady of the Lake sends Arthur the sword Excalibur and asks for Balyn's head in return for it [ii, 3]; another Lady of the Lake confines Merlin in his stone prison [iv, 5]; a third, Nyneue, busies herself about Arthur's safety [ix, 16]; and a

fourth about that of Launcelot [xix, 11]. They may all be taken as different aspects of the one mythic figure, the lake lady Morgen. The name Morgen means the offspring of the sea."

45 22. *a yefte.* A promise of a gift *carte blanche* is very common in the mediæval romances; cf. *Morte Darthur*, vii, 1; viii, 2, 15, 30; *Wars of Alexander*, l. 1669; *Romance of Parthenay*, l. 5448; *Gesta Romanorum* (E. E. T. S.), p. 153; *Tristrams Saga og Ísondar*, ch. 49; *The Boy and the Mantle* in Child's *Ballads*, ii, 258. The instances of Esther and of Herodias will occur to every reader.

45 25. *rowe your self.* In the Huth *Merlin*, i, 198, the Lady of the Lake herself gets the sword for Arthur by going dry-shod across the water.

46 6. *Carlyon.* Cf. Strachey's Introd. to Malory's *Morte Darthur*, p. xv.

46 19. *whether lyketh yow better*, i.e., which of the two? Cf. Baldwin, 96.

46 21. *me lyketh better.* Cf. Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. xlviii.

46 24. *lese no blood.* Cf. 66 30, 125 14. The virtue of preserving the wearer from various physical ills is attributed to certain stones in the old Lapidaries. Cf. Pannier, *Les Lapidaires Français*, Paris, 1882; see also Child's *Ballads*, i, 201.

46 25. *Kepe wel the scaubard.* Morgan le Fay steals Excalibur with the scabbard, and thereby nearly causes Arthur's death. Cf. Bk. iv, 7–11. Afterwards (iv, 14) she steals the scabbard and throws it into a lake.

47 2. *al one* = alone. Cf. N. E. D.

47 7. *of all Ireland and of many Iles.* In the prose *Merlin* he is called "kynge of the londe of Geauntes and of the londe of pastures," p. 114; of the "lynage of Geauntes," p. 141; king of "Irelonde," p. 175; king of "Denemarke and of Iselonde," p. 327; of the "yles," p. 619; lord of all the West, p. 620.

47 9. *in this manere wyse.* Cf. Baldwin, 24 (a).

47 12. *flayne.* For the form, see Baldwin, 150.

47 14. *purfyled a mantel with kynges berdes.* This singular story appears, with a different setting, in Geoffrey of Monmouth, x, 3 (San-Marte). Arthur, after overcoming the Giant of Mt. St. Michel, says that he had found none so strong since he had killed the giant Ritho on Mt. Aravius. In the account in the *Merlin*, p. 649, of the fight with the Giant, we read that "never hadde thei seyn so grete a feende," but we find no mention of Ritho. Cf. the version in Malory, v, 5.

According to Geoffrey: "Hic [Ritho] namque ex barbis regum quos

peremerat, fecerat sibi pelles, et mandaverat Arturo ut barbam suam diligenter excoriaret, atque excoriatam sibi dirigeret; ut quemadmodum ipse caeteris praeerat regibus, ita quoque in honorem eius caeteris barbis ipsam superponerat," etc. The story of the beards is told twice (not alike) in the prose *Merlin*, pp. 115, 619, 620. San-Marte points out Celtic versions in his notes to Geoffrey's *Hist.*, pp. 402–405, and in his *Beiträge zur bretonischen . . . Heldensage*, p. 60. For the rôle of Rion in the Huth *Merlin*, see G. Paris, Introd., i, p. lxvi. Cf. also Laȝamon's *Brut*, ll. 26,122 seq. and Madden's note, iii, p. 397; Dunlop's *Hist. of Fiction* (1888), i, 224.

48 11. *all were put in a ship to the see.* This incident is related in the Huth *Merlin*, i, 204–210, but somewhat differently. The English prose *Merlin* gives interesting details about Mordred, but entirely omits this story. This motive is very old, and appears in the story of Danaë, who was set afloat in a chest by Acrisius, in the story of Romulus and Remus, etc. As an incident of mediæval literature it is found in one form or another in the following pieces: *Early South Eng. Legendary*, p. 466; *Guigemar* in the *Lais* of Marie de France, ll. 619 seq.; *King Horn*, ll. 103 seq.; Hartmann von Aue, *Gregorius*, ll. 595 seq.; Chaucer, *Man of Lawes Tale*, ll. 341 seq. (cf. also *Originals and Analogues*, vol. i, Chaucer Soc.); *Sir Eglamour*, ll. 803 seq.; *Torrent of Portyngale*, ll. 1807–1848, 2128–2147; the ballad of *Edward* (A.), Child's *Ballads*, i, 169, and of *Lizie Wan*, *Ibid.*, ii, 448. See also in Grimm's *Hausmärchen* No. 16, *Die drei Schlangenblätter;* No. 20, *Das tapfere Schneiderlein*. In Jacobs's *Celtic Fairy Tales*, p. 180, Trembling is sent out to sea with provisions for seven years. Hahn, *Sagwissenschaftliche Studien*, p. 331, cites the instance of the drowning of Reginbald in the *Thidreksaga*. An interesting modern parallel is afforded by Macaulay, *Hist. of England*, iv, 159: "The inhabitants of Eigg seized some Macleods, bound them hand and foot, and turned them adrift to be swallowed up by the waves or to perish of hunger." Cf. also Gummere, *Germanic Origins*, p. 190.

48 15. *Mordred was cast up.* The story of the preservation of Mordred falls under the "Prophecy Fulfilled" type of folk-tales. See Gomme's *Handbook of Folklore*, p. 128. Cf. also Hartmann von Aue's *Gregorius*, ll. 751–1102.

48 17. *as it reherceth afterward.* This is not "reherced afterward" in Malory. When Mordred again appears as a knight we learn nothing of how he gets to court.

48 21. *what.* Cf. Baldwin, 106 (a).

BOOK II.[1]

Source.

Book II is very loosely joined to the preceding book. The introduction would almost imply an independent narrative. The source is one of the continuations of the *Merlin*, and is preserved only in the Huth MS. of London. This is printed in the *Merlin* edited for the Société des Anciens Textes Français, by G. Paris and J. Ulrich, 2 vols., Paris, 1886. Sommer, iii, 70–97, makes a detailed comparison of Malory's text with the French, and points out the passages in which Malory condenses or otherwise changes his original. Malory's additions are slight.

49 13. *lete make a crye . . . shold drawe.* For the loose sequence, see 16 6, and Baldwin, 263.

49 15. *Camelot.* Cf. 80 16. Strachey points out in his Introduction to the *Morte Darthur*, pp. xv–xviii, that in spite of the identification with Winchester, Camelot here seems to be connected with Avelion or Glastonbury. "Camelot itself existed," in the time of Malory and Caxton, "in Somersetshire with its proper name, and with all the remains of an important town and fortress, and, doubtless, the traditions of Arthur which Leland found there, and which in great part at least remain to this day."

49 25. *gyrd.* The form *gyrte* also occurs. Cf. Baldwin, 166.

50 6. *a knyghte that hath all these vertues.* The various tests for chastity cited by Child, *Ballads*, ii, 257, in his Preface to *The Boy and the Mantle*, parallel in a general way the tests imposed here. The virtue test is a favorite one in the romances. Cf. Bks. xiii, xvii.

50 7. *at kyng Ryons.* See Baldwin, 324 (2).

50 15. *other.* For the use of *other* without the article, see Baldwin, 125.

50 17. *wold not oute* = would not come out. For the omission of the verb of motion, see Kellner, *Eng. Syntax*, § 83.

50 18. *ye nede not.* Note the personal construction with *ye* in place of the older impersonal construction. Cf. Baldwin, 312 (a).

[1] This book is of especial interest to the student of modern English literature as being the source of Tennyson's *Balin and Balan* (1885) and of Swinburne's *Tale of Balen* (1896). Swinburne follows his original with remarkable fidelity; Tennyson allows himself more freedom.

50 19. *shall*. For this use of *shall*, cf. Baldwin, 282, 3 (a).

51 5. *Balen* [= Balyn]. "In Balyn one readily recognizes Geoffrey's Belinus [*Hist. Reg. Brit.*, iii, 3, 5, 6, 8, 10], whose name represents the Celtic divinity described in Latin as Apollo Belenus or Belinus. With this key one at once comprehends how it was that, according to Geoffrey, he had a brother Brennius, that is to say, Brân, King of Britain from the Humber to Caithness. The latter is represented as being at war with Belinus and driven by him into exile, which gave Geoffrey a welcome opportunity of identifying his mythic Brân with the Gaulish leader Brennus. Thus it is seen that Belinus or Balyn was, mythologically speaking, the natural enemy of the dark divinity Brân or Balan, and so he was of Peleur or Pellam." Rhŷs, *Studies*, pp. 119, 120.

51 11. *he put hym not ferre in prees*, i.e., he did not put himself far forward in the crowd.

51 24. *it semeth not yow to spede*. For the construction, see Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. lxx; Baldwin, 242.

51 28. *mans persone*. For the variety of meanings taken on by the word *person* in its development, see Max Müller's *Biog. of Words and the Home of the Aryans*, pp. 32–47. "Cf. the common M. Eng. *mannes creature*, e.g., Gower, C. A., Bk. vii, Pauli, iii, 272." K.

53 17. *a yefte that he promysed her*. Cf. p. 45.

53 21. *Excalibur, that is as much to say as, Cut stele*. For the confusion of this sword with the one drawn from the stone, cf. 45 8. In the prose *Merlin*, p. 118, the Lady of the Lake does not provide the sword. We are told: "And it was the same swerde that he toke oute of the ston; and the letteres that were write on the swerde seide that the right name was cleped Escalibourc, whiche is a name in ebrewe, that is to sey in englissh, kyttynge Iren, tymber, and steill." The form *Calibourne* is also common in the *Merlin*. Geoffrey of Monmouth, ix, 4, 11; x, 11, calls it *Caliburnus*. The short verse romance of *Arthur* (ed. Furnivall, E. E. T. S., No. 2) calls Arthur's sword *Brounstelle*, ll. 96, 97. Swords with names are common in the Icelandic sagas, in the French romances, etc. Galatyn is the name of Gawayn's sword, Sommer's *Morte Darthur*, i, p. 176. "Enchanted swords are common in romance. Even in classical times we have the Styx-dipped sword of Turnus, and that of Hannibal (*Sil. Ital.*, i, 429), which old Temisus had made in an enchanted fire." Kitchin, note to *Faery Queene*, Bk. ii, C. viii, 19. See also note to *Huon of Burdeux* (E. E. T. S.), pp. 810, 811, and Jacobs's *List of Incidents*. Zimmer points out in an important article in the *Zeitschrift für franz. Sprache und Lit.*, xii, 235–237, that the Caliburnus of Geoffrey is identical with the celebrated sword of

Irish legend, *Caladbolg* (Welsh *Caletvwlch*). Cf. also Madden's note to Lazamon's *Brut*, l. 21,137. "For long lists of famous swords, etc., see Reiffenberg's Introd. to *Le Chevalier au Cygne*, i, pp. ci ff." K.

53 26. *I take no force though* = it matters not though. Cf. Skeat's *Chaucer*, v, 265.

54 4. *whan it was told hym*. Cf. "And whan it was told the kynges that there were come messagers," Sommer's *Morte Darthur*, i, 48 27. Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. lv.

54 29. *most foo* = greatest foe. Cf. Baldwin, 48 (b).

54 32. *for to displease kyng Arthur*. Cf. Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. lvx; Baldwin, 248.

55 10. *the kynges sone of Irelond*. Cf. 32 15.

55 14. *more of prowesse*, i.e., of greater prowess.

57 14. *to slee a lady*. The oath of a knight required him to defend ladies in peril.

57 20. *perysshed, and so percyd*. These two verbs were often confused in Middle English. Cf. Kaluza's note to *Libeaus Desconus*, l. 1229, and a note to *Gesta Rom.* (E. E. T. S.), p. 454.

57 26. *that came ride*. This use of the infinitive *ride* with *came* is not uncommon in Old and Middle English. In modern English the infinitive has been replaced by the present participle. For other examples, see Kaluza's note to *Libeaus Desconus*, l. 118, where are cited, *com ride*, *com prike*, *come flinge*, etc.

57 30. *lost* = ruined, destroyed. *Lost* has here a causative sense. Cf. Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. lii. The French reads: "deus ames ferés perdre pour une." Huth *Merlin*, i, 227.

58 5. *sholde have hurte her*. For the subjunctive, see Baldwin, 211.

58 6. *rofe her self thorow the body*. Cf. the death of Garnysshe, 75 24. In *Blanch. and Egl.* (E. E. T. S.), p. 30, a lady dies of grief on finding her lover dead. When Troilus thinks Criseyde to be dead he draws his sword to kill himself. Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde*, iv, 1185 seq. Professor Kittredge calls attention to the well-known story of Pyramus and Thisbe.

58 7. *dedes*. It is possible that *dedes* (deeds) is a misprint for *dede* (dead), but neither the various readings nor the French original give any clue.

58 19. *betwixe*. The form *betwixt* occurs, 60 10. Other examples of excrescent *t* are found in *agains-t*, *behes-t*, *mids-t*, *whils-t*. See Skeat, *Prin. of Eng. Etym.*, first series, p. 367.

58 19. *and*. One is tempted to read *out* for *and*. A printer might easily mistake one for the other if the author had not crossed the *t* clearly.

58 20. *a man told me . . . and that man had sene you.* Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. xlvii, regards the second *man* as the indefinite pronoun. Baldwin, p. 20, note, questions this and remarks: "*That* before the second *man* may be a demonstrative, in which case the second *man* would have the same sense as the first." The English rendering is not very clear, but there is no doubt as to what the translator was trying to express. The French reads: "on me dist au chastiel de[s] quatre perrieres que vous estiés delivrés, et que on vous avoit veut a la cour le roi Artus." Huth *Merlin*, i, 228.

59 5. *cam a dwarf.* The *dwarf* is one of the stock "properties" of mediæval romance, as in fact he was of the actual mediæval castle. Cf. Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, i, 207.

59 12. *in my defendaunt* = in my defence.

59 18. *valyaunts men.* Baldwin, p. 11, note, thinks that *valyaunts* "is probably a contract superlative, the *t* having been dropped by the typesetter." This is possible, and it must be admitted, furthermore, that adjectives having Romance plurals in *s* are rare at this period. Skeat can cite from *Piers Plowman* but one instance, *cardinales vertues*, but he cites four from Chaucer, *Works*, vi, p. lxx. The French cannot help us here, since the original of this passage is lost. For instances in Palsgrave (1530), see Marsh's *Orig. and Hist. of the Eng. Lang.*, p. 510, note. "Cf. also Child, *Observ. on Lang. of C. T.*, § 43; ten Brink, *Chaucer's Spr. u. Versk.*, § 243; Skeat, *P. Pl.*, ed. 1886, ii, 130. *Infernals illusions* occurs in some MSS. of Chaucer's *Troilus*, v, 368." K.

59 18. *the kynne of this knyght wille chace yow.* The duty of avenging the murder of kinsmen was recognized as fully in the Middle Ages as it was in the early history of the Jews. The Icelandic saga *Njála* has this as its central motive. The custom is indeed world-wide.

59 24. *kynge Mark.* In the *Morte Darthur*, Mark figures chiefly in Bks. viii, ix, x. For the meaning of his name and his place in Celtic myth, see Rhŷs, *Studies*, pp. 70, 357, 358.

59 31. *they found one was fair.* Cf. 25 32.

60 3. *how.* This word is merely used to introduce a quotation, and is purely expletive. Cf. *that*, 79 18.

60 8. *a doyng.* The form in the *Morte Darthur* is commonly *on* rather than *a*; *on huntynge*, 68 28. Cf. Baldwin, 340 (b). Kellner discusses the construction, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. lxxv. Storm, *Englische Philologie* (2d ed.), i (cf. Index), cites numerous instances of its use down to the present day.

60 10. *the grettest bataille.* Launcelot and Tristram fought several times. See ix, 35–37; x, 5, 69, 76. The battle here referred to is described, x, 5, and mention is made of this passage.

60 29. *stroke most dolorous.* See pp. 72, 73, 73 5.

61 7. *as.* Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. lxxxviii, regards *that* as a conjunction, and thinks that *as* is redundant. The more probable construction is indicated by the punctuation in our text, i.e., "suche perylous dede as that is."

62 20. In Bk. viii, 12, Tristram says, "Ye shalle wynne more by my lyf than by my dethe."

63 5. *Syr kynge, ye are welcome.* It is to be suspected that considerable sarcasm was mingled with Arthur's welcome.

63 6. *hyder . . . hyther.* *Hyder* appears, 57 7; *hyther*, 54 11. Words containing medial *d* were in a transition state when Malory wrote.

63 17. *beholdyng.* Cf. 25 2.

63 22. *none.* Translated *noon* in the glossary. It is possible, however, that it may here be taken literally, *hora nona* = ninth hour = 3 P.M.

64 14. *Nero was destroyed.* Malory is following the Huth *Merlin*. The ordinary *Merlin*, pp. 615–630, gives a very different account. Nero is not mentioned. Arthur meets Rion in battle and kills him. Of Balin and Balan we hear nothing.

64 23. *the one* should probably be *that one* (*that*, conj.). The French reads: "Et il savoit bien que li uns d'aus deus i morroit." Huth *Merlin*, p. 256. If we read *the*, we must supply a relative *that* before *shold*.

64 25. "*ony* is sometimes used for eyther." Baldwin, 122.

64 26. *he had lever.* Cf. Chaucer's *hym was lever.* Prol. *C. T.*, l. 293. Professor Kittredge adds a reference to F. Hall's article on "Had rather," etc., in *Am. Jour. of Philology*, ii, 281 ff.

64 26. *had be slayne* = should be slain. See Baldwin, 260 (b), note 2.

64 28. *me.* For the dative, see Baldwin, 80 (c).

65 4. *werre.* It is possible that the text should be left unchanged, and that the reading *werse* should be rejected. Stratmann (rev. Bradley) cites a half dozen instances of *werre*, meaning *worse*. Yet *Wers* is found, 29 28, and *werse*, 47 34 (Sommer).

65 9. *as he was one.* Cf. 44 19.

65 13. *therfor kyng Lot held ayenst Arthur.* The account in Malory and in the Huth *Merlin* cannot be reconciled with that in the ordinary *Merlin*. In the latter Lot disdains Arthur at his coronation because of his youth. But afterwards Lot is reconciled to Arthur and is on his side in the final combat when Rion is killed, p. 625.

65 25. *revenged the deth.* Cf. 59 18. We get no further account in Malory of Pellinore's death, but in x, 21, Gawain speaks of having killed him.

65 29. *Saynt Stevyns.* In Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 47, Josephes builds St. Stephen's in the city of Camelot. St. Stephen's minster is mentioned in the prose *Merlin*, pp. 453, 463, 495, 614.

66 1. *at.* Cf. l. 5, *to.*

66 3. *Gareth.* Note Rhŷs's comments on Gareth, *Studies*, pp. 21, 393.

66 8. *xij ymages.* There is a resemblance, perhaps more than casual, between this tomb and the magnificent monument of Kaiser Maximilian I, in the Hofkirche at Innsbruck. The differences are, of course, great.

In the Huth *Merlin*, i, 263, the statues are placed on a tower.

66 8. *laton.* "It was a kind of mixed metal, somewhat resembling brass both in its nature and colour, but still more like pinchbeck. It was used for helmets (Rime of Sir Thopas, B. 2067), lavers (P. Pl. Crede, 196), spoons (Nares), sepulchral memorials (Way in Prompt. Parv.), and other articles." Skeat, note to Chaucer's *Pardoneres Prol.*, v, 270. See the entire note; also note to *Sir Ferumbras*, p. 213 (E. E. T. S.).

67 2. *she loved another knyght.* See the account in iv, 6–14. Cf. the prose *Merlin*, pp. 506 seq.

67 8. *nere.* Cf. Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. lxxx.

67 10. *a grete batail.* See pp. 219–222.

67 12. *Basdemegus.* Commonly, *Bagdemagus.* Rhŷs, *Studies*, pp. 344, 345, explains how the name was transformed by the romancers from its Celtic form.

68 12. *came one invysybel.* Cf. Tennyson's lines:

> At once
> He felt the hollow-beaten mosses thud
> And tremble, and then the shadow of a spear,
> Shot from behind him, ran along the ground.
> Sideways he started from the path, and saw,
> With pointed lance as if to pierce, a shape,
> A light of armour by him flash, and pass
> And vanish in the woods.
>
> *Balin and Balan.*

68 31. *and I were armed as ye be, I wolde fyghte wyth yow.* Cf. *Libeaus Desconus*, l. 1123.

69 8. *Garlon.* Rhŷs, *Studies*, p. 121, remarks that "Garlon is probably to be identified with the Gwrgi Garwlwyd, already mentioned (p. 73), as a cannibal held up to detestation in the Triads."

69 32. *blood.* The curative power of blood is mentioned several times in the *Morte Darthur*. Cf. pp. 70, 72, 140–142, 160, Bk. vi, 15. This singular superstition was widespread in the Middle Ages, and furnished a motive for more than one literary work. Most commonly blood was recommended as a cure for leprosy. According to the legend of Silvester, the Emperor Constantine, being leprous, was advised to bathe in the blood of three thousand children, but he refused to destroy so many lives for the sake of his own (Gower's version of this story, *Confessio Amantis*, Bk. ii, end, does not mention the number). In *Amis and Amiloun*, ed. Kölbing, l. 2310, Amis cuts the throats of his two children and takes their blood for the cure of his friend Amiloun, who has become leprous. The children are miraculously brought to life again. In Hartmann von Aue's poem, *Der Arme Heinrich*, ll. 445 seq., a peasant girl is ready to sacrifice her life in order to furnish blood for curing the leprosy of the prince. He is cured, however, just as she is about to be bled. Cf. Cassel, *Die Symbolik des Blutes und der Arme Heinrich des Hartmann von Aue*, Berlin, 1882, and *Volksthümliches zum Armen Heinrich* in *Zeitschrift für deutsche Philologie*, xxiii, 217; Child, *Ballads*, i, 47, 50; viii, 441; *Gesta Rom.*, p. 69 (E. E. T. S.).

Other instances occur of a somewhat different type. St. Christopher's blood smeared on the eyes of a blind king gives sight. *Early South Eng. Legendary*, p. 277 (E. E. T. S.). The wife of Promius, Emperor of Rome, is in love with a knight, but she is cured of her love and her lovesickness by being anointed with his blood. *Gesta Rom.*, p. 342 (E. E. T. S.). For a variety of other parallels, see Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 56, ll. 441 seq.; *L'Ystoire des Sept Sages*, ch. ii, part xi; Traill's *Social England*, ii, 81; Child's *Ballads*, ii, 337; Jacobs's *Indian Fairy Tales* (Punchkin), pp. 26, 27 (Loving Laili), p. 64, and his *List of Incidents;* Grimm's *Hausmärchen*, No. 6 (Der Treue Johannes). "Blood is used as a salve for curative purposes among some tribes in Australia and among the Guamos of the Orinoco." Crombie on *The Saliva Superstition* in *Transactions of Internat. Folk-Lore Congress*, 1891, p. 255. Rhŷs, *Studies*, p. 119, comments on the passage in our text and suggests a Celtic parallel. My colleague Professor F. W. Nicolson tells me that a "physician" in Portland, Me., bathes all his consumptive patients in beef blood.

70 8. *it telleth after.* Cf. pp. 140–142.

70 28. *kynge Pellam.* The same as Pelleam, the maimed king. See Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 55, ll. 484 seq. There is considerable confusion in Malory's mind caused by the variety of forms in the French. Cf. Rhŷs, *Studies*, ch. xii, and Nutt, *Studies*, Index i.

71 12. *and wold have had* = and [they] wold, etc. The subject is often omitted when it is a pronoun. Cf. 62 3.

71 14. *a knyghte alweyes to kepe.* Cf. 54 24.

71 25. *avysed hym.* For other reflexive verbs in the *Morte Darthur*, see Baldwin, 313.

71 33. *cam.* For the form, see Baldwin, 186 (a).

72 1. *clave his hede to the sholders.* Cf. the favorite phrase in the prose *Merlin*, p. 343, etc., "slytte hym to the teth." Cf. the form *clave* with the form *claf*, *Morte Darthur* (Sommer), 689 22.

72 5 seq. Cf. Tennyson's version:

> Then Garlon, reeling slowly backward, fell,
> And Balin by the banneret of his helm
> Dragg'd him, and struck, but from the castle a cry
> Sounded across the court, and — men-at-arms,
> A score with pointed lances, making at him —
> He dash'd the pummel at the foremost face,
> Beneath a low door dipt, and made his feet
> Wings thro' a glimmering gallery, till he mark'd
> The portal of King Pellam's chapel wide
> And inward to the wall; he stept behind;
> Thence in a moment heard them pass like wolves
> Howling; but while he stared about the shrine,
> In which he scarce could spy the Christ for Saints,
> Beheld before a golden altar lie
> The longest lance his eyes had ever seen,
> Point-painted red; and seizing thereupon
> Push'd thro' an open casement down, lean'd on it,
> Leapt in a semicircle, and lit on earth.
>
> *Balin and Balan.*

73 5. *that was falle doune thorugh that dolorous stroke.* On the collapsed castle, note a remark by Rhŷs, *Studies*, p. 347. For Celtic parallels to the dolorous stroke and other comments, see *ibid.*, pp. 120, 258, 259, 264, 275, 285, 300.

Another dolorous stroke is described in our text, 126 34.

73 12. *Galahad . . . heled hym.* See 160 21.

73 14. *Joseph of Armathe.* For details concerning him, see Nutt's *Studies*, Summaries and Index i.

73 16. *spere.* For the importance of this spear in the legend of the Grail, see Nutt's *Studies*, Index i (*Lance*).

73 18. *nyghe of Joseph kynne.* For the genitive, see Baldwin, 10 (e). The confusion in the genealogies is discussed in Nutt's *Studies*, pp. 84, 85.

75 3. *sawe her lye.* The story of Pelleas and Ettard (cf. iv, 22) parallels at several points the story of Garnyssh and his lady.

75 24. *roofe hym self.* Cf. 58 6.

76 3. *he herd an horne blowe as it had ben the dethe of a best.* This was the recognized signal in hunting. Cf. Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, i, 460.

76 22. *yew.* Caxton's misprint for *yow*.

76 22. *byggar.* A "rare variant in the comparative is *-ar*." Baldwin, 33 (a).

77 2. *blessid hym.* Crossed himself.

77 9. *he demed it was not he.* The fight of Balin with his brother is a mere variant of the very old motive, found in more than one literature, of the fight of a son with his father, neither knowing the other. Without taking account of Œdipus killing his father, we note that in the *Destruction of Troy* (E. E. T. S.), l. 13,912, Ulysses receives in battle a deadly wound from Telegonus, whom he discovers to be his son. The story of Sohrab and Rustum is familiar to all readers of Matthew Arnold. The most famous instance in Germanic literature is found in the *Hildebrandslied*. Of this there is also an Icelandic version. See *Corpus Poeticum Boreale*, i, 190, and Saxo Grammaticus, *Gesta Danorum*, Bk. vii. A similar motive appears in the romance of *Sir Degaré* (Abbotsford Club ed.); cf. Ellis's *Early English Metrical Rom.*, pp. 577, 578. Galahad fights his father Launcelot without knowing him, *Morte Darthur*, 113 5. Even in Shakspere we find the same motive. A son has killed his father unawares on the battlefield and cries out:

> "Who's this? — O God! it is my father's face,
> Whom in this conflict I unawares have killed."
>
> *Henry VI*, part iii, act ii, sc. 5.

Köhler has an elaborate note on combats between father and son in a comment on the *Milun* of Marie de France, *Lais*, ed. Warnke, pp. xcvi–xcix.

The fighting of a brother with brother, neither knowing the other, appears to be less common, but in the days when armor covered the entire body, it must have been an easy possibility. Generydes fights his brother Ismael without knowing him. *Generydes* (E. E. T. S.), ll. 2622 seq. Cf. Launcelot's fight with Tristram, *Morte Darthur*, x, 5,

and Nutt's *Problems of Heroic Legend* in *Transactions of Internat. Folk-Lore Congress*, 1891, p. 127.

The placing of the fight upon an island reminds one of the familiar *holmgang* of the Icelandic sagas. "Cf. also *Torrent of Portyngale* and *Sir Tristrem*." K.

77 27. *none* = neither.

78 2. *hawberkes unnailed.* The hauberk consisted of rings joined so as to form a protective armor for the upper part of the body. Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, ii, 31, 32. "Perhaps *unmailed* should be read instead of *unnailed*." K.

78 10. *Balan yede on al four.* Cf. Tennyson:

> But when their foreheads felt the cooling air,
> Balin first woke, and seeing that true face,
> Familiar up from cradle-time, so wan,
> Crawl'd slowly with low moans to where he lay,
> And on his dying brother cast himself
> Dying; and *he* lifted faint eyes; he felt
> One near him; all at once they found the world,
> Staring wild-wide; then with a childlike wail,
> And drawing down the dim disastrous brow
> That o'er him hung, he kiss'd it, moan'd and spake;
> "O Balin, Balin, I that fain had died
> To save thy life, have brought thee to thy death.
> Why had ye not the shield I knew? and why
> Trampled ye thus on that which bare the crown?"
> Then Balin told him brokenly, and in gasps,
> All that had chanced, and Balan moan'd again.
> . . . . . .
> "O brother," answer'd Balin, "woe is me!
> My madness all thy life has been thy doom,
> Thy curse, and darken'd all thy day; and now
> The night has come. I scarce can see thee now.
> Good-night! for we shall never bid again
> Good-morrow — Dark my doom was here, and dark
> It will be there. I see thee now no more.
> I would not mine again should darken thine,
> Good-night, true brother."
> Balan answered low,
> "Good-night, true brother here! good-morrow there!
> We two were born together, and we die
> Together by one doom": and while he spoke
> Closed his death-drowsing eyes, and slept the sleep
> With Balin, either locked in either's arm.
>
> *Balin and Balan.*

78 21. *to our bothes destruction.* The genitive *bothes* is anomalous, in Malory, cf. Baldwin, 72, but it occurs also in Chaucer. Cf. the forms *bothis, botheis, bothes*, in Kittredge's *Observ. on the Lang. of Chaucer's Troilus*, p. 167.

79 7. *her ryghtes*, i.e., the eucharist and extreme unction.

79 18. *that.* Cf. 60 13 and Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. xc. *That* was not uncommonly used to introduce a direct quotation. Cf. a similar use of the Gothic *þatei.*

79 23. *fordyd that bed.* "This enchantment lasted till 'Lanscelos,' the son of King 'Ban de Benoic,' came into the island; but not he himself, but 'un anelet' which he had, and which 'descouvroit tous enchantemens,' put an end to it." Sommer, iii, 95. This "anelet" was given to Launcelot by "la damoisele del lac."

80 2. *shalle slee . . . Syr Gawayne.* See xx, 21, 22; xxi, 2.

80 5. *brydge of yron and of stele.* It is possible that Merlin's narrow bridge was suggested by the old conception found in the Vision literature and elsewhere. Ward, *Cat. of Romances*, ii, 399, in commenting on the *Vision of St. Paul*, remarks: "The Bridge of Dread, to which we have just alluded, is the name usually given to the bridge which all Souls have to pass on their way from Earth to Heaven. It is long, narrow, and slippery; and a Hell-torrent roars underneath it. It figures in the Koran; but it had found its way into Christian legends before the time of Mohammed." Cf. also Ward's comments on *St. Patrick's Purgatory*, *ibid.*, ii, 441. For other discussions, see Rhŷs's *Studies*, p. 55, *Romania*, xii, 508–510. Professor Kittredge adds references to Baist in Gröber's *Zeitschrift*, xiv, 159; C. Fritsche, *Rom. Forsch.*, ii, 247 ff.; iii, 337 ff.

80 14. *the stone hoved al weyes above the water.* Cf. the story of Elisha, *II Kings*, vi, 6, who made the axe float. In *Gen. and Exod.*, ll. 3185–3187, we find:

> On an gold gad ȝe name god
> If grauen, and leid up-on ȝe flod;
> Moyſes it folwede ȝider it flet.

80 22. *in the book of Sancgrayll.* Cf. p. 85.

BOOK XIII.

I. Connecting Link.

The story from the point where we break off at the end of Book II to the point where we take it up again at the beginning of Book XIII is by no means a unit.

Book III narrates the marriage of Arthur and Guenever, and the founding of the Round Table. Then the story turns suddenly to the exploits of Tor and his father, King Pellinore, and to various other matters.

Book IV describes the end of Merlin and introduces us to the young Launcelot. The burden of the larger part of the book, however, is an adventure of Arthur's. After discomfiting five invading kings, he is enticed into a castle, where he is imprisoned by the treason of his sister Morgan le Fay. Arthur finally escapes and recovers his sword Excalibur, with the scabbard, which she had cunningly got from him. Various other incidents follow, chief among them the story of Pelleas and Ettard.

Book V, which tells of Arthur's wars with the Romans, is probably to most readers one of the least interesting books of the *Morte Darthur*. One or two passages are picturesque, but the general level is low.

In Book VI, Launcelot springs to the front as the greatest of the knights of the Round Table, and this preëminence he maintains till the final overthrow of Arthur. The incidents here related are varied, but not of especial importance to the development of the *Morte Darthur*.

Book VII is a romance within a romance, and is wholly devoted to the tale of Gawaine's brother Sir Gareth, nicknamed Beaumains by Sir Kay. The outline of the story has been made familiar to modern readers in Tennyson's *Gareth and Lynette*. We need hardly suggest that the poet takes considerable liberties with his material.

By another sharp transition we turn in Book VIII to a new hero, Sir Tristram. He defends the kingdom of his uncle King Mark of Cornwall against invasion, and is at length commissioned

to bring La Beale Isoud from Ireland to be the bride of King Mark. Isoud and Tristram drink a love potion, and ever after love each other. Tristram has considerable trouble in bringing the bride to her husband, and still more by being involved in quarrels with her admirers. He finally goes wounded to Brittany. Here he is cured by another Isoud, whom he marries. His reputation suffers in consequence at King Arthur's court.

Book IX continues the story of Tristram, and tells also of the young knight La Cote Male Taile. Tristram has various adventures, saves Arthur's life, and afterwards goes mad, supposing that he has lost the love of Queen Isoud. At length he is found and brought to Mark's castle at Tintagel, but is recognized and banished for ten years. Tristram then spends his time in going from place to place jousting, meets Sir Launcelot and many other knights, and wins renown everywhere.

In Book X, the longest in the *Morte Darthur*, Tristram performs great feats which cannot be easily summarized. Most important is his elopement with La Beale Isoud and their reception by Launcelot, who brings them to Joyous Gard.

Book XI tells principally of Launcelot, and of his becoming, by means of enchantment, the father of Galahad. Queen Guenever is duly jealous, and by her reproaches drives Launcelot to madness.

The remainder of the book tells of the brothers Aglovale and Percivale.

In Book XII we learn yet more of Launcelot. In his madness he has various adventures and even performs feats of arms. At last he is discovered by Elaine, the mother of Galahad, and healed of his wounds by the Holy Grail. Then after some more exploits Launcelot returns after an absence of two years to Arthur's court, accompanied by Sir Percivale and Sir Ector. The queen and all the court welcome him with great joy.

While Launcelot has been absent Tristram has won great renown. He and Isoud are glad at Launcelot's return. In due time Tristram goes up to the feast of welcome, overcomes on the way his old rival Palamides, and finally returns to Isoud at Joyous Gard. This book ends with the words: "Here endeth the

second book of syr Tristram that was drawen oute of Frensshe in to Englysshe. But here is no rehersal of the thyrd book."

The story of Tristram breaks off at this point and is not again taken up.

II. Source.

"The thirteenth to the seventeenth books of 'Le Morte Darthur' are devoted to the adventures of the knights of the Round Table in the search of the Holy Grail. . . . Malory has shortened his original in this portion of his *rifacimento* less than in any other, and has in many cases limited himself to translating it." Sommer, iii, 206. The original is *La Queste del Saint Graal*, which has been edited by Furnivall for the Roxburghe Club, London, 1864. Sommer makes a detailed comparison of the English and the French texts, and prints a number of parallel passages to show how close is the agreement.[1]

82 4. *entryd in to the halle . . . on horsbak.* This was a very common practice, if we may judge from the numerous references to it in the romances. In the Huth *Merlin*, i, 184, when Gifflet returns from his unlucky jousting, we read: "Et il en vint en la sale tout a cheval, et quant li rois le vit venir sanglent si coume il estoit, il li dist trop courrechiés," etc. Cf. "Comys syr launcelot du lake Rydand Ryght in [to] the halle." *Morte Arthur*, l. 1554. (Harl. MS., No. 2252.)

In Child's *Ballads*, iii, 51; iv, 510; vi, 508, a large number of references are given by Child and Kittredge. See also Nutt's *Studies*, p. 155; Morley's *English Writers*, vi, 229; Skeat's *Chaucer*, v, 374.

83 7. *Bors.* "There can be no serious doubt that he was the same person called Bort in the Welsh Triads, for besides the similarity of the name, Bors like Bort was one of those who found the Holy Grail." Rhŷs, *Studies*, p. 161. He adds in a note that Malory "sometimes makes Bors into two persons, Syr Bors de Ganys, as in iv, 19, and Kynge Bors of Gaule, as in i, 10."

[1] The literature of the Grail legend is very extensive, and is constantly increasing. See Nutt's *Studies;* Rhŷs's *Studies*, ch. xiii, *The Origin of the Holy Grail;* Hucher, *Le Saint Graal*, 3 vols., Le Mans, 1874, Baist, *Z.f.r.Phil.*, xix, 326 seq., etc. Nutt, pp. 38–52, gives a convenient abstract of the *Queste*, with a numbering of the separate incidents. The summaries which Nutt gives of the other Grail legends are now and then useful for comparison.

83 31. *pryme.* The exact sense in which *prime* is to be taken in a particular passage must be determined by the context. Usually *prime* indicates the *prime* or *first* quarter of the twelve-hour day, i.e., 6 to 9 A.M. It is also taken to mean 9 A.M., which may possibly be the hour meant here.

83 32. *made hym knyght.* For a description of the ceremony attending the making of a knight, see *Guy of Warwick* (E. E. T. S.), version i, ll. 385 seq.; the prose *Merlin*, pp. 374, 375, and especially pp. 583, 584; see also Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, i, 181–190.

84 14. *Sege Perillous.* In the *Morte Darthur*, xi, 1, we read: "Afore the tyme that Syre Galahalt was goten or borne, there came in an hermyte unto kynge Arthur upon Whytsonday, as the knyghtes satte at the Table Round. And whan the heremyte sawe the Syege Perillous he asked the kyng and alle the knyghtes why that sege was voyd. Sir Arthur and all the knyghtes ansuerd, 'Ther shalle never none sytte in that syege but one, but yf he be destroyed.' Thenne sayd the hermyte, 'Wote ye what is he?' 'Nay,' said Arthur and all the knyghtes, 'we wote not who is he that shalle sytte therein.' 'Thenne wote I,' said the heremyte, 'for he that shal sytte there is unborne and ungoten, and this same yere he shalle be goten that shalle sytte ther in that Syege Perillous, and he shall wynne the Sancgreal.'"

This seat was made by Merlin. Cf. Bk. xiv, 2, and the prose *Merlin*, pp. 58 seq. Cf. also Tennyson:

> In our great hall there stood a vacant chair,
> Fashioned by Merlin ere he past away,
> And carven with strange figures; and in and out
> The figures, like a serpent, ran a scroll
> Of letters in a tongue no man could read.
> And Merlin call'd it "The Siege perilous,"
> Perilous for good and ill; "for there," he said,
> "No man could sit but he should lose himself."
>
> *The Holy Grail.*

See also the prose *Merlin*, p. 63.

We might infer from the passage in our text, 88 5, that Galahad had never before sat in the Sege Perillous, but at the end of Bk. xii, 14, we read: "And so the kynge and all the court were glad that Syre Palomydes was crystened; and at the same feeste in came Galahad and sat in the Sege Perillous."

84 31. *your old customme.* Cf. *Morte Darthur*, vii, 1: "Soo ever the kyng hadde a custom that at the feest of Pentecost in especial afore other feestes in the yere he wold not goo that daye to mete untyl

he had herd or sene of a grete merveylle." Cf. also *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight*, ll. 85–95, and Child's *Ballads*, ii, 257.

85 26. *longed.* The ending *-ed* is a rare variant for *-eth*. Cf. 120 1, and Baldwin, 177.

85 30. *Sancgreal, that is called the hooly vessel.* For the various interpretations of the Grail in the romances and elsewhere, see Nutt's *Studies*, Index ii, and Rhŷs's *Studies*, ch. xiii, *The Origin of the Holy Grail*. In the Introduction to *Joseph of Arimathie* (E. E. T. S.), pp. xxxvi–xl, Skeat reviews the various etymologies proposed for the word. Malory's own explanation is that the Grail is "the holy disshe wherein I ete the lambe on Sherthursdaye." 159 31.

86 7. *he myghte not stere it.* Cf. 22 10.

86 10. *shalle touche yow soo sore.* Note the fulfillment of this prophecy, pp. 121, 122.

87 3. *good old man and an ancient.* Cf. 15 7.

87 11. *kynges lygnage.* Galahad was grandson of King Pelles (or Pellam), who was descended from Joseph of Armathye.

87 12. *Abarmathie.* This form occurs but once in the *Morte Darthur*, yet it appears several times in the prose *Merlin*, pp. 23, 59, 61, 326, 502. The emendation in the footnote, p. 87, is therefore not really obligatory.

87 20. *Syr, foloweth me.* For other examples of the plural form of the imperative with a singular subject, see Baldwin, 182. Instances are not rare in Chaucer. Cf.

> Ye been our lord, doth with your owene thing
> Right as yow list; axeth no reed at me.
>
> *Canterbury Tales*, E, ll. 652, 653.

In these cases the plural form appears to be used to indicate respect. A person of sufficient importance to be addressed as *ye* is, by the use of the plural imperative, deferentially commanded to do something. Our modern practice of addressing anybody as *you* has made such a distinction no longer possible.

87 30. *Petchere* = Pecheur. The presence of the *t* affords an interesting proof of the old pronunciation of French *ch*. Cf. Skeat's *Eng. Etym.*, series ii, pp. 11–13.

88 5. *merveylled gretely . . . that he durst sytte there.* Cf. the unfortunate experience of Moys in Lonelich's *Holy Grail* (E. E. T. S.), ch. 48. In *Libeaus Desconus*, ll. 1903 seq., the hero enters an enchanted castle and seats himself on the empty throne. Immediately there is an earthquake, and the hall begins to fall in ruins.

88 7. *al only* = simply, merely. Cf. Morris and Skeat's *Specimens of Early Eng.*, ii, 165 15, 273 3.

88 8. *This he.* The modern reader naturally supplies *is* after *This*. Yet *this* (= *this is*) occurs in Chaucer's *Troilus*, ii, 363; iii, 936; v, 151, etc. (ed. Skeat), and even in the writers of the 16th century.

88 9. *but he were mescheved.* The repetition of *but he* in Caxton's text may be intentional. In that case the meaning is: "Nobody but him ever sat in that seat without injury." Yet if we suppose the repetition to be a blunder, we may read: "For *there* (= in that seat) sat never none [till now] but [= unless] he were mescheved." In either case we come to about the same conclusion. Cf. passage quoted in note to 84 14.

88 20. *by enchauntement.* See the whole story, *Morte Darthur*, xi, 2, 3. Cf. Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 55, l. 499.

88 30. *worshippe us alle* = honor us all. Cf. English *Book of Common Prayer*: "With my body I thee worship"; and Trench, *Eng. Past and Present*, p. 305 (ed. 1889).

89 2. *that* = that which.

89 17. *I* = Galahad.

89 23. *dolorous stroke.* Cf. p. 73.

89 25. *tyl I hele hym.* Cf. p. 160.

90 4. *who shold saye soo now* = if any one were to say so now.

90 14. *Nacyen the heremyte.* Cf. 128 2. For a commentary on our text, note the descent of Launcelot from Nasciens as given in Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 39, ll. 212 seq.; 46, ll. 503 seq. Important, too, are Nutt's Summaries. See *Studies*, Index i, and Rhŷs's *Studies*, pp. 321, 322.

91 5. *dyd on.* The modern verb *don* is simply *do* + *on*; *doff* = *do* + *off*.

91 27. *viij degree.* In Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 39, the genealogy of Nasciens after Celidoyne is: 1. Narpus; 2. Nasciens; 3. Elyan the Grete (Alains li Gros); 4. Ysayes; 5. Jonaanz; 6. Lawnceloz; 7. Baus (Bans); 8. Lawncelot; 9. Galath (Galahad).

92 2. *sette* for *sat.* Cf. Baldwin, 155.

92 4. *they herde crakynge and cryenge of thonder.* Tennyson's paraphrase of this passage is very close:

> Then on a summer night it came to pass,
> While the great banquet lay along the hall,
> That Galahad would sit down in Merlin's chair.
> And all at once, as there we sat, we heard
> A cracking and a riving of the roofs,

> And rending, and a blast, and overhead
> Thunder, and in the thunder was a cry.
> And in the blast there smote along the hall
> A beam of light seven times more clear than day;
> And down the long beam stole the Holy Grail,
> All over cover'd with a luminous cloud,
> And none might see who bare it, and it past.
> But every knight beheld his fellow's face
> As in a glory, and all the knights arose,
> And staring each at other like dumb men
> Stood, till I found a voice and sware a vow.
>
> *The Holy Grail.*

92 6. *myddes.* Cf. 58 12.

92 6. *beaume.* The insertion of the *u* appears to have been a mere slip.

92 17. *every knyght had suche metes and drynkes as he best loved.* In Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 42, ll. 364 seq., twelve small loaves put into the holy vessel furnish more food than is needed for five hundred persons. Cf. also ch. 48, ll. 357 seq.; 50, ll. 503 seq.

Celtic parallels are cited by Nutt, *Studies*, pp. 184, 185. For instance, in "*The Battle of Magh Rath*, a semi-historical romance relating to events which took place in the 7th century," and ascribed "to the latter half of the 12th century," it is related "how the sons of the King of Alba sought to obtain from their father the 'Caire Ainsicen' so called, because 'it was the caire or cauldron which was used to return his own proper share to each, and no party ever went away from it unsatisfied,'" etc. For numerous other Celtic parallels, see the important remarks by Rhŷs, *Studies*, pp. 306–312.

92 32. *a twelve moneth and a day.* Tennyson puts the speech into the mouth of Percivale:

> I sware a vow before them all, that I,
> Because I had not seen the Grail, would ride
> A twelvemonth and a day in quest of it,
> Until I found and saw it, as the nun
> My sister saw it. . . . . .
> And Gawain sware, and louder than the rest.
>
> *The Holy Grail.*

94 15. *lady nor gentylwoman.* The forbidding of women to accompany the knights on the quest for the Grail reminds one of the regulation at the time of the third Crusade, that no one should take a woman with him except a washerwoman on foot. Cf. William of Newburgh, *Hist. Angl.*, iii, 23, cited by Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, ii, 240.

95 2. *kynge Arthurs chamber.* Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, i, 107, remarks: "Fremdenzimmer fehlten wohl in keiner Burg; nur wenn der Herr unverheirathet oder Wittwer war, liess er dem Gaste in seinem eigenen Schlafzimmer ein Lager bereiten." Yet in the prose *Merlin*, p. 180, we read: "Hit fill so that the kynge Loot was loigged in a faire halle, he and his meyne . . . and the kynge Lotte hadde do made a cowche in a chamber, where he and his wif lay. And Antor lay in myddell of the same chamber, and Kay and Arthur hadde made her bedde atte the chamber dore of kynge Loot, in a corner, like as a squyre sholde ly."

95 10. *by his visage.* For the various uses of *by*, see Baldwin, 328.

95 28. *an honderd and fyfty.* Possibly by a slip Malory gives, on p. 240, the number of knights of the Round Table as "C and xl," but in iii, 1, we learn that there were in all a hundred and fifty.

96 25. *a whyte abbay.* Probably a Cistercian abbey, *white* being the color of the monks' robes.

96 29. *Sir Uwayne.* Another form for Owein (Owain), who plays a great part in Welsh legends of the Grail. Cf. Rhŷs, *Studies*, ch. iv, and Index; Nutt, *Studies*, Index i.

97 3. *shelde.* Note the repetition of the motive that we have become familiar with in the case of swords. Cf. 50 21, 52 15, 86 10. Cf. also the perilous bridge, 80 7, and the Seat Perilous, 88 9.

97 14, 15. *shelde . . . reed crosse.* For an account of this shield and the story of Joseph having the nosebleed and marking the shield with his blood, see Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 54, and ch. 56, l. 29. Cf. also 99 30. The symbol of the Crusaders was a red cross. Cox, *The Crusades*, p. 31. Spenser's knight has a red cross on his shield. *Faery Queene*, Bk. i, i, 2.

97 17. *hanged.* For the form, see Baldwin, 133, footnote.

97 28. *and thenne.* Modern usage finds the *and* superfluous.

97 29. *hors and all.* For a description of armor for horses, see Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, ii, 100 seq.

98 21. *the dethe.* Cf. *the lyf*, l. 26. For other examples of this use of the article, see Baldwin, 94.

99 19. *Evelake.* Rhŷs, *Studies*, pp. 324, 335–337, discusses Evelak's Celtic namesake. For his part in the Grail stories, see Nutt's Summaries, Index i.

99 23. *this two.* The plural form *this* is rare in Malory. Cf. Baldwin, 61.

102 11. *he blessid hym.* Crossed himself.

102 17. *a fals Crysten man.* In William of Malmesbury's *De Gestis*

Regum, ii, 13, is an account, taken from the fourth book of Gregory's *Dialogues*, of a bad man who had been buried in a church and was cast out of the church doors by devils. In *The Knight of la Tour-Landry* (E. E. T. S.), p. 12, we read of a woman who was damned for one deadly sin. When buried her tomb smoked and the earth burned.

102 22. *what betokeneth alle.* The ingenious and far-fetched allegorical interpretation of Scripture in most of the mediæval homilies is of a piece with that in our text. Perhaps the most amusing specimens of such interpretation are to be found in the moralities appended to the tales in the *Gesta Romanorum*. See the edition published by the E. E. T. S.

103 21. *goth.* The plural form in *-th* may be a survival of the older form. Cf. Baldwin, 179.

104 27. *my ryghtes.* Cf. 79 7.

106 22. *alle this were.* It is possible to regard *this* as a plural, as in the cases cited by Baldwin, 61. But more probably *this* is here singular, and the verb takes the plural of the predicate nominative *dedes*.

106 22–27. This sentence is chaotic enough according to modern standards, but the meaning is sufficiently clear. If we slightly change the beginning, the relation of the remainder is evident: "As for this Galahad," etc. Cf. Kellner, *Eng. Syntax*, 73.

107 7. *all alle.* The repetition is, I suspect, not rhetorical, but a printer's blunder in Caxton's text.

107 11. *Castel of Maydens.* The geographical indications of the text are too vague to enable us to identify this castle. Yet there are several castles in Great Britain that have borne the name. Geoffrey of Monmouth, *Hist. Reg. Brit.*, ii, 7, mentions Mt. Agned, "quod nunc Castellum Puellarum dicitur." Madden remarks in a note to Laȝamon's *Brut*, l. 2678, "that by *Agned* and the *Castellum Puellarum* is meant Edinburgh."

Another Maiden Castle is in the County of Durham, two miles east of the cathedral city. A Roman camp near Reeth, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, is called Maiden Castle. Still another is in Dorset, a little to the southwest of Dorchester. For Celtic parallels, see Nutt's *Studies*, pp. 191–194. The prose *Merlin* mentions "Belyas, the amerouse, of maydens castell," pp. 135, 151, 212.

107 15. The modern reader is inclined to supply *when* before *he sawe;* yet if the construction is paratactic, the text really needs no emendation.

108 2. *defyen . . . defenden.* For other plurals in *-en*, see Baldwin, 177.

108 24. *kayes.* This spelling represents to the ordinary modern reader the current pronunciation in Caxton's day more unmistakably than does *keyes*, but *keyes* is the more usual form. Occasional forms with *a* are cited by Stratmann, s. v., *kēȝe*. Of course *ey* and *ay* were sounded alike in the 15th century.

108 27. *abyden here our delyveraunce.* The release of prisoners is a common exploit in the romances. Cf. Bk. vi, 11. "Thenne Syr Launcelot went in to the halle, and there came afore hym thre score ladyes and damoysels, and all kneled unto hym, and thanked God and hym of their delyveraunce." In the *Romance of Parthenay* (E. E. T. S.), ll. 4740–4746, Geoffrey, son of Count Raymond, overcomes a giant and releases two hundred prisoners. Cf. also *Torrent of Portyngale* (E. E. T. S.), ll. 325 seq.

109 4. *horne of ivory.* Horns of ivory were highly esteemed in the Middle Ages, and are frequently mentioned in the romances. See especially the prose *Merlin*, p. 605. The famous *Olifant* of Roland was of ivory, and could be heard above the 60,000 horns in the army of Charles! Cf. note to l. 1059 of the *Chanson de Roland*, ed. Gautier; also Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, i, 558.

110 3. *their yonger syster.* For *their* we should probably read *her*, unless we wish to make the crime of the seven brethren as bad as possible. Wynkyn de Worde's ed. reads, *her yonger*.

111 11. *for the love of Syr Galahad*, i.e., on account of Arthur's love for Sir Galahad.

111 33. *Galahad is a mayd.* Cf. 154 30; also Chaucer:

> I woot wel that thapostel was a mayde.
>
> *Wife of Bath's Prol.*, l. 79.

> Crist was a mayde and shapen as a man.
>
> *Ibid.*, l. 139.

Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 29, ll. 143–168, makes a fine distinction between maidenhood and virginity.

112 4. *had ye not ben so wycked*, etc. The logic of this passage is not very clear. Cf. l. 10, and 137 29.

112 19. *I may doo no penaunce.* This feature appears in the legend of *The Eremyte and the Outelawe*, ll. 110 seq., published by Kaluza in *Engl. Stud.*, xiv, 171–177. Professor Kittredge suggests other parallels in *Engl. Stud.*, xix, 180 seq. "Since published is a M. H. G. version of the Knight in the Chapel (Historie von einem Ritter, wie er büsset), ed. by F. G. G. Schmidt in Publ. Mod. L. Assoc., xi, 258 ff." K.

113 4. *they knewe hym not.* Cf. 77 8.

115 3. *sene afore tyme.* Launcelot sees the Grail when visiting King Pelles, Bk. xi, 3. Malory identifies Pelles with "kynge Pescheour."

115 14. *synen.* Plurals in *-en* are very rare in the *Morte Darthur.* We may possibly regard the form here as a dialectical survival. Cf. Baldwin, 7 (b).

116 4. *more harder.* Double comparatives and superlatives are common till the 17th century and even later. Cf. 126 5.

117 24. *beholdyng.* Cf. 25 2.

118 1. *that were me ful lothe.* For other examples of the subjunctive with protasis implied, see Baldwin, 213 (b).

119 6. *bytter.* An evident misprint in Caxton's text for *bytterer.* Cf. l. 10. Wynkyn de Worde prints *bytterer.*

119 19. *cursyd the tree.* Cf. *Matt.* xxi, 18–28.

BOOK XVII.

I. Connecting Link.

Book XIV has for its central figure Sir Percivale. He has various adventures, and is sorely tempted by the Devil, but withstands the adversary.

Book XV describes an adventure of Sir Launcelot's, and a vision of his which was expounded to him by a woman.

Book XVI purports to be mainly concerned with Sir Gawain, but tells also of Ector, Bors, and Lionel. Gawain wearies of the quest of the Holy Grail, and thereupon sees a wonderful vision. Sir Ector sees one also. A hermit skilled in the interpretation of visions explains what they mean. Meanwhile Bors is wandering about the country, and in due time sees his vision. Lionel, too, has various adventures, does the usual amount of fighting, and finally meets Sir Bors. A marvellous cloud prevents an encounter. Bors then hears a voice bidding him leave his brother Lionel and go to the sea. He obeys, and finds in a ship covered with white samite Sir Percivale of Wales. They rejoice at the meeting and discourse much together.

II. Source.

Cf. introduction to Book XIII. Sommer's comparison of Book XVII with the French original is found in iii, 217–220.

121 1. *had rescowed Percyval.* The story of the rescue is told in Bk. xiv, 4.

121 7. *a wonder turnement.* For similar instances of nouns used as adjectives, see Baldwin, 25. This very word *wonder* is cited fourteen times as an adjective in the glossary to Skeat's *Chaucer*.

121 18. *Ector de Marys.* The brother of Launcelot; not to be confused with Ector, the foster-father of Arthur.

121 19. *whyte shelde.* Cf. 97 14.

121 27. *carfe the hors sholder.* The form *carfe* occurs only here and 111 24 (ed. Sommer). Cf. Baldwin, 146, note. For other examples of the invariable genitive *hors*, see Baldwin, 10 (a).

122 7. *now are the wonders true.* Cf. 86 10.

122 16. *that he myht lyve, and to be hole.* For the construction, see Baldwin, 239.

122 21. *Carboneck.* The name takes various shapes. The old Welsh form is "Caer Bannauc, written later Caer Vannawk or Vannawg, and it is the former we probably have in the name given by the romancers as Carbonek. . . . Now Carbonek was the name of the castle where Pelles lived and kept the Holy Grail, and Carbonek seems practically the same as Taliessin's Caer Pedryvan or the *Banneu* of Caer Sidi, with which we have found Pwyll Head of Hades associated, as well as his famous Cauldron." Rhŷs, *Studies*, pp. 304, 305. In *Le Saint Graal* (ed. Hucher), iii, 289, we read: "cis castiaus doit estre apelés Corbenic, et erent les letres [à une des portes] en caldeu; et Corbenic vaut autant en cel langage comme françois," i.e., "le saintisme vassel." Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 55, ll. 236 seq., translates this passage, and makes the name of the castle mean (l. 242) "Troso*ur* [*sic*] of þe holy vessel." The etymology (!) is evidently based upon the Hebrew *Corban*, as is suggested by Furnivall in a footnote.

122 30. *a gentylwoman that semeth hath.* "This seems to be a confusion of two constructions: (1) 'That, it seemeth, hath need,' and (2) 'That seemeth to have need.' The fact that *it*, if inserted, would easily be swallowed up in the final *t* of *that* may have helped this confusion. But such confusions are certainly common enough where there is no such cause visible." K.

123 6. *the see the whiche was called Collybe.* An evident misunderstanding of the French original. Sommer quotes (ii, 158) from Furnivall's ed. of *La Queste del Saint Graal*, p. 179: "Si entrerent en vne forest qui duroit iusc'a la mer, et estoit chele forest apielee chelibe."

123 7. *at the nyghte.* The article is superfluous, but is not uncommon in Middle English. Cf. *the dethe*, 98 21.

123 19. *the shyp where Bors and Percyval were in.* Cf. Bk. xvi, 17.

124 33. *he is so parfyte.* *He* seems to refer to *shyp*, though O. E. *scip* is neuter. Cf. 125 13.

125 2. *mys creature*, i.e., an unbeliever. Cf. *myscreantes*, 240 2.

125 8. *in myddes of the shyp was a fayr bedde.* In Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 38, ll. 196 seq., we find a story very like that in our text, with the difference that Nasciens is alone upon the ship. Nutt's summary of the *Queste del Saint Graal*, in his *Studies*, p. 47, runs as follows at this point: "They enter the ship and find a rich bed with a crown at its head, and at its foot a sword six inches out of the scabbard, its tip a stone of all the colours in the world, its handle of the bones of two beasts, the serpent Papagast, the fish Orteniaus; it is covered with a cloth whereon is written that only the first of his line would grasp the sword."

125 13. *there was in hym.* A lingering relic of personal gender as applied to lifeless objects. Cf. 124 33.

125 14. *everyche of the colours hadde dyverse vertues.* That stones have special virtues useful to man was a universal belief in the Middle Ages. See a full account of the matter in *Les Lapidaires français du moyen âge*, publiés par Léopold Pannier, Paris, 1882. Numerous passages in mediæval literature refer to this belief. In the *Story of St. Eustace, Gesta Rom.* (E. E. T. S.), p. 89, we read that the knight finds a precious stone colored with three colors, white, red, and black. He takes it to a lapidary who says: "The stone has three virtues: whoever bears the stone shall be joyful; if poor he shall become rich; if he has lost anything he shall find it with joy."

Other interesting references are: *Gesta Rom.* (E. E. T. S.), pp. 335, 359; *Ancren Riwle*, p. 134; *Piers Plowman*, B text, pass. ii, 14, and Skeat's note; *King Horn*, l. 571; Ward, *Catalogue of Romances*, i, 427; *Babees Booke* (E. E. T. S.), p. 257; *Floris and Blanchiflur*, l. 393; *Huon of Burdeux* (E. E. T. S.), pp. 453–455; Child's *Ballads*, i, 201; Skeat's *Chaucer*, v, 386.

125 17. *Calydone.* Cf. *Le Saint Graal* (ed. Hucher), ii, 447: "une manière de serpent qui convierse en Calidoine."

125 18. *the bone.* The virtues of bone are illustrated in Caxton's version of *The Hist. of Reynard the Fox*, p. 83 (Arber's reprint). The properties of various stones are commented upon, and then remark is made of a comb: "Hit was made of the bone of a clene noble beest named Panthera / whiche fedeth hym bytwene the grete Inde and erthly paradyse / . . . this panthera hath a fair boon brode and thynne / whan so is that this beeste is slayn al the swete odour restid in the bone

which can not be broken ne shal neuer rote ne be destroyed by fyre / by water / ne by smytyng / hit is so hardy ty[g]ht and faste / and yet it is lyght of weyght."

125 22. *Ertanax.* *Le Saint Graal* reads: "Chil poissons a non Cortenans." Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 28, l. 239, has "Tortenavs." Cf. 125 8.

125 27. *shall never man begrype hym.* Cf. 22 10.

126 22. *aferd to be dede.* The gerundive infinitive. See Baldwin, 248, and Kellner, *Blanch. and Egl.*, p. lxv.

126 34. *dolorous stroke.* Cf. p. 73.

127 12. *gyrdel.* Magic girdles are common in mediæval literature. In *The Sowdone of Babylone* (E. E. T. S.), ll. 2303 seq., the girdle of Floripas preserves against hunger and thirst those who wear it. The same thing is referred to in *Sir Ferumbras* (E. E. T. S.), ll. 2390 seq. The girdle given to Gawain by the lady of the castle protected him from being slain. *Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight*, ll. 1853 seq. Cf. also *Sir Beves of Hamtoun* (E. E. T. S.), p. 77, and Kölbing's note, p. 288. Girdles that awaken love for the wearer have been numerous since the days of Homer. Cf. the cestus of Aphrodite, *Iliad*, xiv, 214 seq.; Florimel's girdle in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, iii, 7; Armida's girdle in Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, etc.

127 15. *more harder.* "Where M[alory] has 'oughte to be more harder' R[oyal MS., 14 E. iii, Brit. Mus.] reads 'doit estre plus preus'; the adjective hard is therefore used in the sense of the French 'hardi.'" Sommer, iii, 218.

127 18. *none be so hardy to doo awey.* Imperative subjunctive. Cf. Baldwin, 236; for the infinitive, 249.

127 19. *it oughte not be done away.* Cf. 139 13: "And wel oughte oure Lord be sygnefyed."

127 27. *He that shall prayse me moost,* etc. Cf. Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 28, ll. 381 seq.:

> hos that Me preiseth most here,
> Most Schal I hym fynde In Oþer Manere,
> So that In gret Nede blamed schal he not be
> In non wise, As I telle it the.
> and to hym to whom I scholde ben Most debonayre,
> To him with most Anger I wele Repeire.

127 29. *to whome.* For the omission of the antecedent, see Baldwin, 116.

128 1. *a fourty yere.* Cf. *an eyght dayes*, l. 10; also *a ten or twelve knyghtes*, 140 7. This use of the article with numerals is very common.

Cf. Baldwin, 15; Kellner, *Eng. Syntax*, § 259; Koch, *Historische Gram.*, ii, 212.

128 3. *Mordrayns.* The name taken by King Evelak after he was baptized. For Celtic parallels, see Rhŷs's *Studies*, pp. 320–324, 342; for his part in the Grail legends, see Nutt's *Studies*, Index i.

128 28. *that one.* For the survival of *that* as an article, see Baldwin, 91.

129 1. *sette the pecys to gyders.* Cf. 157 10. This incident is paralleled in the story of Peredur. Cf. Rhŷs's *Studies*, p. 141. In the *Volsunga Saga*, ch. 15, Sigurd pieces together a broken sword.

129 15. *thou were.* Cf. O. E. *ðū wǣre.*

130 21. *token a mayden planted hit.* White is the symbol of purity. Cf. *Rev.* iii, 4; iv, 4; vii, 9, etc.

130 29. *Caym.* Sommer needlessly amends *Caym* to *Cayn.* The form *Caym* or *Caim* is very common. Cf. Skeat's note to *Piers Plowman* (E. E. T. S.), part iv, p. 12.

130 31. *tree, he.* *He* evidently refers to *tree*, though O. E. *trēow* is neuter. Cf. 124 33, 125 13. On the tree here referred to Skeat remarks: "This 'tree which Abel is slain under' is connected with the curious 'Legend of the Cross,' discussed in S. Baring Gould's 'Curious Myths,' series ii. So also is the idea . . . of the building of Solomon's ship." Introd. to *Joseph of Arimathie* (E. E. T. S.), p. xlv.

132 4. *shyp.* The story is taken bodily from the *Queste del Saint Graal.* Cf. Nutt's Summary, *Studies*, p. 48. For the further adventures of this ship, see Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 39.

132 11. *kynge Dauyds suerd, your fader.* Cf. "by my faders soule, Utherpendragon," 41 19.

132 28. *soo hyghe a thynge whiche.* This use of *whiche* as a correlative instead of *as* is not common. Cf. Baldwin, 104.

132 32. *coverynge to the shyp.* *To* = *for.* Cf. 134 17, 19.

133 11. *selar.* A cut of a bed with a *selar* or canopy is given in Jusserand's *Piers Plowman*, p. 198.

134 1. *shoven in the see, and he.* Malory uses *in* and *into* very loosely. The confusion of genders already noted, 124 33, 130 31, recurs here.

134 9. *at certayne* = certayne. Cf. Baldwin, 324, 3.

134 29. *y-fonde.* Cf. O. E. *ge-funden*, past participle of *findan.* We find *y-hurte*, 174 31; *y-sought*, 187 4.

135 2. *Mever of Blood.* Sommer remarks (iii, 219): "Through some extraordinary mistake M. has . . . 'the shethe' was called 'meuer of blood' where R. reads 'et li fuerres a a non *memoire de sens*,'" i.e., memory of blood.

135 6. *and pray yow.* The *and* here means nothing to a modern reader.

135 25. *aryven.* From O. F. *ariver.* The past participle should properly be *aryved*, but the analogy of verbs of the first strong conjugation, e.g. O. E. *drīfan*, produced the strong past participle *aryven.*

136 3. *herd an horne blowe.* Cf. 76 3.

137 11. *Here was lorde erle Hernox*, etc. This story parallels at some points that on p. 109, *ante.*

137 29. *never shold we have slayne so many men*, etc. But cf. 112 4.

138 3. *holdeth me.* Cf. 87 20.

138 8. *the maimed kyng.* Cf. 129 19.

138 31. *glas wyndowe.* Glass windows were known in England even in Bede's time. Cf. Traill's *Social England*, i, 193.

139 2. *in* = *into.* Cf. 134 1.

139 5. *astonyed.* This word, which occurs in the King James version of the Bible, has been occasionally used down to our own time. Cf. *N. E. D.*, s. v.

139 13. *oughte . . . be sygnefyed.* Cf. 127 19.

140 6. *in what place. What* = whatever. Cf. Baldwin, 105.

140 7. *a ten or twelve.* Cf. 128 1, 144 10, 230 19.

140 12. *shalle yeve this dysshe ful of blood.* Gawain, as we read in *Lancelot du Lac*, had on one occasion the alternative of giving a helmet full of his own blood or of fighting. He gives the blood to cure a wounded knight, and thus heals his brother Agravain. P. Paris, *Romans de la Table Ronde*, iii, 321–324.

141 9. *in lyke hard. Lyke* = alike, equally. Cf. Baldwin, 334, 6.

141 25. *which we and this castel is hers.* The French reads: "Voirs fu, et est, qu'il a chaiens vne dame a qui nous sommes et tint chil de chest pais, et chis chaistians est siens, et maint autre." Cf. Sommer, iii, 219.

I incline to think that Malory's singular translation is due to carelessness, and is not, as Baldwin (112) supposes, "an attempt to express the genitive of the relative." Malory's eye was attracted by the words "qui nous," which he translated without considering that they were a part of the clause "a qui nous sommes." The French, of course, expresses the "genitive of the relative." Wynkyn de Worde reads: "which we have."

142 1. *blood shold be her hele.* Cf. 69 32.

142 15. *easyd with the best.* Cf. Chaucer's *esed atte beste, C. T. Prol.*, l. 29.

142 30. *put me in a bote.* Cf. the story of Elaine, 195 23. The incident points to a custom of great antiquity. Cf. *Beowulf:*

> At the hour that was fated
> Scyld then departed to the All-Father's keeping,
> Warlike to wend him ; away then they bare him
> To the flood of the current, his fond-loving comrades,
> As himself he had bidden, while the friend of the Scyldings
> Word-sway wielded, long did rule them. The ring-stemmed vessel,
> Bark of the atheling, lay there at anchor,
> Icy in glimmer and eager for sailing;
> The belovèd leader laid they down there,
> Giver of rings, on the breast of the vessel,
> The famed by the mainmast.
>
> Hall's Translation, ll. 26–37.

For other instances of burial in a ship, see Gummere's *Germanic Origins*, pp. 322–327.

143 20. *was seaced.* Cf. 144 4, *what was fallen.* For other examples of this use of the auxiliary verb, see Baldwin, 264 (b).

144 20. *to gyder* "is sometimes used with reciprocal force." Baldwin, 132, 4.

144 23. *as hit is reherced before.* This possibly refers to Bk. xv, 6, but not certainly.

145 5. *fonde a shyp.* Cf. Launcelot's wandering ship with the one in which Huon of Burdeux is carried with incredible swiftness through the sea. *Romance of H. of B.* (E. E. T. S.), pp. 439 seq.

145 8. *alle thynge.* The invariable form for the plural occasionally appears. But cf. *the spyrytuel thynges*, 164 2; *to thynges*, 164 14.

145 12. *to the shyps borde*, i.e., at the side of the ship.

145 16. *in hir ryght hand a wrytte.* Cf. the letter in the hand of the dead Elayne, 196 23.

145 20. *Yf ye wold aske*, etc. The meaning is clear enough, but the sentence is a good example of the anacoluthon so common in the older writers. For other examples, see Kellner, *Eng. Syntax*, pp. 40, 181–183.

145 25. *to playe hym.* For the other reflexive verbs in the *Morte Darthur*, see Baldwin, 313.

147 18. *other.* For this use of *other*, see Baldwin, 132 (d).

147 29. *two lyons kept the entry.* In *Torrent of Portyngale* (E. E. T. S.), ll. 28–288, the castle of the giant is guarded by lions. The two chained lions that guard the entrance to the house Beautiful are familiar to every reader of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress.*

Tennyson puts the following words into the mouth of Launcelot:

I heard the shingle grinding in the surge,
And felt the boat shock earth, and looking up,
Behold, the enchanted towers of Carbonek,
A castle like a rock upon a rock,
With chasm-like portals open to the sea,
And steps that met the breaker! there was none
Stood near it but a lion on each side
That kept the entry, and the moon was full.
Then from the boat I leapt, and up the stairs.
There drew my sword. With sudden-flaring manes
Those two great beasts rose upright like a man,
Each gript a shoulder and I stood between;
And, when I would have smitten them, heard a voice,
"Doubt not, go forward; if thou doubt, the beasts
Will tear thee piecemeal." Then with violence
The sword was dash'd from out my hand and fell.

The Holy Grail.

148 9. *on* = in. For the various uses of *on*, see Baldwin, 339.

148 13. *ye . . . youre.* Cf. *thee . . . thy . . . thou*, l. 12. The confusion of singular and plural forms in pronouns of the second person is common enough in Middle English. Cf. Kellner, *Eng. Syntax*, pp. 175, 176; *Blanch. and Egl.*, pp. xxix, xxx. In the language of devotion the plural forms appear to modern taste somewhat peculiar.

148 21. *at the last*, etc. Cf. Tennyson's continuation of Launcelot's narrative:

At the last I reach'd a door,
A light was in the crannies, and I heard,
"Glory and joy and honour to our Lord
And to the Holy vessel of the Grail."
Then in my madness I essay'd the door;
It gave; and thro' a stormy glare, a heat
As from a seventimes-heated furnace, I,
Blasted and burnt, and blinded as I was,
With such a fierceness that I swoon'd away —
O, yet methought I saw the Holy Grail,
All pall'd in crimson samite, and around
Great angels, awful shapes, and wings and eyes.
And but for all my madness and my sin,
And then my swooning, I had sworn I saw
That which I saw, but what I saw was veil'd
And cover'd; and this Quest was not for me.

The Holy Grail.

149 12. *sawe a table of sylver*, etc. King Alphasan, in Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 55, ll. 280 seq., has a vision of the Grail, agreeing in many details with that in our text.

149 14. *wherof one.* Note the use of *wherof* instead of the genitive of the relative pronoun. Cf. Baldwin, 112.

149 34. *he felle to the erthe*, etc. Cf. the fate of Launcelot on seeing the Grail with that of Mordreins, who disregards the voice telling him to come no nearer to the Grail, and thereby loses his strength and his sight. Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 46, ll. 239 seq.

150 8. *were arysen.* Cf. *was seaced*, 143 20; also *was so befalle*, 152 15; but cf. *had befallen*, 154 12.

150 23. *also* = just as. Cf. 151 6, and *N. E. D.*, s. v.

150 26. *why have ye awaked me?* Cf. 237 15.

150 28. *who . . . that.* For the construction, see Baldwin, 104 (a).

151 11. *hayre* = hair shirt. Cf. ll. 20, 27. The word in this sense is common. See Stratmann-Bradley's *Middle Eng. Dict.;* Skeat's *Chaucer*, Gloss.; Skeat's *Piers Plowman*, Gloss., etc.

151 30. *they knewe hym that he was.* Cf. "I know thee who thou art," *Luke*, iv, 34.

152 8. *doughter was dede.* She was Perceval's sister.

152 13. *at kynge Pelles.* Cf. Baldwin, 324, 2.

153 6. *and thenne.* A modern writer would suppress the *and.*

153 9. *oure dremes.* For an account of these and their interpretation, see Bk. xvi, 1–5.

153 10. *myghte* = could go.

153 19. *whyte abbay.* Probably an abbey of Cistercian monks, who wore a white habit. For an account of the hospitality extended to strangers by monasteries in the Middle Ages, see Traill's *Social England*, i, 218, 219, 385. Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, i, 519, remarks: "Die Klöster gewährten wohl dem Reisenden Gastfreundschaft, aber das Halten eines Wirthshauses war ihnen ausdrücklich untersagt." His further remarks on the reception and entertainment of guests at inns, castles, etc., are worth reading. Jusserand's comments on monasteries and inns, *English Wayfaring Life in the Fourteenth Century*, pp. 126–137, are interesting.

153 23. *Here lyeth kynge Bagdemagus.* Singularly enough, king Bagdemagus appears alive and well in Bk. xx, 19. This affords another striking illustration of the difficulty Malory found in attempting to combine in one harmonious whole the materials which he drew from different sources.

154 1. *the adventure of the tombes.* See p. 102, *ante.*

154 2. *whyte sheld with the reed crosse.* Cf. 97 14.

154 12. *had befallen.* Cf. 150 8.

154 26. *blynd.* Cf. 149 34.

154 26. *of long tyme. Of* = from or possibly during. For the great variety of senses in which *of* is used by Malory, see Baldwin, 338.

154 30. *vyrgyn.* Cf. "These are they which were not defiled with women; for they are virgins," *Rev.* xiv, 4; "Galahad is a mayd," 111 33.

154 31. *the lyly, in whome.* This use of *whome*, referring to an antecedent without life, is not common.

155 5. *Thenne . . . thenne* = when . . . then. Cf. the O. E. correlatives ðā . . . ðā.

155 12. *departede.* The terminal *-e* is perhaps not to be regarded as a survival of the O. E. preterite ending *-ede*, but rather as a mere slip.

155 19. *for* = as.

156 20. *mette at travers.* The *N. E. D.* defines *at travers* as "A. *adv.* Crosswise, sidewise. B. *prep.* Across," and cites three examples of its use. Here the meaning appears to be that Bors was riding in a direction at right angles to that of Galahad.

157 2. *Elyazar* under the name of Elizer appears frequently in the prose *Merlin*. See pp. 521–590.

157 10. *sette hem to gyders.* Cf. 129 1. In Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 49, ll. 392 seq., is an account of the sword that wounds Joseph and is then broken. The pieces are not to be joined till the coming of the one who shall end the adventures of the Holy Grail.

157 24. *sawe knyghtes al armed came in.* The relative pronoun is omitted before *came*. Cf. Baldwin, 115.

157 32. *bed of tree*, i.e., of wood. Cf. Chaucer, "He hath nat every vessel al of gold, somme been of tree. *Wife of Bath's Prol.*, l. 100. Cf. also the adjective *treen*, which continued to be used till late in the 17th century.

158 20. *Sarras.* Says Rhŷs, *Studies*, pp. 396, 397: "We are by no means certain that *Sarras* may not likewise be a form of the Welsh *Gwanas*, more distorted than in the case of *Ganys*. . . . It is clear that Gwanas was one of the most remarkable burial-places known to Welsh tradition. On the other hand, the importance of Sarras is very manifest in the pages of Malory, who speaks of it as the City of Sarras, possessed of a 'spyrytual place,' wherein were buried Galahad, together with Perceval and his sister." Rhŷs's suggestion has only the value of a mere conjecture. He naturally makes nothing of the reference to *Babyloyne*, 165 16.

158 26. *a spere whiche bled merveillously.* This spear was identified with the spear which pierced the side of Jesus on the cross. According to Gibbon, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, ch. lviii, this was found at the taking of Antioch in 1098. For the importance of the spear in the Grail legends, see Nutt's *Studies*, Index i, ii (*Lance*).

159 3. *at the lyftynge up*, i.e., at the elevation of the host for the adoration of the worshipers.

159 4. *and the vysage.* Note the use of *and the* in place of *and his*, which is rare. Cf. Baldwin, 57.

159 16. *sawe a man come oute of the holy vessel.* Rhŷs, *Studies*, p. 327, compares this with the issuing of the three muses from the tripod of the oracle in ancient Hellas; but this seems to be a rather fanciful parallel.

159 27. *they thoughte it soo swete.* Note the personal rather than the impersonal construction in *they thoughte.*

159 31. *the holy dysshe.* Cf. 85 30.

159 32. *Sherthursday.* "Shere Thursday is the Thursday before Easter, and is so called, says an old homily, 'for that in old Fathers' days the people would that day shere theyr hedes and clypp theyr berdes, and pool theyr heedes, and so make them honest ayenst Easter day.' It was also called Maundy Thursday." Brand's *Pop. Antiq.* (ed. Ellis), i, 142–150. A number of interesting customs belonging to the day are there described.

160 2–5. *it shalle departe . . . for he is not served*, etc. For other instances of confusion in the gender of the pronouns, see Baldwin, 59.

160 5. *to his ryghte. To* = according to.

160 12. *of the blood.* A partitive construction. Cf. "of hem of the Round Table," 161 11. Cf. also Chaucer's "Of smale houndes had she." *Prol.* to *C. T.*, l. 146.

160 22. *blood.* The healing power attributed to blood has been discussed in 69 32. In the case before us in this passage the blood has a peculiar sanctity, and hence a curative power surpassing that in the instances before noted.

160 25. *hole* = whole. Cf. O. E. *hāl.* "At the beginning of the sixteenth century a habit arose of prefixing *w* to *h* when the vowel *o* followed it in certain words. Thus M. E. *hool* became *whole.*" Skeat, *Prin. of Eng. Etym.*, series i, p. 377.

160 27. *to the world ward* = toward the world. Cf. "to the deth ward," 42 7.

161 11. *of hem of the Round Table.* Cf. 160 12.

161 22. *at what tyme* = at whatever time, whenever. *That*, l. 23, is redundant.

162 22. *knyghtes merveyls*. *Merveyls* may be construed as a noun, but probably it should be regarded as an adjective contracted from *merveyllous*.

163 2. *Sancgreal, thorow whoos grace*. Cf. "the lyly, in whome," 154 31.

163 21. *the self daye* = the same day.

164 4. *that that* = that which = what.

164 9. *what* = who.

164 22. *remembre of*. *Of* = concerning. As here used it is almost an expletive.

164 25. *angels bare his soule up to heven*. This notion was popular in the Middle Ages, particularly in saints' lives. Launcelot's soul is carried by angels to heaven. Cf. 237 20. In Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 15, l. 670, three angels bear Salustine's soul to God. Bede tells a similar story of St. Earcongota, *Hist. Eccl.*, iii, 8, and of St. Chad, iv, 3.

In the legend of Juliana (E. E. T. S., Orig. Series li), p. 76, her body is borne to heaven by angels with a song. Stories differing in detail, but agreeing in the main incident, are related of St. Guthlac (*Exeter Book*, ed. Gollancz), l. 1305; of St. Edith, *Women Saints* (E. E. T. S., Orig. Series lxxxvi), p. 103; of St. Martin, *Early South Eng. Legendary* (E. E. T. S., Orig. Series lxxxvii), p. 456; of Mary Magdalene, *ibid.*, pp. 478–480; of St. Werburge, Bradshaw's *Life of St. W.* (E. E. T. S., Orig. Series lxxxviii), ll. 3089–3118; of Richard Rolle of Hampole, who was carried to heaven in a chariot of fire. See Latin verses (E. E. T. S., Orig. Series xx), p. xxxii; of St. Katherine, whose "body was borne xij iurneys longe upon the mount Synay by the aungeles of heuen, where as her blessed bodi yeldithe oyle vnto this daye," *La Tour-Landry* (E. E. T. S., Orig. Series xxxiii), p. 117; of Roland, *Chanson de Roland*, l. 2395. This motive appears twice in *The Eremite and the Outlawe*, *Engl. Stud.*, xiv, 171 seq. Cf. also the *Vision of St. Paul*, Ward, *Catalogue of Romances*, ii, 403, 411. Lastly we note the famous picture of Judgment Day, in the Campo Santo at Pisa, where the good angels contend with the bad for the possession of souls.

165 3. *in* = into.

165 14. *spyrytueltees*. For this and similar plurals, see Baldwin, 14 (a).

165 25. *cronycle of*. For this use of *of*, see Baldwin, 338, 9.

166 2. *by me*, i.e., through me.

166 12. *atte* = at, not to be confused with Chaucer's *atte* = at the.

166 13. *whyles*. The rare form *whyles-t*, l. 16, with added *t*, shows the modern form in process of making.

BOOK XVIII.

I. Connecting Link.

The connection between Book XVII and Book XVIII, chapter viii, is sufficiently indicated by the headings of the chapters as printed in Caxton's Table of Contents, p. 10.

II. Source.[1]

In our examination of the source of the preceding books, the case has been so clear that a mere reference to Sommer's discussion has been sufficient. With regard to Books XVIII and XXI, the matter is somewhat more difficult. Book XIX is a mere episode in the story of Launcelot, and reproduces with characteristic changes the adventure of Launcelot in the cart, as related in Chrestien de Troyes' *Roman de la Charrette* and in the French *Lancelot*. The other three books, XVIII, XX, XXI, are paralleled in their general features by two works, the French prose *Lancelot* and the 15th-century English poem entitled *Le Morte Arthur*, edited from the Harl. MS. 2252, by F. J. Furnivall, 1864. Minor differences, particularly in arrangement, occur, but there is sufficient agreement to prove that the ultimate source is the same.

Sommer points out the general agreement in a convenient table, which I quote :

M(alory).	P(rose) *L(ancelot)*.	M. H. (*Morte Arthur*, Harl.).
Book XVIII. Ch. i–viii.	vol. iii, ff. 143^{v}, 144^{r}, 160–166^{r}.	ll. 1–1671.
Book XVIII. Ch. ix–xx.	vol. iii, ff. 144^{v}–160^{r}.	ll. 1–1671.
Book XVIII. Ch. xxi–xxv.	. . . . . ?	. . . . ?
[Book XIX.]	[vol. ii, ff. 1–23.]	———
Book XX.	vol. iii, ff. 166–190^{r}.	ll. 1672–2951.
Book XXI.	vol. iii, ff. 190^{v}–202.	ll. 2952–3969.

It will be observed that for chapters xxi–xxv of Book XVIII, P. L. or M. H. cannot be regarded as Malory's source. The question, however, is presented whether P. L. or M. H. can be

[1] For Sommer's discussion of the source of Book XVIII, see iii, 220–332.

taken as the source of chapters i–xx. The analysis which Sommer gives of P. L. shows a close general agreement with Malory's version, yet with numerous minor variations that make probable the view that another French version must be assumed as the actual original that Malory used. Sommer remarks (iii, 229): "Though M(alory) and P. L. vary in numberless points, the critic's eye cannot fail to distinctly recognize in P. L. the basis of M.'s account." The weight to be given to these variations will be estimated differently by different critics. In view of the probability that a lost French version is to be assumed as the basis of Books XX and XXI, it seems safe to assume a lost French version for Book XVIII.[1]

As for the English metrical romance (M. H.), there is little or no reason to think that Malory used it for Book XVIII. The differences are of such an extent and character as to indicate that Malory and the author of M. H. made their versions in entire independence. For example, the conversation of Launcelot with the queen (xviii, 8) differs in important particulars from that in M. H., ll. 69 seq. In M., xviii, Launcelot goes to the castle of a baron, Bernard of Astolat; in M. H. the name of the lord of *Ascolot* is not given, and he is called an *Erle*, l. 137. In ll. 177 seq., Elaine declares her love to Launcelot *before* asking him to wear her token. Launcelot replies to her request, M. H., ll. 215, 216:

> "So did I neuyr no ladyes ere,
> Bot one that most hathe lovide me."

In M. he says: "I doo more for youre love than ever I dyd for lady or damoysel."

In M., chapter ix, Launcelot borrows only a shield; in M. H., l. 174, he borrows armor and a horse. In M. H. the names of the sons, Lavayne and Tirre, are not given. In M., chapter ix, Launcelot and Lavayne lodge before the tournament with "a riche

[1] Since writing this opinion I find that Wechssler, in his discussion of the *Graal-Lancelot-Cyclus*, p. 36, remarks: "Sommer giebt eine sorgfältige Vergleichung, aus der erhellt, dass Malory auch hier das selbständige Originalwerk übertragen hat." In a footnote he adds: "Sommer hat versäumt, diesen Schluss zu ziehen."

burgeis" ; in M. H. Launcelot and one of the sons lodge with the young fellow's aunt. In M., chapter ix, before the tournament, Arthur alone recognizes Launcelot as the knight is entering his lodging. The king is in a garden beside the castle ; in M. H., ll. 105, 106 :

> The kinge stode on a tour on highte
> Sir Evway[n]e clepis he þat tyde.

Arthur asks him if he knows the knight. After a moment they both recognize him, l. 119.

Variations such as these can be cited without end. The conclusion to which they point evidently is, that M. and M. H., as far as Book XVIII is concerned, are based upon a common original, but that two slightly differing versions served as the actual working originals of the two translations.

The relation of Book XXI to M. H. can best be treated in the introduction to Book XXI.

167 1. *Lady Daye, Assumpcyon.* August 15.

The form *Lady* is a "survival of the O. E. weak feminine genitive." Cf. Baldwin, 10 (d) ; Chaucer, *Prol.* to *C. T.*, l. 88, has *lady grace.* The older form is *ladye*, the *e* representing the genitive ending.

167 2. *a grete justes.* Cf. *thise justys*, 167 13, and *that justes*, 168 17, 169 30. *This justys* occurs 515 1 (Sommer).

167 3. *Camelot, that is, Wynchester.* See 49 15.

167 8. *Anguysshe.* Rhŷs, *Studies*, p. 239, identifies *Anguysshe* with Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Auguselus* or *Anguselus* (*Hist. Reg. Brit.*, ix, 9, 17 ; xi, 1). Geoffrey makes him a brother of Lot and Urien. In old writings the names Scotland and Ireland are used more or less interchangeably.

167 9. *Galahaut the haute prynce.* Rhŷs regards the name Galahad "merely as the romancers' way of reproducing the Welsh name of Gwalchavet or Gwalchaved. *Galahad* or *Galaad* had also the form *Galahaut*, which was frequently made into *Galahalt.* Malory attempts to distinguish them as follows : Lancelot's son, the Grail knight, is oftenest called by him Galahad and Galahalt, and sometimes the epithet is added of *the haute prynce* [ii, 16, 19 ; xiii, 4 ; xvii, 1]. But as a rule this is reserved by him for Brewnor's son, whom he calls Galahaut or Galahalt and Galahad ; he is described as lord of the country of Surluse. This second Galahad of Surluse is the Galehaut mentioned in

the prose version of the *Charrette* as king of the Far Away Isles, and regarded by M. Paris as a comparatively late invention. In other words, these two Galahads were at first but one, namely, the knight of Grail celebrity, and to him alone appertained, presumably, the epithet of *haute* or noble prince." *Studies*, pp. 166, 167.

In the Scottish metrical romance of *Lancelot of the Laik* (E. E. T. S.) is a long account of the invasion of Arthur's territory by Galiot ("le roy de oultre les marches nomme galehault").

167 17. *excepte at Wytsontyde.* Cf. 84 6, 90, 91.

167 24. *wound, the whiche Sire Mador had gyven hym.* Sir Mador had accused the queen of causing the death of a knight by means of a poisoned apple. Launcelot fights with Mador for the queen, and, by overcoming him, clears the queen of the charge. See Bk. xviii, 3–7.

168 1. *Astolot . . . now . . . called Gylford.* Guildford, in Surrey, is an ancient town mentioned in King Alfred's will. According to Malory, xviii, 3, Arthur with his court had been in London. As Malory identifies Camelot with Winchester, his geography is very simple. He, of course, could hardly have made anything out of Rhŷs's identifications. Rhŷs, *Studies*, p. 150, remarks: "Malory's Astolat is otherwise called Escalot, a name which cannot be overlooked as identical with that of Shalott, borne by an islet moored by lilies in the river flowing down to Camelot. It figures in a poem of Tennyson's," etc. In a note, p. 393, he observes that "the original of the name . . . was probably *Alclut*, the old Welsh name of the Rock of Dumbarton in the Clyde."

168 4. *ye are gretely to blame*, etc. Cf. Tennyson's *Elaine:*

> To blame, my lord Sir Lancelot, much to blame!
> Why go ye not to these fair jousts?

168 13. *it is of late come syn ye were wyse.* Cf. Tennyson's *Elaine:*

> Are ye so wise? ye were not once so wise.

169 4. *dyd walke.* The expletive *dyd* became established in the language in the course of the 15th century. For a history of the construction, see Lounsbury's *Hist. of the Eng. Lang.* (1894), pp. 156, 438. For other instances in Malory, see Baldwin, 268.

169 19. *lene me a shelde.* Cf. Tennyson's *Elaine:*

> Hereafter ye shall know me — and the shield —
> I pray you lend me one, if such you have,
> Blank, or at least with some device not mine.

The *d* in modern English *len-d* is excrescent. For other examples, see Skeat's *Eng. Etym.*, series i, i, 370.

169 20. *not openly knowen.* Launcelot appears disguised in Kay's armor, vi, 12. In Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 52, ll. 365 seq., Orcaws fights in disguise, with the purpose of concealing his name and station. Cf. Peredur, Nutt's *Studies*, p. 162; Richard, in the romance of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, Ellis's analysis, p. 289. See also Jacobs's *List of Incidents*, "Disguised Hero."

170 5. *your broders shelde.* We must imagine Launcelot as turning to Lavayne at the word *your*. The shield, of cource, was Sir Tirre's. Cf. 169 25.

170 10. *love unto Sir Launcelot.* The wooing of a man by a maid is a not uncommon motive in the older literature. The Middle English romances afford a number of parallels to our text, though not with such disastrous results. Medea declares her sudden love for Jason, *The Destruction of Troy* (E. E. T. S.), ll. 449 seq.; Rymenhild woos Horn, *King Horn*, ll. 251 seq.; Margery, daughter of the king of Almain, declares her love to Richard, Ellis's analysis of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, p. 295. In *Generides* (E. E. T. S.), l. 687, Clarionas makes the first advances, though Generides needs no urging. In *William and the Werwolf* (E. E. T. S.), ll. 876 seq., Melior is the first wooer. Other excellent parallels occur in *Sir Ferumbras* (E. E. T. S.), ll. 1408 seq.; in *Blanch. and Egl.* (E. E. T. S., Extra Series lviii), p. 79; in *Amis and Amiloun*, ll. 470 seq., ll. 577 seq.; in *Tristrams Saga ok Ísondar* (ed. Kölbing), ch. viii seq.; in the story of Apollonius of Tyre; in *All's Well that Ends Well*, which in turn is partly based upon the translation in Paynter's *Palace of Pleasure*, No. 38, of Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, Third day, Nov. ix; in the Sanskrit story of *Nala;* in *Sir Beves of Hamtoun* (E. E. T. S.), pp. 52, 179. Kölbing, in Introd. to *Sir Beves*, part iii, p. xxxiv, quotes from Ranke's essay, *Zur Gesch. der italienischen Poesie*, this comment on the *Reali di Francia:* "We do not find here those complicated love-affairs which are the really animating element in other departments of fiction. Love makes its appearance, but in a very simple way. It always originates from the woman, being the effect of her hero's great deeds; it is in most cases continued with extraordinary faith and chastity." Longfellow's *Miles Standish* will occur to every reader. One or two other parallels are furnished by Nutt, *Studies*, pp. 135, 241. Cf. also Brandl in Paul's *Grundriss*, ii, i, 624; *Engl. Stud.*, iii, 336.

170 12. *Elayne le Blank.* Tennyson's "*lily* maid of Astolat."

170 13. *she besoughte Syr Launcelot.* Cf. Tennyson's *Elaine:*

Suddenly flash'd on her a wild desire,
That he should wear her favour at the tilt.
She braved a riotous heart in asking for it.
"Fair lord, whose name I know not — noble it is,
I well believe, the noblest — will you wear
My favour at this tourney?" "Nay," said he,
"Fair lady, since I never yet have worn
Favour of any lady in the lists.
Such is my wont, as those, who know me, know."
"Yea, so," she answer'd; "then in wearing mine
Needs must be lesser likelihood, noble lord,
That those who know should know you." And he turn'd
Her counsel up and down within his mind,
And found it true, and answer'd, "True, my child.
Well, I will wear it: fetch it out to me:
What is it?" and she told him, "A red sleeve
Broider'd with pearls," and brought it: then he bound
Her token on his helmet, with a smile
Saying, "I never yet have done so much
For any maiden living."

170 25. *a reed sleve.* In *Blanch. and Egl.* (E. E. T. S.), p. 61, Blanchardyn receives from one of the Provost's daughters a black sleeve to wear in his helmet; later, Eglantine gives him a crimson sleeve (p. 81) for the same purpose.

171 18. *trumpets blewe*, etc. For elaborate descriptions of tournaments, see the prose *Merlin*, pp. 454–461, 484–499. For the regulations adopted at tournaments, see note in Skeat's *Chaucer*, v, 89, and Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, ii, 120 seq.

171 22. *Many tymes was Sir Gawayn rebuked.* In Bk. iv, 18, six knights are named who at one time or another got the better of Sir Gawayn, — Sir Launcelot, Sir Tristram, Sir Bors de Ganis, Sir Percivale, Sir Pelleas, Sir Marhaus.

172 16. *Palomydes.* Cf. 35 34.

172 20. *Brandyles.* For the genesis of this name, see Rhŷs's *Studies*, p. 309, note.

172 24. *Epynogrys.* For his Celtic original, see Rhŷs's *Studies*, pp. 3, 190, and Nutt's analysis of the Mabinogi of *Peredur*, *Studies*, p. 36.

173 22. *I wote not what he.* The *not* is an evident blunder. Wynkyn de Worde prints: *I wote well who he.*

174 1. *was . . . were.* Note the construction according to sense.

174 6. *Galyhud . . . Galyhodyn.* Rhŷs, *Studies*, p. 167, regards these two knights as belonging to the "Galahad family" that figures so largely in Malory's romance.

174 22. *Sir Lavayne.* When we recall that Lavayne is only ten years old (169 31), we must admit that he has made a good beginning.

176 12. *I take none force*, i.e., I make no account of honor, for I had rather rest, etc.

176 19. *helpe me*, etc. Cf. Tennyson's *Elaine:*

> He spoke, and vanish'd suddenly from the field
> With young Lavaine into the poplar grove.
> There from his charger down he slid, and sat,
> Gasping to Sir Lavaine, "Draw the lance-head":
> "Ah my sweet lord Sir Lancelot," said Lavaine,
> "I dread me, if I draw it, you will die."
> But he, "I die already with it: draw—
> Draw," — and Lavaine drew, and Sir Lancelot gave
> A marvellous great shriek and ghastly groan,
> And half his blood burst forth, and down he sank
> For the pure pain, and wholly swoon'd away.

176 20. *were.* For this subjunctive, cf. 177 2, and Baldwin, 223.

176 28. [*he*]. The pronoun is inserted merely for the modern reader. The omission is exceedingly common in Malory's pages.

177 20. *Faire sone.* This from a boy of ten!

181 6. *broders Syr Tyrreis.* Ordinarily the appositive genitive does not have the sign of the genitive. No exact parallel to this construction occurs in our selections.

181 13. *caas.* Shields carried out of doors were usually covered with a case in inclement weather, in order to protect the surface. Protection would also be needed for a shield kept in a damp mediæval castle.

181 28. Note the accumulation of negatives for emphasis. Cf. Chaucer's portrait of the Knight:

> He never yet no vileinye ne sayde
> In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.
>
> *C. T., Prol.*, ll. 70, 71.

181 31. *is in a grete adventure*, i.e., is in great danger of not coming to pass on account of Launcelot's wound.

184 14. *pleasyd.* Present indicative, third singular. Cf. *longed*, 85 26.

184 16. *in lyke moche*, equally well.

185 8. *brynge her to me.* The emendation suggested in the footnote, p. 185, is the reading of Wynkyn de Worde, *her to hym.*

186 20. *I drede me.* A survival of an O. E. construction.

188 12. *Al-halowmasse day.* November 1.

188 25. *herbes for . . . a bayne.* In *Sir Eglamour*, ll. 526–530 (*The Thornton Romances*), we read of a bath with herbs. Curious information about herbs for a bath is found in *The Babees Book* (E. E. T. S.), pp. 182–185, and notes; also p. 209. Cf. also Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, i, 200–204, where the medical skill of women in the Middle Ages is discussed. Kölbing touches on the same matter in a note to *Sir Bevis of Hamtoun* (E. E. T. S.), p. 252.

189 7. *buttom.* This word may be a printer's blunder for *bottom* or *button*. The general meaning is clear enough in either case. If *button* is the true reading, we have a parallel in a quotation in the *N. E. D.*, s. v., for the year 1603: "The clots or buttons of bloud in the garden [of Gethsemane]."

191 7. *every knyghte . . . that were there.* Construction according to sense.

191 13. *Surluse.* Identified by Rhŷs, *Studies*, pp. 353, 354, with the Scilly Isles.

192 12. *gentyl Knyghte*, etc. Observe the striking parallel in the portrait of the Knight in Chaucer's *Cant. Tales*, *Prol.*, ll. 45, 46, 68–72:

> . . . . he loved chivalrye,
> Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.
> . . . . . .
> And though that he were worthy, he was wys,
> And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
> He never yet no vileinye ne sayde
> In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.
> He was a verray parfit gentil knight.

192 26–31. *I wold have you to my husbond*, etc. Cf. Tennyson's *Elaine:*

> "Your love," she said, "your love — to be your wife."
> And Lancelot answer'd, "Had I chosen to wed,
> I had been wedded earlier, sweet Elaine:
> But now there never will be wife of mine."
> "No, no," she cried, "I care not to be wife,
> But to be with you still, to see your face,
> To serve you and to follow you thro' the world."
> And Lancelot answer'd . . . . .
> . . . . . .
> "Full ill then should I quit your brother's love
> And your good father's kindness."

192 29. *wedded man.* On a former occasion Launcelot had unwittingly won the love of a maiden, but he tells her: "But for to be a wedded man I thynke hit not. . . . And as for to say for to take my pleasaunce with peramours, that wylle I refuse in pryncypal for drede of God." Bk. vi, 10.

193 13. *to be your owne knyghte.* For this infinitive, cf. 22 23.

195 12–35. Cf. Tennyson's *Elaine:*

> So when the ghostly man had come and gone,
> She with a face, bright as for sin forgiven
> Besought Lavaine to write as she devised
> A letter, word for word; . . . .
> . . . . . Then he wrote
> The letter she devised; which being writ
> And folded, "O sweet father, tender and true,
> . . . . . .
> . . . lay the letter in my hand
> A little ere I die, and close the hand
> Upon it; I shall guard it even in death.
> And when the heat is gone from out my heart,
> Then take the little bed on which I died
> For Lancelot's love, and deck it like the Queen's
> For richness, and me also like the Queen
> In all I have of rich, and lay me on it.
> And let there be prepared a chariot-bier
> To take me to the river, and a barge
> Be ready on the river, clothed in black.
> I go in state to court, to meet the Queen.
> There surely I shall speak for mine own self,
> And none of you can speak for me so well.
> And therefore let our dumb old man alone
> Go with me, he can steer and row, and he
> Will guide me to that palace, to the doors."

195 18. *letter.* Cf. this whole passage with that concerning Percivale's sister, p. 143.

196 23. *the quene aspyèd a letter.* But cf. Tennyson's *Elaine:*

> But Arthur spied the letter in her hand,
> Stoopt, took, brake seal, and read it; this was all:
> "Most noble lord, Sir Lancelot of the Lake,
> I, sometime call'd the maid of Astolat,
> Come, for you left me taking no farewell,
> Hither to take my last farewell of you.
> I loved you, and my love had no return,

And therefore my true love has been my death.
And therefore to our Lady Guinevere,
And to all other ladies I make moan.
Pray for my soul, and yield me burial.
Pray for my soul thou too, Sir Lancelot,
As thou art a knight peerless."

197 7. *masse peny.* "Euery man and childe that is buried must pay sumwhat for masses and diriges to be song for him, or elles they will accuse the dedes frendes and executours of heresie." *A Supplication for the Beggars*, about 1529 (E. E. T. S., Extra Series xiii), p. 2. A very extensive note on the mass-penny is found in *The Lay Folk's Mass Book* (E. E. T. S.), pp. 237 seq.

197 16. *I am ryghte hevy*, etc. Cf. Tennyson's *Elaine:*

Then freely spoke Sir Lancelot to them all:
"My lord liege Arthur, and all ye that hear,
Know that for this most gentle maiden's death
Right heavy am I; for good she was and true,
But loved me with a love beyond all love
In women, whomsoever I have known.
Yet to be loved makes not to love again."

197 23. *Ye myght have shewed her*, etc.:

Then said the Queen
(Sea was her wrath, yet working after storm),
"Ye might at least have done her so much grace,
Fair lord, as would have help'd her from her death."
He raised his head, their eyes met and hers fell,
He adding,
"Queen, she would not be content
Save that I wedded her, which could not be.
Then might she follow me thro' the world, she ask'd;
It could not be."

198 3. *Hit wyl be your worshyp*, etc. Cf. Tennyson's *Elaine:*

Arthur answer'd, "O my knight,
It will be to thy worship, as my knight,
And mine, as head of all our Table Round,
To see that she be buried worshipfully."

199 11. *Candylmas day.* February 2.

199 13. *freyssheyst.* The superlative ending *-yst* is very unusual in Malory. Cf. Baldwin, 33.

199 14. *ny more.* *Ny* is a mere variant of *ne*, but is rare. It may be here a typographical error for *no*.

200 10. *for the strynge and for a bate.* Some of the dogs were trained for the chase, and were held by the *strynge* or leash. Others were more adapted for baiting, such as bear-baiting, bull-baiting, etc. See the article on "Bull and Bear-Baiting," Brand's *Pop. Antiq.* (ed. Ellis), ii, 401–404.

200 11 *abated her dogge*, i.e., she had hounded on her dog to attack the hind.

200 19. *wente to soyle*, i.e., dashed into a miry place.

200 21. *umbecast.* The prefix *umbe*, O. E. *ymbe*, was the first element in considerably more than a hundred words in O. E. Of these the only survivor in modern English is *Ember-days*.

201 8. *that hede.* For the use of *that* for *the*, see Baldwin, 9.

202 10. *Howel of Bretayne.* Geoffrey of Monmouth refers several times to Hoel of Armorica (Brittany), who was a friend to Arthur, *Hist. Reg. Brit.*, ix, 2, 11, 17; x, 3, 9, 10.

204 6. *Pedever.* This seems to be a mere variant for *Bedever*, 205 15. Yet Sommer, in his index (vol. ii, p 176), has three references to "Pedyuere of the strayte marches," *Morte Darthur*, pp. 210, 211, 578. The passages are not included in our selections.

206 6. *releved ever unto kynge Arthur*, i.e., gave relief to King A.

208 10. *to helpe an other worshypful knyghte.* The spirit of this doctrine is found in *Beowulf*, in the O. E. poem on the *Battle of Maldon*, in the *Nibelungenlied*, etc.

208 24. *May.* The delight in the month of May which so many of the old writers express is doubtless genuine, but the terms which they employ are more conventional than one might at first imagine. The following specimen from *The Destruction of Troy* (E. E. T. S.), ll. 2733, 2734, is a fair example:

> In the moneth of May, when medoes bene grene,
> And all florisshet *with* floures þe fildes aboute.

Cf. Chaucer's numerous references to May, Skeat's *Chaucer*, vol. i, p. lv; v, 65, 71.

209 12. *used.* Another instance of the *-ed* in the present indicative instead of *-eth*. Cf. Baldwin, 177.

209 22. *seven nyghte.* A retention of the old invariable plural.

209 28. *lycours.* Contraction of *lycourous*.

209 28. *no lycours lustes were bitwene them.* If Malory meant this passage to be taken seriously, one might ask what *lycours lustes* can be

understood to mean. How well this passage harmonizes with the *Morte Darthur* as a whole the reader may be left to judge.

The pessimistic ending of Bk. xviii may be compared with a passage in *Ywaine and Gawain*, ll. 33 seq., quoted by Kölbing in *Die nordische und englische Version der Tristansage*, ii, 93.

BOOK XXI.

I. Connecting Link.

Book XIX is mainly taken up with an adventure that befell the queen, and with what grew out of it. As she is Maying one day with her knights of the Round Table, Sir Meliagrance falls upon the party with eight score men and captures them all. When Launcelot learns that the queen is taken, he hurries to the rescue; but as his horse is killed by archers in ambush, he pushes on in a cart. At Launcelot's arrival, Meliagrance hastens to beg the queen's forgiveness. She grants it, and wins the reluctant consent of Launcelot to let the matter drop. That same night Launcelot visits the queen, but accidentally cuts his hands by wrenching out the bars of her window. Meliagrance thereupon charges Guenever with unfaithfulness to her lord. Launcelot plans to defend the queen's honor by single combat, escapes the prison into which he is trapped by Meliagrance, and slays the traitor on the appointed day.

The remainder of the book tells chiefly of a Hungarian knight, Sir Urre, and his prowess at Arthur's court. The interesting fact is noted that Launcelot, in despite of those who ridiculed him for riding in a cart, rides in a chariot for a twelvemonth, without once being on horseback.

Book XX shows the beginning of the end. Agravaine and Mordred are jealous of Launcelot, and disclose to Arthur the open secret of Guenever's unfaithfulness. In the night Agravaine and Mordred, with twelve knights of the Round Table, surprise Launcelot in the queen's chamber, but Mordred alone escapes alive, and he relates the whole affair to Arthur. Queen Guenever is condemned to be burnt, but Launcelot and his kinsmen rescue her from the fire and ride away to Joyous Gard. In the rescue of

the queen, he unfortunately kills Gawain's brothers Gareth and Gaheris, and thus makes Gawain his enemy. Arthur, at Gawain's request, besieges Launcelot in Joyous Gard, and continues the war until the Pope charges him, upon pain of interdicting all England, to take back Queen Guenever, and to accord with Sir Launcelot. Peace is made for a time, but at length Arthur and Gawain renew the war. The struggle is still in progress when Mordred's treason compels a return to England.

II. Source.

The source of Book XXI has been already partly discussed (see introduction to Book XVIII), but not in sufficient detail to consider all the questions that the material suggests. Sommer remarks (iii, 265): "A minute examination of M.'s twenty-first book compared with the last ten folios of P. L. discloses many and great differences, but also here the ground-plan of the two accounts is the same, and the incidents common to both establish beyond doubt an intimate, though indirect, relation between the two versions; this fact points out either that the sources of both are derived from a common source or that P. L. itself is the source of the French romance used by M."

These conclusions we may grant without hesitation. But when Sommer goes further and urges that Malory used M. H. (*Morte Arthur*, Harl. 2252) to the extent of borrowing English phrases, we may have more question. The general outline of the two versions is of course the same, and the agreement in a number of cases extends to words and phrases. The more important passages Sommer prints in parallel columns. The passages that he leaves unquoted call for no special comment, since the agreement is not so striking as to require explanation. In fact, most of the agreement in diction is easily accounted for if we assume that M. and M. H. are based upon a common original, or upon two slightly differing versions of the same original. Here and there the French would doubtless be identical in both versions. If now two independent translators, living in the same half-century and familiar with the same literature, undertake to translate literally

passages that are exactly alike in the original, the chances are that they will now and then hit upon the same phrases. If we assume this to be the case we may be surprised, not that the verbal agreement that we find is so great, but that it is, on the whole, so slight.

From these general considerations we may pass to an examination of the passages that Sommer quotes. I take the passages in the order which Sommer adopts, but for the sake of brevity I quote only the phrases which are substantially alike in the two versions, and which make most strongly for Sommer's conclusion :

M. H.	Malory.
(1)	
3216. A monthe day of trewse moste ye take.	ye take a treatyce for a moneth day.
(2)	
3187. And eueryche by A lymme hym caught.	& euery beest took hym by a lymme.
(3)	
3515. I wylle wende A lytelle Stownde In to the vale of Avelovne A whyle to hele me of my wounde.	For I wyl in to the vale of avylyon to hele me of my greuous wounde.
(4)	
3525. A chapelle by-twene ij holtes hore.	betwyxte to holtes hore af a chapel, etc.
(5)	
3568. A-way she went, wyth ladys fyve. To Avmysbery, A nonne hyr for to make; . . . . . . 3573. There weryd she clothys whyte And blake.	Than the quene stale aweye & v ladyes wyth hyr, and soo she wente to almesburye, & there she let make hir self a Nonne, & ware whyte clothes and blacke.

These passages are evidently based upon a common original. The verbal resemblance is really slight, except in detached words. The phrase "a monthe day" in (1) is a common expression for time. The agreement in (2) and in (3) is exactly what we might

expect in a hundred independent translations of the original of passages so simple. The agreement in (4) appears surprising chiefly because the words "holtes hore" are now rarely used. In the 15th century they were exceedingly common. Nothing in (5) calls for special comment except the words "ware whyte clothes and blacke." Here is almost literal agreement; yet the thought is so simple that the expression could hardly be different if the idea were to be expressed at all.

The second group of passages quoted by Sommer (iii, 271) affords no more difficulty than the first group:

M. H.	Malory.
(6)	
3626. Thryse she swownyd swiftely there.	she swouned thryse.
(7)	
3654. I-sette I am In suche A place, my sowle hele I wylle A-byde Telle god send me som grace. 3658. That I may do so in thys place, my synns to A-mende thys ilke tyde, After to haue a syght of hys face At Domys Day on hys Ryght syde.	I am sette in suche a plyte to gete my soule hele, & yet I truste thorugh goddes grace that after my deth to haue a syght of the blessed face of cryst, and at domes day to sytte on his ryght syde.
(8)	
3661. There-fore, syr lancelot du lake For my loue now I the pray my company thow Aye for-sake, And to thy kingdome thow take thy way, And kepe thy Reme from werre And wrake.	Therefore syr Launcelot I requyre the & beseche the hertelye for al the loue that euer was betwyxte vs that thou neuer see me more in the vysage, & I comande the on goddes behalfe that thou forsake my companye & to thy kyngdom thou torne ageyn & kepe wel thy royame from warre and wrake.
(9)	
3667. And take a wyffe. .	there take the a wyf.
(10)	
3671. . . . Ioye And blysse.	. . . Ioye & blysse.

(11)

3687. " The same desteny that yow is dyghte
I wille Resseyve in som house bolde
To plese here-After god All-myght;
3690. To plese god Alle that I maye
I shalle here-After do myne entente,
And euyr for yow specyAlly ' pray,
While god wylle me lyffe lente."

but the same deystenye that ye haue taken you to I wyl take me vnto for to plese Ihesu, & euer for you I cast me specially to praye, etc.

(12)

3714. "nay," sayd the quene, "that wylle I not."

Nay sayd the quene that shal I neuer do.

(13)

3853. hyt ys bot hevynesse of yower blode.

It is but heuynesse of your blood.

(14)

3879. A-gaynste hym openyd the gatys of hevyn.

& the yates of heuen opened ayenst hym.

(15)

3884. Syr lancelot eylythe no thynge but gode.

syr Launcelot ayleth no thynge but good.

On the second group Sommer remarks (iii, 271) that Malory "in many cases servilely copies the words and phrases of M. H." The real truth probably is that both M. and M. H. copy closely the same French original. The agreement in (6) calls for no comment. The latter portion of (7) is a pious formula that appears with slight variation in a great number of religious writings in the Middle Ages. No proof of borrowing appears in what is here quoted. The resemblance in the first part is explained by assuming the same French original for M. and M. H. This last remark applies in general to all the passages that follow, but a word of comment may be necessary. In (8) the phrase "werre And wrake" seems convincing for Sommer's theory, but this very

phrase occurs in "A Poem on the Times of Edward II," cited in Stratmann-Bradley. Furthermore, it belongs to the group of alliterative formulas which were very common in the Middle Ages, and served as conventional expressions for certain ideas. The phrase "Ioye And blysse" in (10) occurs in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, B 1119, and is one of the common mediæval formulas. In (11) the principal words in common are *desteny*, *plese*, *specy-Ally*, *pray*. All of these words are of French origin and might easily be transferred from French to English by two independent translators. The passages from (12) to (15) are much alike in M. H. and in M., but when we consider that they are all short, and so simple that almost the only variation could be in diction, we must hold that more proof is needed before we yield our assent to Sommer's view. Parallel passages of one sort and another may be collected by the score from mediæval pieces that were produced by independent writers drawing upon a common stock of French originals. Such parallel passages have been collected by Kölbing, Zupitza, Kaluza, and others in great numbers.

In order to show how misleading is the argument that slight verbal agreement is a proof of actual borrowing by one mediæval writer from another, I place in parallel columns passages taken from the English prose *Merlin* (E. E. T. S.) and from Lonelich's verse romance of *Merlin*, of which only a small part has been published. In my discussion[1] of the two versions (pp. lxii–lxix), I have shown that they were made by two independent translators, working upon slightly different MSS. Yet here and there in the midst of passages differing very widely in diction appears a line or two almost identical in the two versions. We cannot suppose that if one translator borrowed from the other he would have been content to take so little, and we must believe that the occasional agreement is due to the substantial identity of the French originals and the simplicity of the thought, which practically compelled verbal agreement:

[1] Published by the E. E. T. S., 1899.

English Prose *Merlin.*	Lonelich's *Merlin.*
"That shall I telle the," quod merlin (p. 32).	"That schal I the telle," quod Merlyne (f. 97 b).
He ycleped hym maister, for that he was maister to his moder (p. 33).	and Maister he clepid him for this manere. For Maister to his Modir he was Every where (f. 97 b).
"to god I comaunde yow" (p. 33).	"I comande ȝow to God" (f. 97 b).
and axed a-noon how they hadde spedde (p. 35).	And Axede of hem how they hadden sped (f. 98 b).
"And, sir, the peple that were therat Clepid this vessell that thei hadden in so grete grace, the Graal" (p. 59).	"Sire, this peple Clepede this vessel The Sank Ryal oþer ellys Seint Graal" (f. 105).

These passages might be indefinitely multiplied, but those which are cited are sufficient to show that something more than occasional verbal agreement is necessary in order to prove the actual use by Malory of M. H.

Much more might be urged against the proposition that Malory had other sources than "the French book" for the concluding book of *Le Morte Darthur*.[1] Further arguments may, however, be deferred until more proof is presented on the other side.

211 1. *dyd do make letters*, i.e., caused letters to be written. Cf. "make stryke," 212 22; "maad wryte wryttes," 213 6.

211 4. *bataylle wyth Syr Launcelot.* The account of Mordred's revolt in Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Hist. Reg. Brit.*, x, 13, and xi, 1, 2, is much less detailed than in Malory. According to Geoffrey, Arthur had been fighting the Romans, and in his absence Mordred had usurped the throne. Essentially the same story appears in Laȝamon.

211 8. *helde a feest there xv dayes.* Cf. 39 10.

211 13. *Gwenever was passyng hevy.* According to Geoffrey, x, 13, she wickedly married Mordred. Rhŷs has an entire chapter on "Gwenhwyvar and her Captors," *Studies*, ch. iii, in which he discusses Celtic parallels to Geoffrey's version and others.

[1] Wechssler again confirms my independent conclusion. He remarks merely: "Endlich Buch XX und XXI enthalten die Mort Artur, die uns in der französischen Litteratur nur als Branche des Graal- und Lancelotcyclus (im Map- und im Robertcyclus) vorliegt. Sie ist bei der Aufnahme in diese Romanreihe stark gekürzt worden. Malory hat den ursprünglichen Text übertragen, gleichwie der Verfasser des in Harl. 2252 enthaltenen mittelenglischen Gedichtes. *Graal-Lancelot-Cyclus*, p. 36.

211 26. *a myghty syege.* For an elaborate account of the methods of conducting a mediæval siege, see Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, ii, 363–457.

212 7. *clerke*, i.e., cleric, ecclesiastic.

212 14. *book, and belle, and candell.* In excommunication the ceremony ended by closing the book, ringing the bell, and extinguishing the candle. For further details, see Myrc's *Instructions for Parish Priests* (E. E. T. S.), pp. 21 seq.

212 27. *Glastynburye.* Malory's Glastonbury is, of course, in Somerset. Its importance in Christian legend, and particularly in the history of the Grail stories, is discussed by Skeat, Preface to *Joseph of Arimathie* (E. E. T. S.), pp. xxiii–xxviii; Nutt, *Studies*, pp. 105, 107, 220, 223–225; Zarncke, in Paul and Braune's *Beiträge*, iii, 304 seq.; Rhŷs, *Studies* (Index). An elaborate paper by G. Baist on *Arthur und der Graal* in *Zeitschrift für rom. Phil.*, xix, 326 seq., devotes much space to Glastonbury.

213 1. *than to be maryed.* The *to* is inserted for the sake of clearness. Baldwin, 239, cites numerous parallels.

213 3. *for Syr Launcelot.* In Sommer's reprint of Caxton, with the old punctuation and capitals, this passage reads: "Than came worde to syr Mordred that kyng Arthur had araysed the syege / For Syr Launcelot & he was comyng homeward wyth a grete hoost." If we regard *For* as a conjunction, we have a contradiction of the facts, since Gawayn and not Launcelot was coming homeward with Arthur. If we read *Gawayn* instead of *Launcelot*, as suggested on p. 213, we may retain Caxton's punctuation. If we disregard Caxton's punctuation and consider *for* as a blunder for *fro(m)*, we get a rational meaning, and do no violence to the text. Wynkyn de Worde reads: *syege fro syr; and that he*, etc. This is doubtless the true reading.

213 18. *this Englyssh men. This* as a plural is rare in Malory. Cf. Baldwin, 61.

213 21. *foryeten.* Of the verb *gete* the past participial forms are *geten*, *yeten*, *goten*. In this passage Malory is evidently glancing at the troubled history of England in his own day. Henry VI had been deposed by Edward IV, and yet, at the time when Malory wrote, was still a possibility to be reckoned with. In 1471, the year after Malory finished the *Morte Darthur*, Henry was actually restored to the throne for a time by the help of the Earl of Warwick.

213 32. *newe fangle.* Chaucer uses this word several times. Cf. Skeat's *Chaucer*, v, 385.

214 4. *to lette his owne fader to lande*, i.e., to prevent his landing.

Cf. *Hamlet*, i, 4, l. 85: "I'll make a ghost of him that lets me." So also *Twelfth Night*, v, 1, 256; Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, F 994. For the syntax of *to lande*, see Baldwin, 246.

215 5. *of alle this am I causer*. See *Morte Darthur*, xx, 19, 20.

215 17. *by my dayes*, i.e., in my time. Cf. "by Arthures days," 219 16; Baldwin, 328, 2.

215 21. *the old wound*. In Bk. xx, 21, we read: "Than Sir Launcelot doubled his strokes and gaf Sir Gauwayn suche a buffet on the helmet that he fyl doun on his syde, *and* Syr Launcelot wythdrewe hym fro hym. 'Why withdrawest thou the?' sayd Syr Gawayn, 'now torne ageyn, fals traytour knyght *and* slee me, for and thou leve me thus, whan I am hole I shal do batail wyth the ageyn.'"

215 22. *Benwyck*. The city in which Launcelot was besieged by Gawayn and Arthur. Cf. 32 2.

216 20. *to receyve his Saveour*. Cf. 79 5.

216 24. *within Dover Castel*. According to the verse romance of *Arthur*, ed. by Furnivall (E. E. T. S., ii), ll. 587–590, Gawayn's body was sent to Scotland for burial. In the very rare little treatise by the famous antiquary Leland, published in 1544, under the title *Assertio inclytissimi regis Arturii*, we read: "Tūc in prouincia walliarum, quæ Rossia vocatur inuentum est waluuini sepulcrum, qui fuit haud degener Arturii ex sorore nepos," fo. 7.

216 25. *the sculle of hym*. Cf. the colloquial "for the life of me," and Baldwin, 78.

216 28. *Baramdoune*. Barham Down, 6 miles southeast of Canterbury. "The downs extend from S. E. to N. W., along the line of Watling Street, and are about three miles long. Numerous barrows are on them, of times from early British to later Saxon, showing them to have been scenes of many ancient public events. King John, with his army of 60,000 men, encamped on them, in 1213, prior to the resigning of his crown. Simon de Montford assembled his troops on them, in the time of Henry III, to oppose the landing of Queen Eleanor. Queen Henrietta Maria, after her landing at Dover in 1625, was met on them by the flower of the English nobility." *The Imperial Gaz. of Eng. and Wales*, s. v. Barham.

217 10. *besyde Salysbury*. The open country about Salisbury has been the scene of more than one great assembly in history and romance. Here "William the Conqueror in 1070 reviewed his army after his victories; and it was here that he took the oath of fealty from all English landholders on the completion of Domesday in 1086." Cf. the great gathering described in the prose *Merlin*, pp. 574 seq.

217 11. *Trynyte Sonday.* The Sunday next after Whitsunday.

217 15. *Southsex . . . Estsex . . . Southfolke . . . Northfolk.* Note the etymologies clearly indicated by the old spelling.

217 21. *dreme.* Arthur's dream appears in several versions of the legends. That in the verse *Morte Arthur*, Harl. 2252, begins at l. 3170, and is essentially the same as Malory's version. The one in Huchown's *Morte Arthure* is much more detailed, and differs widely from that in our text. On this dream, cf. Branscheid, *Anglia*, viii, *Anz.*, p. 202. Dreams foreboding ill and introducing wild beasts are not uncommon in mediæval romance. In *Amis and Amiloun*, ll. 1010 seq., Amiloun dreams that Amis is in trouble, surrounded by wild beasts. In the *Fragment of the Song of Roland* (E. E. T. S.), ll. 77–103, Charles the Great dreams that he is besieging Saragossa, when Gwenlyn tries to kill him. Then he dreams that a boar has siezed him by the right hand and bit it off; then that a leopard seizes the boar, tearing off its right ear. In *The Foure Sonnes of Aymon* (E. E. T. S.), part i, p. 152, an old knight dreams about Reynawde, son of Aymon, who sits high in a chair while people come and incline themselves before him. Then R. fights with a boar, etc. Later R.'s wife dreams that she sees a thousand boars come out of the wood and rend his body in pieces.

217 27. *the serpentes.* We are reminded of the Scandinavian legends of Gunnar and of Ragnar Lodbrok, both of whom were cast into a pit of serpents. Cf. *Oddrúnar-Grátr* in *Corp. Poet. Boreale*, vol. i, p. 313, and the *Kráku-Mál*, *ibid.*, vol. ii, p. 344.

217 29. *up soo doune*, i.e., upside down. In the latter phrase, *side* is, of course, a corruption of *soo*, itself an altered form of O. E. *swā*. *Up soo doune* occurs several times in Chaucer. Cf. Skeat's ed., i, 260, 263; *Cant. Tales*, A 1377, G 625, and note; also Palmer's *Folk-Etym.*, s. v. upside-down.

218 5. *So the kynge semed*, i.e., it seemed to the king. For this dative, see Baldwin, 20 (b).

219 16. *by Arthures dayes*, i.e., during Arthur's lifetime. Cf. 215 17.

219 23. *he warned al hys hoost that, and they see*, etc. Note the loose sequence. Cf. Baldwin, 263.

220 9. *beamous.* "An error for *beamus*, a Westcountry form of *beames* or *bemes*, the plural of *beme*, a trumpet, from the A. S. *béme* or *býme*, a trumpet." Skeat, *Specimens of Eng. Lit., A.D. 1394–1579*, p. 403.

220 10. *dressyd hem to gyders.* "Arrayed themselves against each other." Skeat.

220 16. *eyder to other.* Cf. Baldwin, 132 (c).

220 22. *faughte alle the longe day.* The accounts of Arthur's final battle are numerous and differ considerably in detail. Cf. Geoffrey of Monmouth, *Hist. Reg. Brit.*, xi, 2; Laȝamon's *Brut*, ll. 28,532 seq., and Madden's note, iii, 408; Huchown's *Morte Arthure* (E. E. T. S.), ll. 4060–4346; *Morte Arthur* (Harl. 2252), etc.

221 2. *where were that traytour.* For the subjunctive, see Baldwin, 228.

221 14. *blessyd by God.* Wynkyn de Worde reads *be*, which seems preferable.

221 17. *Tyde me deth, betyde me lyf.* A double conditional subjunctive. Cf. Baldwin, 210 (c).

221 24. *ranne untyl hym. Untyl* is common both as a preposition and as a conjunctive adverb.

221 26. *foyne.* Cf. Skeat's *Chaucer*, v, 73.

222 4. *a lytel chapel.* Cf. Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur:*

> . . . then, because his wound was deep,
> The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
> Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
> And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
> A broken chancel with a broken cross
> That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
> On one side lay the ocean, and on one
> Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

222 8. *do me to wyte* = make me to know. Cf. "We do you to wit of the grace of God bestowed on the churches of Macedonia." *II Cor.* viii, 1.

222 9. *betokenes.* The third singular indicative in *-es* is very rare in Malory. This instance and the form *werches*, l. 22, are the only two examples cited by Baldwin, 177, note.

222 12. *pyllars and robbers.* See remarks on the plundering of the dead after a mediæval battle, Schultz, *Das höfische Leben*, ii, 304. "Cf. Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, Skeat's ed., l. 147." K.

222 20. *it is beste that we brynge you.* For the subjunctive, see Baldwin, 231.

222 22. *I may not* = I cannot.

222 22. *werches.* Aches, lit., works.

222 26. *the one parte, and Syr Bedwere the other parte.* Baldwin doubtfully explains this construction as partitive apposition, 22 (b), but also admits an adverbial construction as possible. The latter seems preferable.

222 29. *wyth the lyfte* = with the effort of lifting.

222 29. *the parte* = a part.

223 4. *that.* The antecedent is, of course, *he.*

223 12. *Therfore.* Cf. Tennyson's *Morte d'Arthur:*

> "Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
> Which was my pride . . . . .
> . . . . . .
> . . . . . take Excalibur
> And fling him far into the middle mere;
> Watch what thou seëst, and lightly bring me word."

223 21. *precyous stones.* Cf. Tennyson:

> For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
> Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
> Of subtlest jewellery.

224 5. *waters wappe and wawes wanne.* Malory's admirable expression is hardly equaled in Tennyson's lines, good as they are:

> I heard the water lapping on the crag,
> And the long ripple washing in the reeds.

224 6. *traytour, untrewe.* Cf. Tennyson:

> "Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
> Unknightly, traitor-hearted."

224 9. *and wold betraye me.* Cf. Tennyson:

> "Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt."

224 13. *I shal slee the.* Cf. Tennyson:

> "But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
> I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

The [*with*] in the text is added for the sake of the modern reader, but is not really necessary. Cf. Chaucer's *Milleres Tale* (Skeat), A 3624: "His owne hand he made laddres three," and Skeat's note, v, 107: "Tyrwhitt points out the same idiom in Gower, ed. Pauli, ii, 83:

> The craft Minerve of wolle fond
> And made cloth *her owne hond.*

And again, *ibid.*, ii, 310:

> Thing which he said *his owne mouth.*"

224 19. *cam an arme.* Cf. Tennyson :

So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.

Morte d'Arthur.

224 29. *a lytyl barge.* Cf. Tennyson :

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold — and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars.

. . . . . .

Then murmur'd Arthur, " Place me in the barge,"
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands
And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood.

Morte d'Arthur.

225 11. *vale of Avylyon.* Cf. Tennyson :

To the island-valley of Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound.

Morte d'Arthur.

Few places have given rise to more discussion than Avalon. Malory evidently had no doubt that it was at Glastonbury. To this day the height behind the town bears the name Isle of Avalon. Cf. Baist, *Zeitschrift für rom. Phil.*, xix, 336 (*Arthur und der Graal*). Yet according to Rhŷs, *Studies*, p. 362, " we are warranted in unmooring it [the isle] and attaching it to the west coast of Cornwall." Nutt, *Studies*, p. 223, remarks : " Avalon is certainly the Welsh equivalent of Tír-na n-Og,

the land of youth, the land beyond the waves, the Celtic paradise. When or how this Cymric myth was localised at Glastonbury we know not." He adds in a footnote "that at sometime in the course of the 12th century the old Christian site of Glastonbury took, as it were, the place of the Celtic paradise, and it seems far more likely that the transformation was effected in virtue of some local tradition than wholly through the medium of foreign romances." Cf. also Jacobs, *Celtic Fairy Tales*, p. 244. A good part of ch. xiv, "Glastonbury and Gower," in Rhŷs's *Studies* is devoted to Avalon. Zimmer, in *Zeitschrift für franz. Sprache u. Lit.*, xii, 238 seq., holds that the conception of the Isle of Avalon was borrowed by Geoffrey of Monmouth, *Hist. Reg. Brit.*, xi, 2, from Brittany, and that before his time nothing was known of it in Welsh literature. Pütz, *ibid.*, xiv, 209, shares Zimmer's opinion. *Avalun* is mentioned in Marie de France's Breton lay of *Lanval*, ll. 659–661, as the place to which Lanval's fairy lover takes him. Cf. Köhler's note in Warnke's ed. of the *Lais*, p. lxxiii. For parallels to Marie's story, cf. Child, *Ballads*, ii, 318. Avalon is described in the French romance of *Ogier le Danois* and touched upon in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song iii. For Sir F. Madden's views on Avalon, see note to *Lazamon*, l. 28,590, vol. iii, pp. 409–412. See also Skeat's *Specimens of Eng. Lit., A.D. 1394–1579*, p. 404.

225 23. *newe graven.* Newly dug.

225 27. *I wote not verayly*, etc. I do not certainly know, but as I infer.

226 2. *besauntes.* "A gold coin first struck at Byzantium or Constantinople, and seemingly identical with the Roman *solidus* or *aureus*, but afterwards varying in value between the English sovereign and half-sovereign, or less. It was current in Europe from the 9th century, and in England, until superseded by the noble, a coin of Edward III." *N. E. D.*, s. v.

226 18. *wryton.* This rare form occurs also 227 3, 10.

226 24. *Waste Londes.* See Rhŷs's *Studies*, p. 122.

226 24. *Nynyve.* This name assumed a great variety of forms in old MSS. The true form, according to G. Paris, Introd. to Huth *Merlin*, p. xlv, is Ninienne. He cites a large number of variants. Tennyson has popularized the form *Vivien*, which has little old authority. A good note on the origin of the various forms is found in Rhŷs's *Studies*, p. 284.

226 25. *that had wedded Pelleas.* He had been deeply in love with Ettard, but she scorned him. Then by enchantment, the Lady of the Lake takes away the love of Pelleas for Ettard, but, on the other hand,

fills her with a hopeless longing for Pelleas. This done, the Lady of the Lake takes him herself, and Ettard dies of grief. *Morte Darthur*, iv, 21–24. For Celtic features in the story, see Rhŷs's *Studies*, pp. 279 seq.

226 31. *buryellys.* The O. E. *birigels*, *birgels*, *byrgels*, burial place, tomb, may have survived in a slightly changed form, the *s* being that of the singular. Cf. Baldwin, 14 (a).

227 5. *Arthur is not deed.* The belief that Arthur is to come again is merely one of a great number of similar beliefs. A king who has apparently died or has been overcome in battle is confidently expected to return at the suitable moment and lead his people to victory. The legend has been localized in more than one country, and hence presents a variety of details, but the essential elements are similar in all.

Charles the Great was believed to be sleeping and awaiting the summons to prepare the world for the second coming of Christ. Harold, king of England, was believed to have lived long after the battle of Senlac. Cf. Lappenberg, *Anglo-Saxon Kings*, ii, 369, 370. Most famous, perhaps, are the legends of Kaiser Friedrich II, in Kyffhäuserberg (cf. Koch, *Die Sage vom Kaiser Friedrich im K.*), and of Holger the Dane, in the castle at Elsinore.

For numerous other parallels and a discussion of the whole question in its relations to folk-lore and mythology, see Nutt, *Studies*, pp. 196–198; Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, ch. xxxiii; Mannhardt, *Die Götterwelt der deutschen u. nordischen Völker*, pp. 135–137; Ward, *Catalogue of Romances*, i, 217.

The persistence of stories of this type is shown by the fact that the Duke of Monmouth was popularly believed to be alive even after his public execution. Cf. Macaulay, *Hist. of Eng.*, i, 477.

227 10. *Hic iacet*, etc. The same inscription is found in the verse romance of *Arthur*, l. 624 (E. E. T. S., ii), ed. Furnivall. In the reign of Henry II (1189), relates Giraldus Cambrensis, in his *Speculum Ecclesiæ*, ii, 9, the graves of Arthur and his queen were discovered at Glastonbury, and an inscription which read: "Hic iacet sepultus inclytus rex Arthurius, in insula Avallonia, cum Wenneuereia uxore sua secunda." See also Baist, *Zeitschrift für rom. Phil.*, xix, 336–339.

227 19. *Almesburye.* The modern Amesbury is situated a few miles to the north of Salisbury in Wiltshire. "A Benedictine nunnery was founded here by Queen Elfrida, *circa* 980. It subsequently increased in splendour and in royal favour, and became a favourite retreat for ladies of royal or noble birth." Murray's *Handbook for Eng. and Wales.*

The accounts of Queen Guenever differ widely. Geoffrey, xi, 1,

says that after the return of Arthur, and before the great final battle, she fled from York to the City of Legions, where she became a nun in the church of Julius the Martyr.

Tennyson's *Guinevere* represents the queen as fleeing to Amesbury when she hears that Modred has usurped the kingdom. Before the final battle Arthur visits her by night, delivers a touching rebuke for her unfaithfulness to him, and bids her farewell forever. Tennyson's version, however, incorporates some of Malory's details.

228 15. *thus to be oversette.* Cf. Baldwin, 247.

228 22. *to slee . . . Gaheris . . . and . . . Gareth.* When Launcelot rescued the queen from being burnt, he slew all who stood in his path. "And so in this rassynge and hurlyng, as Syre Launcelot thrange here and there, it my[s]happed hym to slee Gaherys and Syr Gareth the noble knyghte, for they were unarmed and unware. . . . How be it, in veray trouthe Syr Launcelot sawe hem not, and soo were they fonde dede among the thyckest of the prees." *Morte Darthur*, xx, 8.

229 20. *made a dole.* The codicil to the will of Stephen Thomas, 1417–19, provides that ten bushels of malt be used for brewing beer for poor men; that six bushels of wheat be baked into half-penny loaves; and that each man have a loaf and a gallon of ale as far as it will go. *Fifty Earliest Eng. Wills*, ed. Furnivall, p. 40. See also Brand's *Pop. Antiq.*, ii, 286–289; Child's *Ballads*, iii, 201, 208–212; and 237 3–4 below.

229 29. *offred an C pounde.* On offerings at funerals, cf. Brand, ii, 240, 248, 286; and an excellent note in *The Lay Folk's Mass Book* (E. E. T. S.), p. 242. See also 197 7, *ante*.

230 17. *no bote* = no use.

230 19. *a vij or viij dayes.* Cf. 140 7.

230 27. *yender.* The form *3ender* is found in *Early Eng. Allit. Poems*, ii, 1617, and in Halliwell's *Dict. of Arch. and Prov. Words*, cited by Stratmann-Bradley, s. v.

231 34. *herte, wylle, and thought.* Baldwin, 10 (d), cites *herte* as a survival of the "O. E. weak feminine genitive." As far as the form is concerned, the explanation is satisfactory, and we then read *herte wille* = heart's will. On the other hand, we doubtless have here the common old division of all the powers of the mind, into feeling, will, intellect.

232 10. *heremyte other graye or whyte.* Hermits constituted several lower religious orders in the Middle Ages, and wore distinguishing costumes.

232 17. *laementacyon.* The *ae* is a mere printer's blunder for *a*.

233 3. *brother.* The usual form in Malory is *broder*.

233 21. *in that maner clothyng.* A common Chaucerian construction.

233 25. *Bleoheris.* Cf. *Bleoboris*, l. 12.

233 29. *last.* Probably a misprint for *lust*, desire, wish.

233 34. *holpe.* The only appearance of this form in Malory. Cf. Baldwin, 145, 152.

234 5. *toke no force.* Cared not.

234 8. *in remyssyon of* = for the remission of.

234 10. *by thenne.* By the time you arrive there, etc.

234 12. *parcuey.* An evident blunder for *purvey*.

234 18. *that ye made you redy.* For the subjunctive, see Baldwin, 231 (a).

234 21. *xxx myle.* The distance by road from Glastonbury to Amesbury is forty-seven miles.

234 23. *was come . . . deyed.* For the sequence of tenses, see Baldwin, 262 (b).

235 7. *Dyryge.* "As the first anthem at matins commenced with 'Dirige' . . . the whole of the morning's service, including the Mass, came to be designated a 'Dirige' or 'Dirge.'" Rock, *Church of our Fathers*, ii, 503. Quoted in *Fifty Earliest Eng. Wills*, p. 137. See also Skeat's note to *Piers Plowman* (E. E. T. S.), part iv, sec. i, p. 73; and Ward's note to Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*, 2d ed., p. 179.

235 9. *torches ever brennyng.* For an account of the custom of burning torches over a corpse, see Brand's *Pop. Antiq.* (ed. Ellis), ii, 276–279.

235 18. *requyem.* "In the Roman Catholic *Office and Masses for the Dead*, 1853, the 'Requiem' (Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine et lux perpetua luceat eis) occurs thrice in 'The Mass for all the Faithful departed,' pp. 65–71." *Fifty Earliest Eng. Wills*, p. 137.

235 21. *Raynes.* Rennes, in France, celebrated for its fine cloth. In the will of Lady Alice West, 1319, we find mention of "a peyre schetes of Reynes." *Fifty Earliest Eng. Wills* (E. E. T. S.), p. 4. For other references, see Fairholt's *Costume in England*, ii, 343; Skeat's *Chaucer*, iii, 255.

235 27. *I trust*, etc. Cf. Launcelot's reply with Elayne's, 194 30.

236 1. *careful*, i.e., full of grief, sorrowful. For other examples, see *N. E. D.*, s. v.

236 11. *dwyned.* Cf. modern English *dwin-d-led*.

236 19. The following rhapsody is inserted at this point in Wynkyn de Worde's ed.: "O ye myghty and pompous lordes shynynge in the glory transitory of this unstable lyf, as in regnynge over grete realmes and myghty grete countrees, fortyfyed with stronge castels *and* toures

edifyed with many a ryche cite; ye also ye fyers and myghty knyghtes so valyaunt in adventurous dedes of armes, beholde, beholde, se how this myghty conquerour kynge Arthur, whome in his humayne lyfe all the worlde doubted; ye also, this noble quene Guenever, whiche somtyme sate in her chayre adourned with golde, perles, and precyous stones, now lye full lowe in obscure fosse or pyt covered with cloddes of erth and claye. Beholde also this myghty champyon Syr Launcelot, pereles of knyghthode, and se now how he lyeth grovelynge upon the colde moulde, now beynge so feble and faynt that somtyme was so terryble how *and* in what maner ought ye to be so desyrous of worldly honoure so daungerous. Therfore me thynketh this present boke called La Mort Darthur is ryght necessary often to be radde. For in it shall ye fynde the moost gracyous, knyghtly, and vertuous werre of ye moost noble knyghtes of the world, wherby they gate praysyng contynual. Also me semeth by ye ofte redyng therof ye shall gretely desyre to accustome your selfe in folowynge of those gracyous knyghtly dedes, that is to saye, to drede God, and to love ryghtwysnes, faythfully *and* coragyously to serve your soverayne prynce. And the more yt God hath gyven you the tryumphall honoure, the meker ye ought to be, ever ferynge the unstableness of this deceyvable worlde. And so I passe over and turne agayn unto my mater."

236 24. *ryghtes that longeth.* Note the plural form in *-eth*. Cf. *redeth*, 240 8, and Baldwin, 179.

236 25. *It shal not nede you.* Cf. Beda's account of Cædmon's death, *Hist. Eccl.*, iv, 24.

236 29. *hove.* An evident blunder for *have*.

236 31. *howselyd and eneled.* Received the eucharist and extreme unction. Cf. *Hamlet*, i, 5, 77.

237 2. *Joyous Garde.* Malory elsewhere (xx, 17, 18) shows that he regards Joyous Garde as an English castle, for he represents Launcelot as leaving Joyous Garde, and passing over the sea to Benwyk. Yet he has no very clear idea of where the castle is.

237 3–4. *Anwyk . . . Hamborow.* Alnwick Castle, the magnificent seat of the Percies, is in Northumberland. Wynkyn de Worde reads *Bamborow* for *Hamborow*, which has no recognized existence. Bamborough is on the Northumbrian coast, a number of miles to the north of Alnwick. A castle was erected here as early as the 6th century. Strachey mentions the following interesting fact: "It now contains a granary, hospital, and other endowments made for the poor in 1715 by Lord Crewe, bishop of Durham. Did he think of his predecessor Launcelot, and his doles of 'flesh, fish, wine and ale, and twelvepence

to any man and woman, come who would?" Introd. to *Morte Darthur*, p. xviii. A third claimant for the site of Joyous Garde is Berwick-upon-Tweed.

237 15. *why dyd ye awake me?* Cf. 150 26. Köhler gives a number of parallel references in his notes to Warnke's ed. of the *Lais* of Marie de France, p. cviii.

237 20. *angellys.* Cf. 164 25.

237 27. *the swettest savour.* The orthodox belief in the Middle Ages was that the dead body of a person of evil life gave off an evil odor, while the body of a saint emitted a sweet perfume, the odor of sanctity. When the paynim Corsabryn was killed (*Morte Darthur*, x, 44) there "cam a stynke of his body whan the soule departed that there myght no body abyde the savoure." On the other hand, at the death of Guthlac,

> him of muðe cwom.
> swecca swetast. swylce on sumeres tid
> stincaþ on stowum staþelum fæste
> wynnum æfter wongum wyrta geblowene.
>
> *Guthlac* (*Exeter Book*, ed. Gollancz), ll. 1272–1275.

When Earcongota, daughter of the king of Kent, died, her body gave out a sweet savor. Beda, *Hist. Eccl.*, iii, 8. William of Malmesbury tells a similar story of Beda himself, *Gesta Reg.*, i, 3. Of St. Frideswide we read that when she died, "withall forthwith the house was all replenished with wonderfull light sent from heauen, and such a sweete odoriferous sauour ensued, and that so aboundantlie, that all the towne was filled withall." *Lives of Women Saints* (E. E. T. S.), p. 82. So, too, of St. Walburge we read: "her holie Reliques . . . were founde not onelie intire, but also bedewed with a small moisture, whence issued a moste fragrant sauour of incredible sweetnes." *Ibid.*, p. 86. Cf. also *ibid.*, pp. 40, 91; Bradshaw's *Life of St. Werburge* (E. E. T. S.), ll. 3119–3125, 3382–3405; Lonelich's *Holy Grail*, ch. 37, ll. 433 seq.; Hodgkin, *Italy and her Invaders*, i, 476.

238 5. *in the body of the quere*, i.e., in the place of honor. "The bier, if the deceased had been a *clerk*, went into the chancel; if a layman, and not of high degree, the bearers set it down in the nave, hard by the church-door." Rock, *Church of Our Fathers*, ii, 472. Quoted by Skeat, *Chaucer*, v, 180.

238 24. This famous eulogy on Launcelot does not stand alone. He is praised elsewhere in the *Morte Darthur* in similar terms. Cf. vi, 10, where he has rescued a damsel from an assailant. She says: "The curteyst knyghte thou arte and mekest unto all ladyes and gentyl-wymmen that now lyveth."

In viii, 26, Launcelot is compared with Tristram, and the virtues of both are enumerated.

In ix, 11, Bors remarks on Launcelot: "I dare saye and make it good, that all kynges Crysten nor hethen may not fynde suche a knyghte for to speke of his nobylnesse and curtosye with his beaute and his gentylnesse."

In xv, 6, a recluse calls to Launcelot as he is riding by, and thus addresses him: "A, Launcelot," sayd she, "as longe as ye were knyghte of erthely knyghthode ye were the moost merveillous man of the world and moost adventurous."

The lament over Gawayne in Huchown's *Morte Arthure*, ll. 3872–3879, is strikingly like the eulogy on Launcelot in Malory:

> "He was *the* sterynneste in stoure that eu*er* stele werryde,
> ffore he has stonayede oure stale, and stroyede for eu*er*!"
> Than s*ir* Mordrede w*ith* mouthe melis fulle faire;
> "He was makles one molde, mane, be my trowhe;
> This was s*ir* Gawayne the gude, *the* gladdeste of othire,
> And the graciouseste gome that vndire God lyffede,
> Mane hardyeste of hande, happyeste in armes,
> And *the* hendeste in hawle vndire heuene riche."

Cf. also Lancelot's lament over Gawayne in *Lancelot of the Laik*, ll. 2756 seq.; the lament of Charles over Roland in Caxton's *Lyf of Charles the Grete*, p. 240. Skeat's note to *Havelok* (E. E. T. S.), p. 87, should be compared with the foregoing remarks. Strachey quotes (Introd. to *Morte Darthur*, p. x):

> A braver soldier never couched lance,
> A gentler heart did never sway in court.
>
> *Henry VI*, part i, iii, 2.

239 4. Cf. Tennyson's lines in *Elaine:*

> . . . he seem'd the goodliest man
> That ever among ladies ate in hall.

239 12. *Costantyn . . . was chosen kyng of Englond.* Cf. Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Hist. Reg. Brit.*, xi, 2.

239 29. *favour of makers* = the bias or opinion of poets.

240 6. *an C and xl.* Cf. 95 28.

240 12. *the ix yere of the reygne of kyng Edward the Fourth.* Edward was first recognized as king on Mar. 4, 1469. The ninth year would therefore be included between Mar. 3, 1469, and Mar. 3, 1470.

THE following are among the more important of the discussions that have recently appeared on matters of interest to students of Malory.

Page xxxii.

F. LOT. La Patrie des "Lais Bretons." *Romania*, xxviii, 1–48. (Directed against the theories of Zimmer and Brugger.)

Page xxxiii.

E. BRUGGER. Ueber die Bedeutung von Bretagne, Breton. *Zeitschrift für franz. Spr. und Lit.*, xx, 79–162. (Sides with Zimmer against Lot and G. Paris.)

E. FREYMOND. Beiträge zur Kenntniss der altfranzösischen Artusromane in Prosa. *Zeitschrift für franz. Spr. und Lit.*, xvii, 1–128.

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M. WALTHER. Malory's Einfluss auf Spenser's Faerie Queene. Heidelberg, 1899. (Dissertation.)

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M. SCHULER. Sir Thomas Malory's "Le Morte d'Arthur" und die engl. Arthurdichtung des XIX. Jahrhunderts. Strassburg, 1900. (Strassburg dissertation.)

Page 65 13.

J. LOTH. Le Roi Loth des romans de la Table Ronde. *Revue Celtique*, xvi, 1.

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F. LOT. Morgue La Fée et Morgan-Tud (and other matters). *Romania*, xxviii, 321–347.

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ARTHUR C. L. BROWN. The Round Table before Wace. *Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature*, vol. vii, 183–205. Boston, 1900.

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E. Wechssler. Die Sage vom Heiligen Gral. Halle a. d. S., 1898.

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J. Douglas Bruce. The Middle English metrical romance "Le Morte Arthur" (Harleian MS. 2252): Its Sources and its Relation to Sir Thomas Malory's "Morte Darthur." *Anglia*, xxiii, N. F. xi, 67–100. (This paper fully substantiates my conclusion concerning the relation of Malory's work to the English metrical romance.)

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F. M. Warren. The Island of Avalon. *Modern Language Notes*, February, 1899.

Avalon. *Notes and Queries*. 8th Series, vii, 87, 211.

F. Lot. Glastonbury et Avalon. *Romania*, xxvii, 529–573.

GLOSSARY.

abate, *v.*, to hound on, to set on (as a dog), 200 11.

abyde, *v.*, to abide, await, remain, endure, 65 7.

abylement, *sb.*, dress, clothing, 34 6.

accompte, *v.*, to count, calculate, 95 27.

accord, *sb.*, agreement, peace, 18 16.

ado, adoo, *sb.*, trouble, difficulty; troublesome business, 46 3.

adrad, *pp.*, afraid, frightened, put in dread, 34 23, 113 19.

afer, *adv.*, afar, at a distance, 143 24.

afere, *v.*, to frighten, terrify; **aferd,** *pp.*, 42 2.

affyaunce, *sb.*, faith pledged to, trust, confidence, 214 27.

afore, *adv.*, *prep.*, before, 77 4.

agreve, *v.*, to bear heavily on, to grieve, oppress, 25 30.

al, *adj.*, all, 17 13.

al one, *adj.*, *adv.*, alone, 47 2.

alaye, *v.*, to quiet, alleviate, 158 7.

allygeaunce, *sb.*, alleviation, lightening, relief, 195 4.

almery, *sb.*, press, book-case, 165 31.

almesse, *sb.*, alms, charity, 137 7.

and, *conj.*, and, also, if, 18 23.

anone, *adv.*, at once, 16 7.

anvylde, anvyld, *sb.*, anvil, 22 7.

apaye, *v.*, *pp.*, apayed, contented, pleased, 203 17.

apeche, *v.*, to hinder, impeach, to charge with crime, to cite before a court, 4 14.

appele, *v.*, to charge with a crime, to accuse, to appeal, 189 24.

appertenaunce, *sb.*, appurtenance, that which appertains or belongs to, 21 11.

arage, *v.*, to put in a rage, to render furious, 150 1.

arase, *v.*, to pull up by the roots, to tear off, 209 5.

arraunt, *adj.*, errant, 103 20.

arson, *sb.*, bow of the saddle, 205 3.

aspye, *sb.*, spy, 185 28.

aspye, *v.*, to look after, to watch, search, observe, 18 1, 47 27.

assaye, *v.*, to examine, try, attack, 43 6.

assote, *v.*, to dote upon somebody, to be deeply enamored, smitten, 1 22.

assoyle, *v.*, to loosen, to absolve, 119 30.

at travers, *adv.*, *prep.*, right through, opposite, across (*Fr.* à travers), 156 20. *See note.*

atte, *contraction of* **at**, *prep., and the def. art.* the; **atte last**, 78 3; **atte hynde**, 200 26. *Cf. p. 292.*

attones, *adv.*, at once, instantly, 174 16.

aulter, *sb.*, altar, 26 20.

auncyent, *adj.*, old, 87 4.

avaylle, *sb.*, advantage, 221 20.

aventre, *v.*, to put the spear along the side, in order to attack one's adversary, 77 9.

aventure, adventure, *sb.*, chance, occurrence, jeopardy, risk, exploit, 52 5, 52 16, 104 7. *See also* N. E. D., **adventure.**

avyse, *v.*, to advise, to give advice; **avysed**, *pt.*, 15 24.

ayenst, ayenste, *prep., conj.*, against, 3 25.

barayne, *adj.*, barren, 200 12.

barbe, *sb.*, beard, or anything resembling it; jags or points which stand backward in an arrow, dart, or spear; **barbys**, *pl.*, 200 28.

barget, *sb.*, bark, boat, 195 23 (diminutive of *barge*).

baronage, *sb.*, the men vassals of a feudal chief; assembly of the barons, 49 19.

batail, batayll, bataylle, *sb.*, (1) a battle, fight, 20 21; (2) army, 63 25.

bayne, *sb.*, bath, 188 26.

beamous, *sb. pl.*, trumpets, 220 9. *See note.*

beaulte, *sb.*, beauty, 235 31.

beaume, *sb.*, beam, ray of light, 92 6.

befalle, *v.*, to befall, happen; **befel**, *pt.*, 15 1.

beginne, *v.*, to begin; **begonne**, *pp.*, 2 12.

begrype, *v.*, to seize, to take hold of, 125 31.

beholde, *v.*, to hold, to behold; **be holdyng**, *for* beholden, 25 2, 117 24.

behote, *v.*, to promise, 71 1; **behyht**, *pt.*, 166 6.

behove, *v.*, impers.; **behoveth**, *prs.*, needs, 138 7.

berde, *sb.*, beard, 4 27.

bere, *v.*, to bear, 164 12; **bare**, *pt.*, 164 25; **borne**, *pp.*, 170 19.

besaunt, *sb.*, a gold coin named from Byzantium, 226 2.

beseme, *v.*, to beseem, appear, 158 12.

bestadde, *pp.*, hard bestead, sorely imperilled, 207 34.

besy, *adj.*, busy, 187 28.

bisee, *v.*, to look, to arrange, appoint, manage; **bisene**, *pp.*, equipped, 27 25.

bitake, *v.*, to commit, entrust, recommend, 24 22.

bobaunce, *sb.*, pride, vanity, splendor, pomp, 184 7.

boote, bote, *sb.*, remedy, help, amendment, 206 31.

bote, *sb.*, boat, 214 16; **boote**, 76 25.

bott, *sb.*, butt, the point, handle, 40 18.

bottlere, botteler, butlere, *sb.*, the butler; **Sire Lucan the Butlere**, 173 10.

bounte, *sb.*, bounty, liberality, kindness, 155 30.

boystous, *adj.*, boisterous, rough, 60 17.

breed, *sb.*, bread, 159 3.
brenne, *v.*, to burn, 47 17.
breste, *v.*, to burst, 72 20; **braste,** *pt.*, 98 1.
brethe, *sb.*, breath, vapor, 149 31.
broche, *sb.*, brooch; **brochys,** 222 14.
bryse, *v.*, to crush, break, to wound seriously, 77 14.
bur, *sb.*, a broad iron ring just below the grip of a spear to prevent the hand from slipping, 221 30.
burbyl, *v.*, to bubble, 200 2.
burgeis, *sb.*, burgess, citizen, 171 14.
buryellys, *sb. pl.*, burial, 226 31.
but yf, *conj.*, unless, 20 25.
buttom, *sb.*, bottom or "button," scab of a wound, 189 7. *See note.*
byheste, *sb.*, promise, 193 33.

caas, *sb.*, case, 181 13.
cankeryd, *pp.*, corrupted, 215 6.
cantel, *sb.*, piece, bit, edge, 43 15.
carve, *v.*, to carve, cut; **carfe,** *pt.*, 121 27.
carryks, *sb. pl.*, small ships, 214 3.
cast, *v.*, to purpose, plan, 192 29.
caytyf, *sb.*, *adj.*, wretch, unfortunate, base, 186 24.
cedle, *sb.*, a small leaf of paper or parchment containing some writing, schedule, 215 12; **sedyl,** 215 30.
cered, *pp.*, waxed, 235 20.
certes, *adv.*, certainly, surely, 85 24.
chaflet, *sb.*, a small stage, platform, 217 22.
chappytre, chapytre, *sb.*, chapter, 1 17.
charge, *sb.*, impressive command, 15 26.
chauffe, *v.*, to heat, to become hot; **chauffed,** *pp.*, 172 31.
chaundeler, *sb.*, candlestick, 115 13.
chayer, *sb.*, chair, stool, seat, 42 11.
chere, *sb.*, entertainment, 15 11; countenance, face, mien, 96 18, 117 28.
cherete, *sb.*, charity, love, friendship; **chyerte,** 94 5.
chese, *v.*, to choose, 163 12.
chorle, *sb.*, churl, peasant, rustic, 31 11.
chyef, *sb.*, *adj.*, chief, head, upper part, principal, 152 15.
chyerte, *sb.* *See* **cherete.**
clene, *adj.*, *adv.*, clean, entirely, 115 33.
cloystre, *sb.*, cloister, convent, monastery, 230 21.
cofer, *sb.*, box, coffer, 130 18.
cole, *sb.*, coal, charcoal, 127 27.
comberaunce, *sb.*, encumbrance, 50 2.
comyns, *sb.*, the commons, inhabitants, citizens, 30 15.
condesended, *pp.*, agreed, 219 18.
conduyt, *sb.*, conduct, guidance, 68 15.
coste, *v.* (hunting term), to keep in parallel course with the animal, 200 14.
counceille, *v.*, to advise, 15 16.
countray, countrey, countre, *sb.*, country, 73 24, 73 27.
coupe, *sb.*, cup, 136 32.
cours, *sb.*, course, 77 12.
covyn, *sb.*, conspiracy, craft, deceit, 109 14.
coyfe, *sb.*, coif, cap; "a close-

fitting skull-cap of iron or steel, or later of leather, worn under the helmet." N. E. D. *s. v.*, 113 9, 121 24.

crofte, *sb.*, an underground cell or chapel, 155 26.

croke, *v.*, to bend, to turn aside; **croked,** *pp.*, bent, 162 14.

croppe, *sb.*, crupper, hinder part of a horse, 57 21.

cryppyl, *sb.*, cripple, 162 22.

curtois, *adj.*, courteous, 52 9.

curtoyse, curtosye, *sb.*, courtesy, 1 10.

dawe, *v.*, to dawn, to become day, 123 29.

debonair, *adj.*, mild, gentle, 127 29.

dede, *adj.*, dead, 19 13.

dedely, *adj.*, mortal, 164 2.

defaute, *sb.*, defect, fault, 64 16.

defence, *sb.*, prohibition, prohibitory ordinance, 127 9.

defende, *v.*, to defend, protect, forbid, 42 18, 108 2.

defowle, *v.*, to tread down, rebuke, **defoyled,** *pp.*, 50 21.

dele, *sb.*, part, deal, share, 17 13.

departycyon, *sb.*, departure, 93 18.

dere, *v.*, to harm, injure, 102 14.

devoyr, *sb.*, devoir, knightly duty, 220 21.

devyse, *v.*, to arrange, decide, 17 32.

disaventur, *sb.*, misadventure, mischance, 118 4.

dole, *sb.*, charity, dole, share, portion, 229 20.

dole, doole, *sb.*, grief, pain, sorrow, 24 24.

domage, dommage, *sb.*, damage, loss, 38 8, 56 17; **dammage,** 44 3.

dome, *sb.*, doom, 147 17.

doon, *v.*, to do, put, make, cause; **dyd,** *pt.*, 20 21.

douve, *sb.*, dove, pigeon, 83 24.

drede, *v.*, to fear, 186 20.

dretchyng, *sb.*, vexing, troubling, 237 21.

dure, *v.*, to last, endure, 131 5.

dwelle, *v.*, to dwell, rest, remain, 17 8.

dwyne, *v.*, to waste away, to pine, languish, 236 11.

dyghte, *v.*, to order, rule, prepare, adorn, *pp.*, 72 24.

Dyryge, *sb.*, name of an anthem in the Mass for the Dead, beginning, in Latin, with the words, "Dirige, Dominus meus," 235 7.

echone, echon, *adj.*, each one, 66 10.

efte, *adv.*, again, 224 1.

egrely, *adv.*, eagerly, fiercely, 72 18.

emeraude, *sb.*, emerald, 130 9.

emonge, *prep.*, among, 224 30.

enbroudre, *v.*, to embroider, 170 26.

enbusshed, *pp.*, taken in ambush, 35 10.

enchauffe, *v.*, to make hot, to heat, 184 25.

encheve, enchieve, *v.*, to achieve, to perform, fulfil, 22 20.

endelonge, *adv.*, lengthwise, 233 14.

enele, *v.*, to administer extreme unction; **enelyd,** *pp.*, 236 31.

enoynt, *v.*, to anoint; **enoynted,** *pp.*, 17 14.

entente, *sb.*, intention, heed, purpose, contents, 17 2, 197 2.
entere, *v.*, to inter, bury, 198 4.
enterement, *sb.*, interment, burial, 66 1.
enterpryse, emprise, enpryse, *v.*, to undertake, commence, 1 8.
entremedled, *sb.*, intermingled, 149 32.
entrete, *sb.*, treaty, 18 20.
ermytage, *sb.*, hermitage, 225 19.
ermyte, *sb.*, hermit, 44 28; **eremyte,** 212 28.
everyche, *adj.*, every one, every, each, 47 11; **everyche other,** each other, 77 24.
eyder, *adj.*, either, 220 16.
eye, *sb.*, eye; **eyen,** *pl.*, 30 13, 117 19.

facyon, *sb.*, shape, fashion, 125 12.
fadom, *sb.*, fathom, 221 27.
falle, *v.*, to fall; **fylle,** *pt.*, 69 21.
fare, *sb.*, journey, doing, business, behavior, 230 26.
fay, *sb.*, fay, fairy, person endowed with supernatural powers (surname of Morgan, king Arthur's sister), 37 30
fayne, *adj.*, glad, 73 31.
fayter, *sb.*, imposter, vagabond, pretender, 64 19.
feaute, *sb.*, track, trace, 200 22.
feaute, *sb.*, fealty, fidelity, the vassal's oath to his feudal lord, 110 6.
fer, ferre, *adj.*, *adv.*, far, 51 11, 146 26, 165 15.
fere, *v.*, to fear, 29 2.
fete, *sb.*, deed, knightly feat; **fetys,** *pl.*, 119 27.
fette, *v.*, to fetch, 35 9; **fet,** *pt.*, 5 30.
fewning, *sb.*, thrusting, 220 15.
flammynge, *sb.*, flaming, 156 1.
flee, *v.*, to fly, flee; **flay,** *pt.*, 121 13. *Cf. Mod. Lang. Notes*, x. 93.
fleme, *sb.*, to put to flight, 111 9.
flete, *v.*, to float, swim, 85 11.
flore, *v.*, to flower, flourish, 209 12.
florysshe, *v.*, to flourish, to cause to prosper, 208 28, 209 14.
force, *sb.*, force, matter, consequence, compulsion; **no force,** it matters not, 45 4; **I take no force,** 53 26.
fordo, *v.*, to destroy, perish, 79 23.
forne. *See* **to forne.**
forthynke, *v.*, to repent, 54 13, 149 10; **me forthynketh,** 153 3.
forward, *adj.*, ready, 71 3.
foryeve, *v.*, to forgive; **foryaf,** *pt.*, 26 19.
fowle, *sb.*, bird, 116 26.
foyle, *v.*, to tread down, to trample on, 209 19.
foyne, *sb.*, a thrust, a prick, 221 26.
frunt, *sb.*, front, 65 5.
fyaunce, *sb.*, promise, confidence, trust, 20 8.
fyersly, *adv.*, fiercely, boldly, 56 30.
fynde, *v.*, to find; **y-fonde,** *pp.*, 134 29.

galeye, *sb.*, galley, a long, low-built ship with one deck, 214 3.
garnysshe, *v.*, to supply, equip, to provide with, 16 5.
germayn, *adj.*, closely allied, derived from the same stock, of the first degree, 67 12.

gete, *v.*, to get, gain, beget; **gate,** *pt.*, 1 16.
gonne, *sb.*, gun, 212 2.
Gramercy, *sb.*, many thanks, 36 7.
grete, *adj.*, great, 15 9; **gretter,** *comp.*, 19 5.
gryffon, *sb.*, griffin, 34 26.
grym, *adj.*, fierce, horrible, grim, heavy, 72 17.
grysely, *adj.*, horrible, dreadful, 176 29.
gyse, *sb. pl.*, géese, 31 7.

halse, *v.*, to embrace, 75 4.
harneis, *sb.*, armor, 90 28.
hate, *v.*, to be called; **hyght,** *pt.*, 16 9.
hauberk, *sb.*, a coat of ringed mail, armor protecting the neck, 57 20.
haute prynce, the high prince; surname of Galahad, son of Launcelot, and of Galahad of Surluse, 171 29.
hede, heede, *sb.*, head, 53 24.
hele, *sb.*, health, soundness, salvation, 142 2.
helpe, *v.*, to help; **halpe,** *pt.*, 70 9; **holpen,** *pp.*, 143 11.
hem, *pron.*, them, 21 33.
hens, *adv.*, hence, 15 17.
her, *pron.*, their, 33 5.
herberowe, *sb.*, lodging, shelter, 111 20.
herberowe, *v.*, to lodge, provide shelter, 109 10.
here, *sb.*, hair, 134 25.
herowde, *sb.*, herald, 175 30.
herte, *sb.*, hart, 138 14.
hit, *pron.*, it, 15 1.
hole, hool, *adj.*, whole, entire, 16 22; **holer,** *comp.*, 44 15.
holte, *sb.*, a wood, holt, wooded hill, grove, 225 18.
hoost, *sb.*, host, army, 16 14.
hore, *adj.*, hoar, hairy, white or grayish-white, aged, 75 30.
hostry, *sb.*, inn, 54 24.
howsel, *v.*, to housel, to administer the Eucharist; **howselyd,** *pp.*, 236 31.
hurtle, *v.*, to rush, to dash against, to throw down, 43 19.
hydous, *adj.*, dreadful, terrible, 229 5.
hye, hyhe, *v.*, to hie, hasten, 54 33.
hyghe, *adj.*, high, 22 15.
hyght. *See* **hate.**
hyhenes, *sb.*, highness, 95 1.
hylle, *v.*, to cover, protect, 163 18.
hynde, *sb.*, hind, female of a stag, 200 21.

jesseraunce, *sb.* *See* **jesseraunte.**
jesseraunte, *sb.*, a short cuirass of fine mail, 29 7; **jesseraunce,** 91 4. *See note to* 29 7.
joyne, *v.*, to enjoin upon, to command, 119 28.
justes, *sb.*, tournament; **a justes,** 22 27. *See note.*

kay, *sb.*, key, 108 24.
kele, *v.*, to cool, 209 24.
kepe, *v.*, to preserve, guard, observe, 29 15.
kepe, *sb.*, heed, 104 9.
kerve, *v.*, to carve, 127 1.
knouleche, *sb.*, knowledge, 178 11.
knylle, *v.*, to knell, toll, 233 17.
kybbet, *sb.*, cubit, 236 13.
kynde, *sb.*, kind, nature, race, 146 9.

laste, *v.*, to extend, 129 21.
laton, *sb.*, brass, bronze, 66 8.
laughe, *v.*, to laugh; **lough,** *pt.*, 28 30.
laules, *adj.*, lawless, 33 14.
launcynge, *sb.*, launching, 214 6.
lawde, *sb.*, praise, 179 13.
layne, *v.*, to hide, conceal, 178 19.
layte, *sb.*, lightning, 143 17.
leche, *sb.*, physician, 33 11.
leed, *sb.*, lead, 235 22.
leef, *adj.*, dear, beloved, glad; **lever,** *comp.*, rather, 64 26, 140 17.
lene, *v.*, to lend, grant, 169 19.
lenger, *adj.* and *adv.*, *comp.*, longer, 159 21.
lese, *v.*, to lose, 31 13.
lette, *v.*, to hinder, 214 4.
lever. *See* **leef.**
levyd, *adj.*, covered with leaves, 172 7.
lewde, *adj.*, unlearned, ignorant, simple, base, 47 20.
leyne, *pp.*, lain, 154 25.
leyser, *sb.*, leisure, 239 10.
londage, *sb.*, landing, coming ashore, 214 4.
long, longe, *v.*, to belong, 21 16, 90 28.
lough, *pt.* of **laughe,** 28 30.
lycours, *adj.*, lecherous, 209 22.
lyfte, *adj.*, 141 5.
lygge, *v.*, to lie, 214 23; **lyen,** *pp.*, 15 12.
lymme, *sb.*, limb, 217 30.
lyste, *v.*, *impers.*, to desire; **me lyst,** 68 30.
lyttar, *sb.*, a vehicle containing a bed, 20 24.
lyvelode, *sb.*, way of life, mode of life, 19 31.
mageste, *sb.*, majesty, 162 1.
magre, *prep.*, in spite of, 42 16.
make, *v.*, to make; **maad,** *pp.*, 1 22.
maker, *sb.*, maker, writer, author, poet, 239 29.
male engyn, *sb.*, evil disposition, malice, wickedness, 192 14.
marche, *sb.*, march, boundary, border, 33 23.
masse peny, *sb.*, offering at the altar, 197 7. *See note.*
matere, mater, *sb.*, matter, material, stuff, 1 20.
maulgre, *prep.*, in spite of, 137 15. *See also* **magre.**
maylle, *sb.*, mail, defensive armor for the body, formed of steel rings or network, 98 1.
maystry, *sb.*, mastery, *i.e.*, feat of skill, 24 9.
medle, *sb.*, medley, fight, combat, 203 2.
medle, *v.*, to mix, to cohabit, 130 27.
mensyon, *sb.*, commemorative inscription, mention, 68 23.
merveille, *v.*, to wonder, to be astonished, 18 13.
merveille, mervaylle, *sb.*, marvel, wonder, 3 9.
merveyls, *adj.?* 162 22.
mesel, *sb.*, leprosy (*the word literally means* leper), 141 29.
messager, *sb.*, messenger, 15 29.
meve, *v.*, to move, suggest, 18 25.
mever, *sb.*, mover, 135 2. *See note.*
mo, moo, *adj.*, *comp.*, more, 28 31, 160 10.
moche, *adj.*, *adv.*, great, much, 16 17.

mone, *sb.*, the moon, 222 12.
morne, *sb.*, morning; **to morne,** in the morning, 21 6, 74 5.
mote, *v.*, *first pers. sing.*, may, must, 37 15.
moyane, *sb.*, means; **by the moyane,** by means of, 3 5; **by the meane,** 4 24.
mykel, *adj.*, *adv.*, great, much, 17 21.
mys creature, *sb.*, evil man? unbeliever? 125 2.
myscreant, *sb.*, unbeliever, 240 2.
mysenformed, *pp.*, misinformed, 52 30.
mysere, *sb.*, misery, 61 2.

nece, *sb.*, niece, 157 22.
newe fangle, *adj.*, new fangled, desiring new things, 213 32.
neysshe, *adj.*, tender, soft, 118 29.
nold, *pt.*, *s.*, would not, 142 14. (*From* **nylle.**)
none, *sb.*, noon, 74 13.
nonnerye, *sb.*, nunnery, 230 19.
noselynge, *adv.*, on the nose, headlong, 129 10.
noye, *v.*, to annoy, grieve, 152 24.
noyous, *adj.*, hurtful, annoying, 136 11.
nygromancye, *sb.*, magic, sorcery, necromancy, 19 2.
nylle, *v.*, *first* and *third pers. sing.*, will not, 29 5; **nyll,** 56 28.
nys, *v.*, *third pers. sing.*, is not, 21 4.

obeissaunce, *sb.*, obedience, 27 9.
ony, *pron.*, any, 195 34.
ooste, *sb.*, host, inn-keeper, 70 27.
or, *prep.*, *conj.*, *adv.*, before, ere, 18 5, 73 31.
ore, *sb.*, oar, 145 6.
orgule, *sb.*, pride, haughtiness, 236 2.
orgulous, *adj.*, proud, 55 11; **moost orgulist,** *superl.*, 212 24.
other, outher, *conj.*, either, 35 31, 97 4.
overthwart, *adv.*, across, crosswise, transversely, 233 14.
owe, *v.*, to have, possess, to be obliged to, 181 22; **ought,** *pt.*, 19 7; **me ought,** 190 19.

paas, *sb.*, pace, step, passage, 17 6.
paleys, *sb.*, palace, 162 25; **palais,** 163 23.
palfroy, *sb.*, saddle-horse, palfrey, 89 27.
pappe, *sb.*, breast, 20 18.
paramour, peramour, *sb.*, lover, (applied to either sex), 70 31.
parfyte, *adj.*, perfect, 124 31.
party, *sb.*, part, portion, side; **partyes,** *pl.*, 16 16.
passynge, *p. prs. of* to pass, *used as adv.*, surpassing, very, 15 7.
paylet, *sb.*, pallet; **paillasse,** a small bed, 67 16.
pees, *sb.*, peace, silence, 18 15.
pelour, *sb.*, pillar, column, 72 27.
peryll, *sb.*, peril, danger, 40 1.
perysshe, *v.*, to perish, to destroy, 124 33.
piere, *sb.*, equal, 98 7.
pierles, *adj.*, without equal, 197 10.
plyte, *sb.*, state, condition, 231 3.
portecolys, *sb.*, portcullis, 69 21.
postel, *sb.*, apostle, 160 16.
posterne, *sb.*, postern, back gate, 20 14.
pouse, *sb.*, pulse, 150 11.

poyntemente, *sb.*, appointment, agreement, 220 1.
prayes? *sb., pl.*, prayers, 238 6.
prees, *sb.*, a press, throng, 30 8.
pretende, *v.*, to belong to, 34 7.
pryce, *sb.*, price, prize, reward, value, estimation, 192 21.
pryme, *sb.*, the period from 6 o'clock A.M. to 9 A.M., also 9 A.M., 116 31.
purfyl, *v.*, to embroider on an edge, 4 28.
purveye, *v.*, to provide, 19 26.
puyssaunce, *sb.*, might, power, 48 3.
pyece, *sb.*, piece, 188 27.
pyghe, *v.*, to pitch, fix, pick; **pyght,** *pt.*, 16 15.
pyllar, *sb.*, plunderer, 222 12.
pylle, *v.*, to plunder, 222 13.
pyteous, *adj.*, pitiful; **pyetous,** 2 23.

quere, *sb.*, choir, 238 5; **quyre,** 238 16.
queste, *v.*, to bark, make a noise like a dog; **questyng,** *p. prs.*, 4 11.

race, *v.*, to scrape, to tear off; **raced,** *pt.*, 43 31; **reaced,** *pt.*, 43 34.
Raynes, *sb.*, **clothe of Raynes,** fine linen, so called from Rennes, 235 21.
reame, *sb.*, realm, 21 19.
rede, *sb.*, to give advice, to take counsel, to advise, 42 14.
redy, *adj.*, ready, 16 5.
reest, *sb.*, a support for a spear, 189 1.
regne, *v.*, to reign; **regned,** *pt.*, 15 2.
reke, *v.*, to care for, to regard, 131 14.
renomme, *sb.*, renown, 100 21.
rewe, *sb.*, row, order, 50 27.
roche, *sb.*, rock, 45 13.
royalme, *sb.*, kingdom, 1 6.
rubrysshe, *sb.*, index, register, 3.
ryvage, *sb.*, bank of a river, 161 15.
ryve, *v.*, to rive, tear; **roofe,** *pt.*, 75 24.

sacrynge, *sb.*, consecration, 149 18.
sadly, *adv.*, firmly, 204 34.
sale, *sb.*, hall, 152 15.
salewe, *sb.*, salute, 166 2.
samyte, *sb.*, a rich silk stuff, often interwoven with gold or silver threads, 45 8.
sauf, *prep.*, save, except, 115 30.
sauf, *adj.*, safe, 28 34.
saulters, *sb.*, psalters, 238 6.
saye, *v.*, to say; **seid,** *pt.*, 46 1.
scathe, *v.*, to harm, 68 4.
seace, *v.*, to cease, discontinue; **seacyd,** *pp.*, 143 20.
sedyl, *sb.* *See* **cedle.**
sege, syege, *sb.*, (1) seat, 87 21, 27, (2) siege, 16 14.
seke, *adj.*, sick, 16 18.
selar, *sb.*, ceiling, canopy, 133 11.
semblaunt, *sb.*, countenance, appearance, 148 17.
senceall, sencial, *sb.*, seneschal, steward, 25 9.
sendel, *sb.*, a fine, rich cloth, 87 18.
servage, *sb.*, thraldom, servitude, 109 20.
sewe, *v.*, to follow, attend on, 105 11.

shal, *v.*, shall; **shold,** *pt.*, 15 15.

Sherthursdaye, *sb.*, the Thursday before Easter, so called from the custom of shearing or shaving the beard on that day, 159 32.

shette, *v.*, to shut; **shytte,** *pp.*, 148 22; **shitte,** *pp.*, 152 19.

shevere, *v.*, to break into shivers, 40 29.

shryche, *sb.*, shriek, cry, 176 28.

shryve, *v.*, to confess, 194 24.

shyrly, *adv.*, clearly, shrilly, sharply, 193 19.

skafhold, *sb.*, stage, elevated platform, scaffold, 171 18; **skaffoldes,** *pl.*, 202 17.

slee, *v.*, to slay, 26 16; **slough,** *pt.*, 34 27.

soden, sodeyne, sodayne, *adj.*, sudden, 15 23, 58 18.

sonde, *sb.*, a sending, gift, message, 212 32.

sothe, *sb. adj.*, truth, sooth, true, 50 11.

soude, *v.*, to strengthen, mend, 157 5.

souder, *v.*, to solder, 129 2.

sowne, *v.*, to swoon, 222 28.

sowne, *sb.*, a swoon, 222 28.

soyle, *sb.*; **wente to soyle,** ran into the mire or water, took refuge, 200 19.

spede, *v.*, to speed, prosper, succeed, 50 9.

spere, *v.*, to inquire, 113 25.

spore, *v.*, to spur, 35 5.

sprenge, *v.*, to sprinkle, diffuse; **sprente,** *pt.*, 133 24.

spyrre, *v.*, to inquire, to ask, 229 6. *Cf.* **spere,** *v.*

spyrytueltees, *sb.*, things or holy places belonging to the church, consecrated ground, 165 14.

starke, *adj.*, *adv.*, wholly, entirely, quite, 221 34.

stere, *v.*, to stir, to move, 150 13.

stere, *v.*, to steer, lead, direct, 195 24.

sterte, *v.*, to start, 36 5.

steven, *sb.*, voice, 236 23; favorable time for performing an action, 71 27.

strayte, *adj.*, *adv.*, strait, strict, narrow, 203 10. *Cf.* **streyte.**

strene, *sb.*, race, progeny, 50 24, 94 27.

streyte, *adj.*, strait, narrow, 62 11.

stynte, *v.*, to stint, to cease, pause, 29 19, 182 26.

stynte, *sb.*, stint, portion allotted to somebody; **stynte of my land,** 44 14.

suraunce, *sb.*, assurance, 28 4.

sustene, *v.*, to sustain, 145 23.

swalowe, *sb.*, a whirlpool, gulf, 124 15.

sweven, *sb.*, dream, 237 22.

syege, *sb.* *See* **sege.**

syn, *adv.*, since, 26 29, 154 12.

sythen, *adv.*, *conj.*, since, afterwards, 40 5; **sythe,** 130 1.

take, *v.*, to take; **toke,** *pt.*, 134 20; **take,** *pp.*, 155 3.

tame, *v.*, to conquer, crush, subdue, 77 19.

tatche, *sb.*, quality, mark, sign, fault, 51 26.

tene, *sb.*, grief, vexation, injury, 73 21.

the, th', *def. art.*; **themperour,** 1 24; **thoppynyon,** 12 22; **ther-**

mytage, 12 30; **tharchebysshop,** 12 30; **thabyte,** 12 31; **thold,** 69 29; **therth,** 235 23.

tho, *pron. dem., def. art. pl.*, those, 32 5.

thrange, *sb.*, crowd, 205 15.

threste, *v.*, to thrust, 174 8.

thryes, *adv.*, thrice, 214 21.

to, (1) *prep.*, to, at, in, upon, into, against, as, until; *as sign of inf. combined with verbal element,* **tenprynte,** 1 8; (2) *prefix*, asunder, in twain, to pieces. *See below.*

to forne, *adv., prep.*, before, 112 7.

to gyder, to gyders, *adv.*, together, 43 2.

to ryve, *v.*, to tear, to rend to pieces, 48 14.

to shever, *v.*, to smash, to reduce to shivers, 40 29.

tornoye, *sb.*, tournament, 3 22.

tray, *sb.*, grief, affliction, 73 21.

trest, *sb.*, possibly "a station appointed in hunting." (*See note in Sommer's ed. of Le Morte Darthur, vol. ii, p. 225.*)

troncheon, truncheon, *sb.*, broken piece of a spear-shaft, truncheon, 40 31, 68 25.

trowe, *v.*, to believe, 161 32.

truage, *sb.*, tribute, 4 19.

twyes, *adv.*, twice, 70 19.

ubblye, *sb.*, wafer, sacramental bread, 159 2.

umbecaste, *v.*, to cast about, consider, 200 21.

underne, undorn, *sb.*, the time between sunrise and noon or between noon and sunset, a mealtime, 84 6.

undertake, *v.*, to warrant, dare say, 169 9.

unhappe, *sb.*, ill luck, misfortune, 228 21.

unneth, *adv.*, scarcely, 83 17.

unsyker, *adj.*, uncertain, 166 6.

utteraunce, *sb.*, extremity, the uttermost, 186 29.

valewe, *sb.*, value, 53 3.

valyaunt, *adj.*, valiant, brave; **valyaunts men,** 59 18.

vaward, *sb.*, vanguard, 63 28.

veray, *adj.*, true, 1 11.

wallop, *sb.*, gallop, 40 14, 176 15.

Walysshe, *adj.*, Welsh, 204 22.

wanne, *v.*, to wane, grow less, ebb, 224 5.

wappe, *v.*, to wap, to lap, 224 5.

wawe, *sb.*, wave, 155 13.

waykely, *adv.*, weakly, with difficulty, 222 3.

wayte, *v.*, to watch, 17 28.

wayte, *sb.*, watch, guard, 196 28.

webbe, *sb.*, sheet of thin plate of lead, 235 22.

wede, *sb.*, weed, garment, 138 22.

welde, *v.*, to wield, control, 180 5.

werche, *v.*, to ache; **werches,** 222 22.

werre, *sb.*, war, 15 28.

wers, *adj., comp.*, worse, 29 28.

wete, *v.*, to know, observe, to keep, guard, 137 27; **wyst,** *pt.*, 148 29; **wote,** *prs.*, 139 10.

withstande, *v.*, to resist; **withstand,** *pp.*, 49 11.

wold, *pt.* *See* **wylle.**

wonderly, *adv.*, wonderfully, 15 22.
woode, *adj.*, mad, raging, 189 20.
worship, *sb.*, honor, 17 20.
worshippe, *v.*, to honor, 88 30.
wote, *prs.* *See* **wete.**
wrake, *sb.*, destruction, misery, mischief, 231 13.
wroth, wrothe, *adj.*, wroth, angry; **wrothe,** 15 22.
wyghtly, *adv.*, actively, swiftly, strongly, 219 2.
wyl, wylle, *v.*, to will, to desire; **wold,** *pt.*, 16 6.
wyn, wynne, *v.*, to win, overcome; **wanne,** *pt.*, 63 7.
wyte, wytte, *sb.*, blame, 48 20, 65 24.
wytte, *sb.*, wisdom, intelligence, reason, 168 12.
wytty, *adj.*, wise; **wyttyest,** *superl.*, 126 18.

y-, *prefix*, O. E. *ge-*; **y-fonde,** 134 29. *See* **fynde.**
yate, *sb.*, gate, 20 14.
ye, *adv.*, yes, 146 4.
yefte, *sb.*, gift, 31 10.
yelde, *v.*, to pay, yield; **yelde,** *pt.*, 21 15; **yelded,** *pt.*, 165 6; **yolden,** *pp.*, 140 4.
yeman, *sb.*, yeoman, 219 2.
yeve, *v.*, to give, 19 9. *Cf.* **gyve.**
yis, *adv.*, yes, 72 15.
yle, *sb.*, isle, island, 146 26.
ylle, *adj.*, *adv.*, bad, ill, 136 1.
ynough, *adj. adv.*, enough, 168 22.
yssue, *sb.*, issue; **yssues,** *pl.*, 16 13.

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